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A NATIONAL non-profit organization, without religious or political affiliations, composed of public-spirited men and women throughout the United States who are coordinating their efforts in local chapters to protect our woods, waters and wild life, and to restore and perpetuate opportunities for the healthful enjoyment of the great outdoors.

The Izaak Walton League has become the strongest national conservation organization in the land, and OUTDOOR AMERICA *is recognized as the voice of the outdoor people of America.*

The League has been a prime factor in molding a nation-wide conservation sentiment and in substituting wise use for abuse and waste of our outdoor resources.

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League's Conservation Platform

1. **Encourage appreciation of America's outdoor resources.**
2. **More outdoor recreation to develop better Americans.**
3. **Eradicate pollution to safeguard health and aquatic life.**
4. **Protect and extend our forests and replant idle lands.**
5. **Restore drained areas and prevent unwise drainage.**
6. **Better protection for wild life and more refuges.**
7. **More fish and game farms to perpetuate the supply.**
8. **More trained workers to direct conservation affairs.**
9. **Stop the sale of all wild game and game fishes.**
10. **Enforce conservation laws and respect private property.**
11. **Mold public sentiment and teach conservation in schools.**
12. **Cooperate with others striving to accomplish like aims.**

What the League Has Done

The far-reaching benefits and accomplishments of the Izaak Walton League of America will, in a large measure, always be those local achievements which because of their very number will not attract wide publicity. A few outstanding projects are:

1. Upper Mississippi Refuge: Started campaign in 1923 resulting in setting aside the Upper Mississippi Wild-Life and Fish Refuge between Rock Island, Illinois, and Lake Pepin, Minnesota, containing 300,000 acres devoted to the preservation of wild life and to recreation.

2. Elk Refuge: Started campaign early in 1925 and saved the Jackson Hole elk herd by raising $40,000, purchasing and maintaining 2,000 acres of haylands, and focusing public attention upon the needs of these animals. Refuge presented to government in 1927.

3. Bass Law: Sponsored the enactment of the Hawes law, approved by President Coolidge May 20, 1926, to stop the marketing of black bass throughout the United States.

4. Superior Forest: Saved the Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota as a wilderness area.

5. Pollution Campaign: In 1927 inaugurated the first real nationwide anti-pollution campaign, resulting in a program of water purification far greater than ever before attempted.

6. Horicon Marsh: In 1924 started a concerted campaign to restore the Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin, containing approximately 40,000 acres, as a wild-life and fish refuge. Set aside by the Conservation Commission as a wild-life refuge in 1928.

7. Western Ducks: Promoted a "Save the Western Ducks Campaign" in 1927. Legislation approved by President Coolidge, April 24, 1928, to appropriate $350,000 for flooding almost 100,000 acres of the Bear River Marshes, a big step in saving the waterfowl of western America.

8. National Forests: Took a prominent part in securing legislation in 1928 establishing a definite program of national forest purchases in the Lake States, the South and the East.

9. Royal Gorge: Through the efforts of the League, and cooperating groups, the destruction of the beauty of the Royal Gorge in Colorado by power interests was averted in 1928.

10. National Refuge System: The League played an outstanding part in the passage of the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Bill (signed by President Coolidge on February 18, 1929), establishing a nationwide system of inviolate federal refuges, and authorizing the expenditure of $8,000,000.

What the League Is Doing

A few of the outstanding things the League has under way nationally are:

1. International Playground: Promoting a campaign to create and develop an international wilderness recreational and timber producing area in Minnesota and Ontario. Shipstead-Newton Bill pending in Congress.

2. Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge: Promoting a plan to establish a permanent lake and wild-life refuge of 20,000 acres in the Cheyenne Bottoms, central Kansas. Hope Bill pending in Congress.

3. Fisheries Program: Urging Congress to enact the White Five-Year Fisheries Bill to establish a definite, comprehensive program of expansion and development of fish rearing and research activities. Affects thirty-three states.

4. Forest Protection: Supporting legislation to establish a program to protect National Forests against fires instead of spending several times the sum now appropriated to extinguish them. Englebright-Cutting Bill now before Congress.

5. Bass Law Enforcement: Sponsoring legislation to stop the sale of black bass in the few remaining states, and endeavoring to secure funds from Congress for the enforcement of the Hawes Act. Hawes Enforcement Bill pending in Congress.

6. Scenic Assets: Vigorously opposing the destruction of such outstanding scenic assets as the Great Falls of the Potomac near our National Capital and the Cumberland Falls in Kentucky.

7. Pollution: Continuing a nationwide campaign to clean up all inland and coastal waters.

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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Canada Goose Guarding Her Nest in the Northland

Photograph courtesy of Canadian Department of National Parks.

The Fishing Formalist and the Dub

By

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

Drawings by John Held, Jr.

I'M the dub. There is humility as well as truculence in the admission. The gentle art of angling probably has no devotee more chronically demented or more reprehensibly clumsy. No one between Gaspé and Catalina loves fishing better, or does it worse.

I'm the dub. I shall never write brochures illustrated with pictures of myself on how to cast the trout fly or the bass plug. These might be of value in showing the would-be rod virtuoso what to avoid, but I shall refrain from posing officially as the horrible example. Nor shall I, while what I call my mind endures, be guilty of volumes of advice on how to catch this or that variety of fish.

I have read many of these, in my earlier years, with reverence and hope. I have stored the doctrines contained therein in a credulous heart and fared forth to stream or lake and tried to put them into practice. Eventually, in almost every instance, I have been forced to the conclusion that the fish and I haven't been reading the same author. And then, I have dumped my painfully acquired knowledge overboard and gone ahead and caught fish.

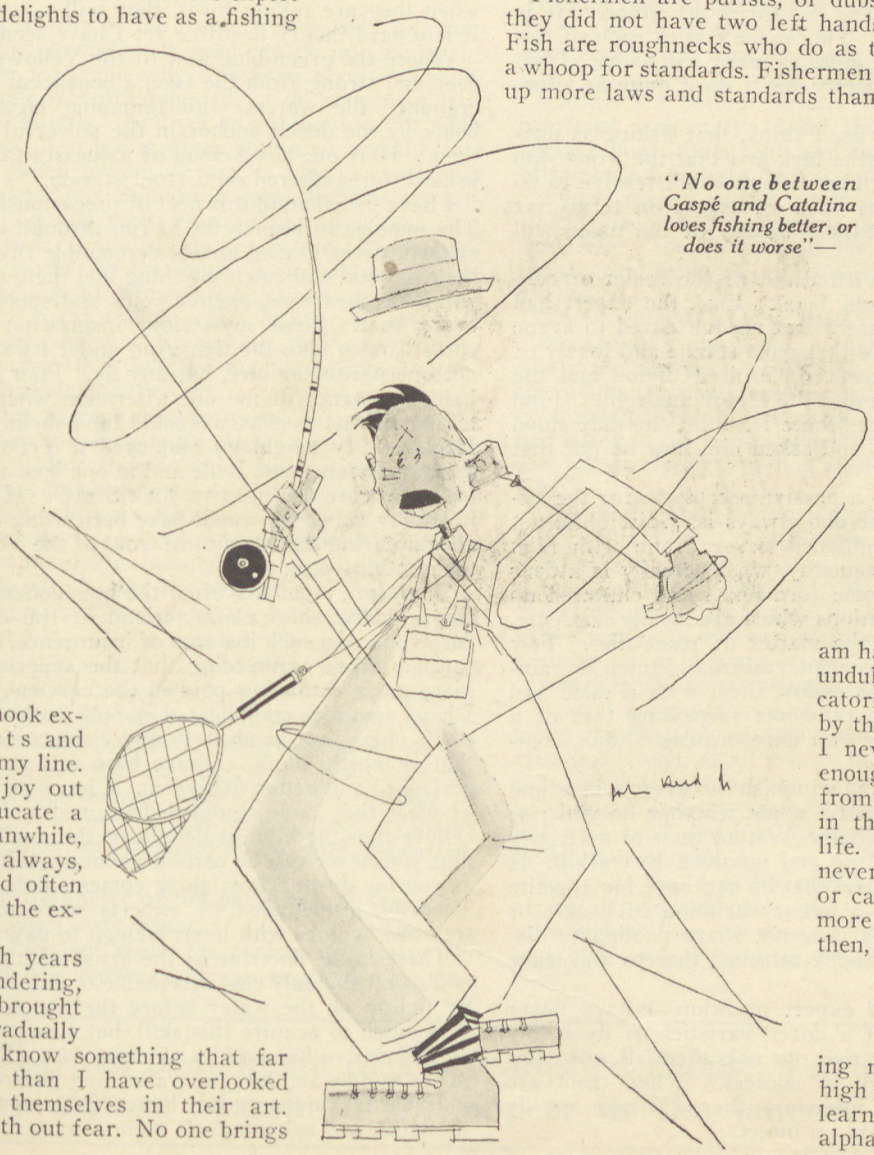
I'm the dub. I'm the man that the expert with fly or plug delights to have as a fishing partner for much the same reason that a pretty girl almost always selects a homely one for a chum. The 33rd Degree angler always looks better if he has me around for contrast. And he feels better too. He can vary the sport of fishing with the more intense delight of calling my attention to the mistakes I make and suggesting remedies. He smiles, or "tut-tuts" or shakes his head while I hook extraneous objects and tangle myself in my line. He gets infinite joy out of trying to educate a dub and I, meanwhile, catch fish — not always, but generally, and often quite as many as the expert.

Slowly, through years of aspiring blundering, truth has been brought home to me. Gradually I have come to know something that far better fishermen than I have overlooked while perfecting themselves in their art. Perfect love casteth out fear. No one brings to the stream or lake side a deeper devotion than mine. It fortifies me now to broadcast my revelation.

Fishermen are divided into two classes—the dubs and the experts. The experts are aristocrats, regarding the clumsiness of their inferiors with a nose-elevated tolerance. They have bound themselves to a complicated code and a difficult ritual. For this, I have no word of reproach. If they want to make their fishing as complicated and delicate and cluttered with instruments and appurtenances as an appendicitis operation, it is their privilege. They are patricians, adhering to a creed of piscatorial chivalry.

Fish, however, are proletarians. Fish, also, are individualists. There is no evidence that they bind themselves into a slightly snooty brotherhood, pledged to eschew any article of diet except the dry fly. Testimony is lacking that trout have formed a combination in restraint of rising to any lure not attached to a tapered leader or that the Salmon Local of the Fish Union has adopted by-laws in conformity with the analyses of their habits contained in innumerable human-written volumes on the subject.

Fishermen are purists, or dubs who would like to be if they did not have two left hands and faulty coordination. Fish are roughnecks who do as they please and don't care a whoop for standards. Fishermen are ritualists who have set up more laws and standards than are contained in Deuteronomy and Leviticus, combined, for the taking of the dwellers in sea and lake and river. Fish are anarchists who disregard the law and the prophets and make articles and pamphlets and weighty volumes on how to catch them worth no more than the market price of paper and ink. Fishermen—expert fishermen—are aristocrats. Fish are hoi polloi who would just as soon associate with the dub as with the greatest artist that ever cast a fly.



"No one between Gaspé and Catalina loves fishing better, or does it worse"—

I'm a dub, by nature and faulty education. I am handicapped by a large and unduly clumsy body. My piscatorial education was maimed by the fact that, until recently, I never was able to get far enough or long enough away from my job to school myself in the worthwhile matters of life. Until five years ago, I never had a fly rod in my hand or caught a trout on anything more genteel than a worm. By then, it was too late. To become an expert fly-fisherman, one should begin his education in the kindergarten. Bait casting may wait, perhaps, until high school, but children should learn the lore of the fly and the alphabet at the same time.

A dub, either cringes before the Holy of Holies and fawns upon the Illuminati or else, in his oafish fashion, he regards the rituals and ceremonials with a critical and estimating eye. I have fished in the last five years from Oregon to Massachusetts, from Northern Quebec to Florida. I have ploughed through a fifteen foot shelf of books by experts. I have been the recipient of enough gratuitous and heterogeneous exhortation from far better fishermen to supply a presidential campaign. I have become aware, during my education, that much of the ritual assembled about the art of the angle has been put there to make it harder for the neophyte; that some 60 per cent of the patronizing instructions, verbal or printed, by experts is bunk; that fish are fish, not rule-bound finny Pharisees and that the dub, if he approach them with consideration and respect, can catch almost as many thereof as the most esthetic artist of the hook and line.

In other words, the only certainty about fish is embodied in a brief and all inclusive law: No one can tell what they'll do. And furthermore, much of the elaborate ritual and ceremoniousness involved in catching them has been put there by experts so that these may show off their skill and thrill with consciousness of their own expertness.

These, I appreciate, are tough and revolutionary words. They may cause my expulsion from The Izaak Walton League. They may stir my fishing partner, who casts a fly with a delicacy and skill that it is sheer beauty to watch, to foreswear my company henceforth. Yet even if he sever piscatorial relations forthwith, he remains my chief and best witness.

We have fished in the heart of the Laurentians, in the innermost reaches of Algonquin Provincial Park, in the salmon rivers of Gaspé together. He can shoot a third more line through the rod guides than I and drop his fly on the water with twice my accuracy and thrice my grace. He is an expert and I am a dub. Yet, at the end of each of our fishing trips, I have caught quite as many fish as he. I admit that I don't do it as adeptly, but I do it quite as effectively.

The truth of the matter is, I think, that fishing is one-quarter skill and three-fourths luck and that the worst dub who approaches stream or lake with the high resolve to do as well as he can competes with an expert on terms far nearer equality than any expert worthy of the name will ever admit.

Fishing, long since, was lifted out of the realm of controversy. Even in gentle old Izaak's time, the expert had established himself so securely that no dub dared to argue with him. Read over again that most serene and lovely of volumes, filled with the scent of bruised thyme and the shimmer of running water and the lilt of madrigals. Find if you can, a single instance where *Venator*, the dub, stood up to *Piscator*, the expert, and asked him how he got that way.

No, *Venator* simply was a passive receptacle for the expert's alleged wisdom. The dub always is. His job is not to reason why. The enlightened never argue with him. They just tell him. Consequently, what actually is a dear and simple sport, has become formalized and cluttered up with traditions and conventions which are mostly nonsense.

There is, for instance, the matter of trout flies. Few esteem the trout, be he squaretail, cutthroat, brown or rainbow, more than I. Yet to endow them with a taste and appreciation of millinery ornaments surpassing that of a Parisian hatmaker, seems to an unreconstructed dub, coming it a bit thick.

A fish may be able to distinguish between white and black flies, gray and red, but I doubt whether he will rise more readily to a Queen of the Waters than to a Grizzly King or grab for a Cowdung and ignore a Beaverkill. If the trout's eyesight is so keen that he can have his appetite quickened or dispelled by a minor variation of hackle or body tinsel, I wonder why it is not sharp enough to discern the perfectly obvious hook attached thereto and leave the thing alone entirely.

Yet, under the spell of expert tradition, I have never gone trout fishing without a dozen varieties of fly in my book. When the fish won't rise, one uses them all, one after the other, with equal lack of success. When trout are hungry—such is a dub's conviction—they will take any fly that looks even remotely like an insect.

This is theory, of course, and is hard to prove. Trout fishing is not a communal exercise. Not more than two or three men usually fish one pool at once. The first to land a fish generally proclaims, even before he is asked, what fly he is using and immediately the other fishermen adopt the same lure. Trout rise to it. It is one dub's belief that when they are in a rising mood, they will take anything from Black Gnat to White Miller, but because the first man has caught his fish on a certain lure and the others have changed to it before they have caught theirs, it is established beyond doubt in the expert angler's mind that the fish of that stream are taking only a Green Drake or a Blue Dun or a Star Spangled Duckling or some other product of the paranoiac fly-tier's art.

No one stops to ask why the fish should show this alleged preference for one or another fly. No one pauses to appreciate that three-fourths of the feathered lures that cram fly books resemble no insect on heaven or earth or the waters thereunder. The Creator never built a bug that looks like a Red Ibis or a Silver Doctor or a Parmachene Belle, but the art of the angle is more fanciful than scientific. Fish rise to a certain fly and this, to the purist fisherman's mind, means that they are feeding on its replica. No one except a sordid dub would suggest that the trout are in a mood to rise and will probably hit at anything colorful and in motion.

That is far too simple an explanation for the expert fisherman. He prefers to think of the trout as kindred virtuosi, walling their eyes at the surface and stroking their chins contemplatively with their fins while they contemplate: "Sky blue wings, pink hackle and rainbow body! Not for me. Ah! Green wings, yellow hackle and body of silver gilt! Exactly what I ordered. Splash!"

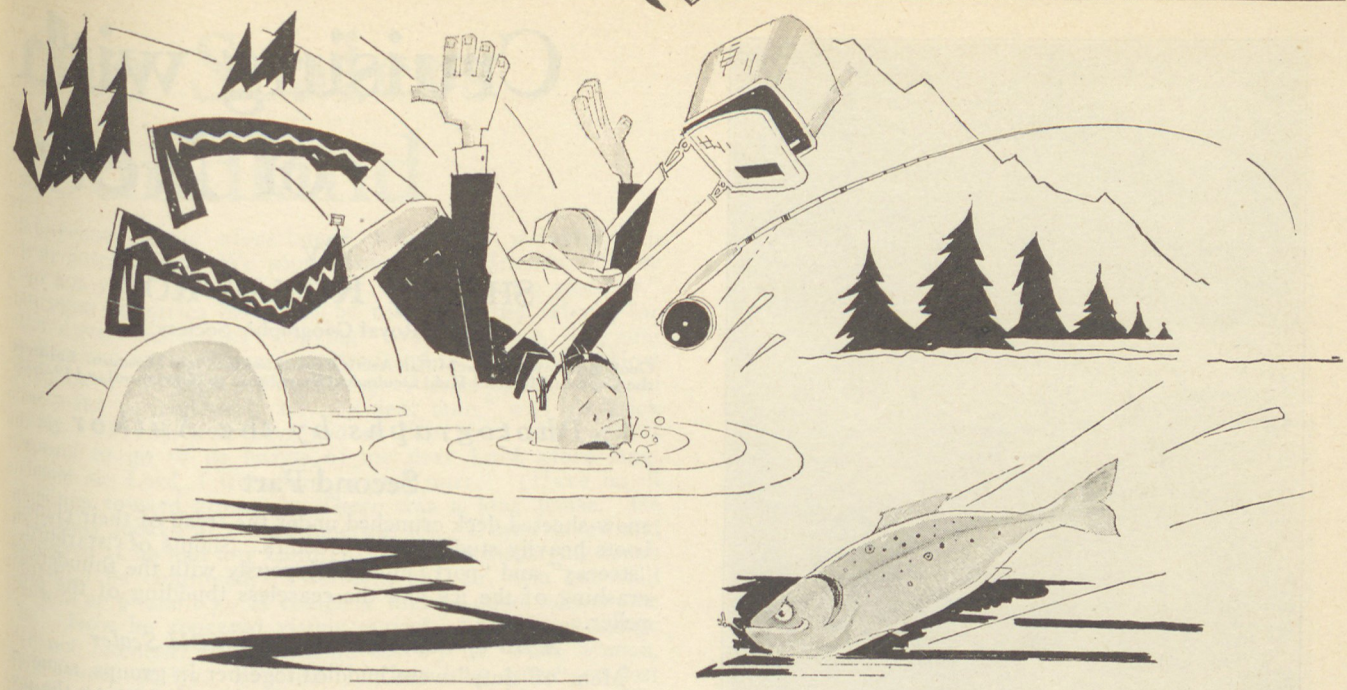
I don't believe it. I hold to my depraved theory that when they are taking lures, they will take practically any. It is a hard theory to prove yet I have seen it justified.

Where the green-blue flow of the Yellowstone slips down deep and strong from the lake, a beneficent government has crammed the waters with thumping big cutthroats, and boats by the dozen anchor in the powerful current to take them. Here one has a cloud of witnesses far exceeding that usually foregathered on a trout stream.

I have fished amid this fleet of precariously tethered craft. The impulse to rise seems to run through the trout of that splendid river like an almost perceptible rhythm. For a half hour, no one will catch anything and then, all at once, there will be arched rods, excited yelps and splashings by almost every boat. Some mysterious inspiration has stirred the cutthroats to take the fly. And under its spell they take it, not one particular lure, but any fly. Four boats lay within hailing distance of me one afternoon when all of us were taking fish as fast as we could land them. I used a Gray Hackle. My neighbors employed a Yellow May, a Pink Lady, a Parmachene Belle and in one boat where a man and his wife were fishing, two Jock Scotts. If we all had been in that boat, we all would have been using Scotts and probably swearing that the finical trout of the Yellowstone would take nothing else.

There are moments when the humbleness that should always be the chief characteristic of the dub threatens to desert me. In such instants of insurgence, it is hard for me to keep from announcing that the super-expert fisherman gives me a throbbing pain in the cervical vertebræ. Life, I have found, is complicated enough without shrouding one of its chief joys in mystery and elaboration and formalism that is mostly bunk. I have been told much by more experienced and better fishermen. I have seen the major part of what they have confided disproved and I have come to believe that the highest delight of the angle lies in the fact that you never can be certain about anything. Just as soon as you lay down a law, along comes a fish and disproves it. Theories propounded by experts were made only to be smashed by dubs with heart enough to pay them no heed.

There is the doctrine of the artist with the fly rod which holds that the only cast acceptable to fish and men drops the fly lightly on the water before the line touches. I should give much to acquire this skill, but I never shall, thanks to an insensitive hand and a clumsy wrist. My own cast sags in the middle and hits the water long before my fly. My deplorable technique causes better fishermen much pain, but the trout and salmon don't seem to care.



As a dub sees it, the truth of the matter is that few fish are taken at the instant of the fly's alighting. How it comes down may be important artistically, but it makes little difference to the fish, who generally take the lure while the wet fly is being drawn across stream or the dry is floating down its bosom.

No fisherman worthy of the name, I have been told furthermore, will fish downstream if he can go up against the current. I have forgotten why this particular Commandment of the Angle was promulgated. I do know that it is adhered to by all purists. And yet, to a dub mind, the additional length that the current gives your cast and the fact that your line, pulled by the stream, is always taut for a strike, makes at least one blundering yahoo fish downstream in preference to up, and catch more fish by so doing.

If fish were such formalists as the better fishermen, it would be a sad world for the dubs. It probably is a rankling thorn in the side of every purist that he cannot school the inhabitants of the world of water to his own rectitude and consistency of conduct. Frequently, the fish are so indifferent thereto that they hold up the perfectionist to the contumely and laughter of the dub.

We, my fishing partner and I, were initiated into the mighty art of salmon fishing in the Gaspé country last summer. On the day after a heavy rain, when the long-experienced salmon fancier who tutored us in the mysteries of the sport insisted we would have splendid fishing, we caught no single fish. Three days later, when conditions were so unpropitious that the oracle insisted an expedition to the stream was futile, we caught, my partner and I, six fish in an hour and a quarter. The expert was still explaining how that happened when we climbed aboard the outbound train.

Incidentally, in our week on the Malbaie River, the dub of the party—modesty prevents mention of his name—caught seven salmon. He had read for years of the cleverness and wiliness and prowess of these super-fish; of the skill and infinite experience necessary to get them. No one who was not a post-graduate angler with the wisdom of the serpent and the artistry of Cellini could catch salmon. A book which he took with him told him so with disheartening emphasis.

The post graduate angler of the party caught seven salmon too, but the dub's were larger.

It is not that I do not yearn for perfection forever beyond me. I blush and shudder when an expert for the first time observes the lamentable awkwardness of my casting. I listen with meek respect when a purist lays down the law for my benefit. But I don't believe him very much any more. And neither, I have discovered, do the fish.

Trout, I have been told, won't bite when it thunders. The best hour's trout fishing I ever had in Berkshire County, Mass., where streams are overfished and most lamentably under-protected, was the sixty vociferous minutes immediately preceding the worst thunderstorm of the season.

Catfish are bottom feeders with no spirit, I have been informed frequently. Only this summer one rose to my surface plug like a tuna and fought with all the gallantry of the bass I thought he was until I drew him alongside.

I have seen a sunfish no larger than my hand rise to a Royal Coachman and struggle thereafter with a valor which made the expert who had hooked him announce, incautiously, that he had a brook-trout of at least a half pound on his hook.

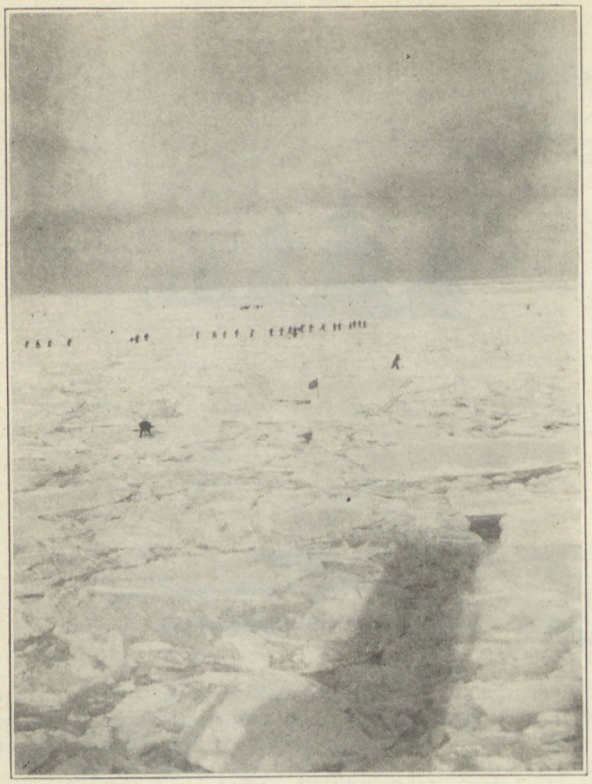
The Lochleven trout of the Firehole River in Yellowstone Park are wily and timorous fish. So the ranger who initiated me into the art of fishing for them announced. And the dub he instructed emphasized the accuracy of his lecture by stumbling over a rock at the stream's brink, falling prone and rising to discover a pound and a half wily and timorous fish fast to the fly that had trailed momentarily in the current.

The truth about fishing is that there is no absolute truth to be found therein. Such is the belief of one dub. As long as you love the art, as long as you walk mercifully along streams, eyes and ears open to what the fish and the outdoors can teach you, frugal in the number you keep, gentle in the treatment of the little ones you turn back, you have warrant, or so it seems to me, to keep your head up in the presence of the most patronizing dryfly purist.

And, if the experience of one dub is of any value as testimony, you'll catch as many or almost as many fish as the virtuoso. Such, at all events, is my belief. It may be that I am simply inordinately lucky. Even so, I am content as one can be whose flies light eccentrically and after his line, who can't cast into the teeth of the wind, who prefers to fish downstream.

It is true that I wish I might bring to my fishing a more artful and delicate technique. It is probable that I have been luckier than my deserts, but it is better, after all, to be a lucky dub than to acquire perfection and find it all in vain.

The first installment of The Vanished People, a new serial by Edison Marshall, will appear in the January issue.



Sealers in action killing everything that has life in it.

Cruising with of New-

By
SHARAT KUMAR ROY
(Fellow Royal Geographic Society)

Geologist, Rawson-MacMillan Arctic Expedition for Field Museum. Leader of the Captain Marshall Field Geological Expedition to Newfoundland 1927-28.

Photographs by the Author

Second Part

ONE'S first impression of the icefield is of majesty and beauty. It presents a strange fascination of its own. The whole ocean appears to be carpeted with a rigid, motionless sheet of glittering ice, interspersed with blue pools and leads and dotted with towering bergs, clumps and pinnacles. For a while the icefield grips you, then it wearies you beyond description. Its sameness and solitude are painfully monotonous.

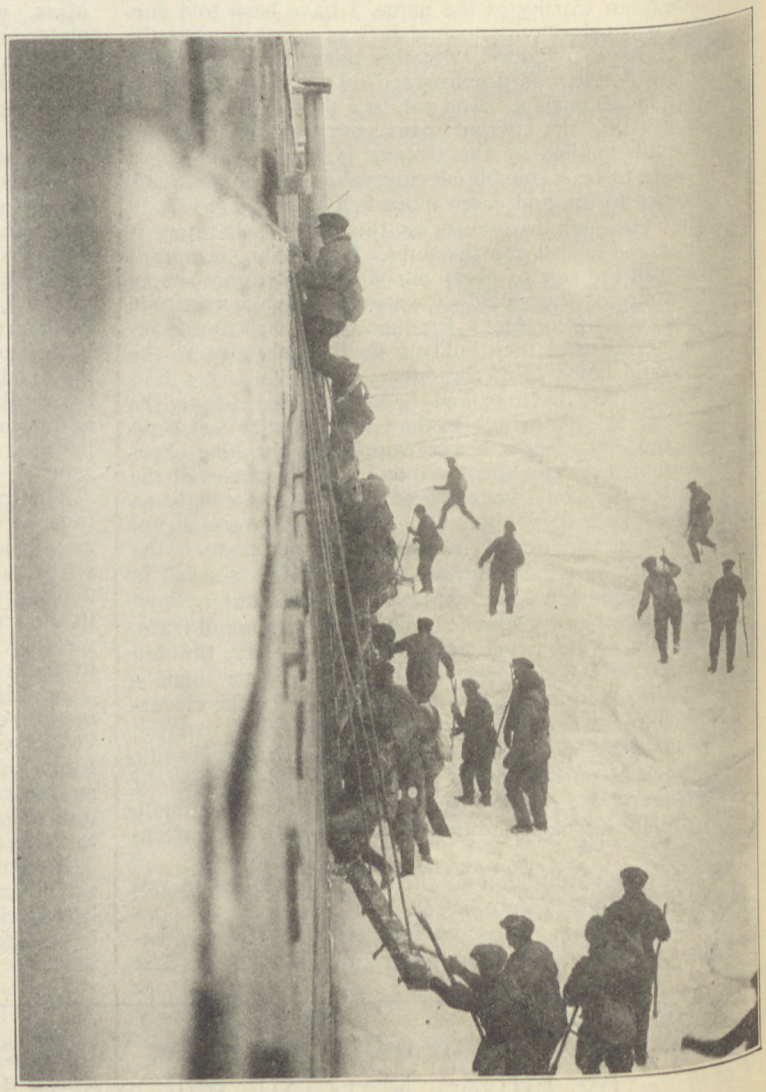
The monotony of the scene, however, changes when a storm arises or a heavy blow sets in. The unbroken swell of the Atlantic heaves the pavement of the ice on its mighty folds and alternately lifts you up with a quivering climb on its broad domes and throws you down with a dizzying rush into its deep troughs. Amid thundering crashes and roaring blizzards, the entire icefield opens, expands and breaks into countless floes. If the storm continues the ice is "rafted," that is, the broken ice is piled in layers one over the other to an enormous height, often exceeding one hundred feet. This mountain of ice is then suddenly lifted up by the swell of the mad sea and is hurled forward with a terrific crash. Woe to the vessels that might be in its range! The rafting ice has caused greater destruction to the sealing fleet than all other causes combined. Happily, these terrific storms are not frequent. If they were, it would not have mattered much to the sealers of Newfoundland. To them a hurricane is but "dirty wedder" and a gale is "a bit airsome." Airsome indeed!

The Work of the Ship Fell Into a Dull Routine

I was wandering about the deck among unknown faces and other minds while the stout ship hammered her way into the gray North. As there were no seals yet to kill, men were doing all sorts of odd jobs. Some were shoveling snow and dirt off the deck. Some were filling empty barrels with water to be used as ballast. Others were fastening iron hooks on gaff sticks with "spun yarn." As the watches paced back and forth, the snow-sheeted deck crunched under the tread of their clumsy boots heavily studded with frosters. Shouts of "starburd," "steecay" and "port" mingled joyously with the thunderous crashing of the ice and the ceaseless thudding of the propeller.

A Bit of Conversation with an Old Sealer

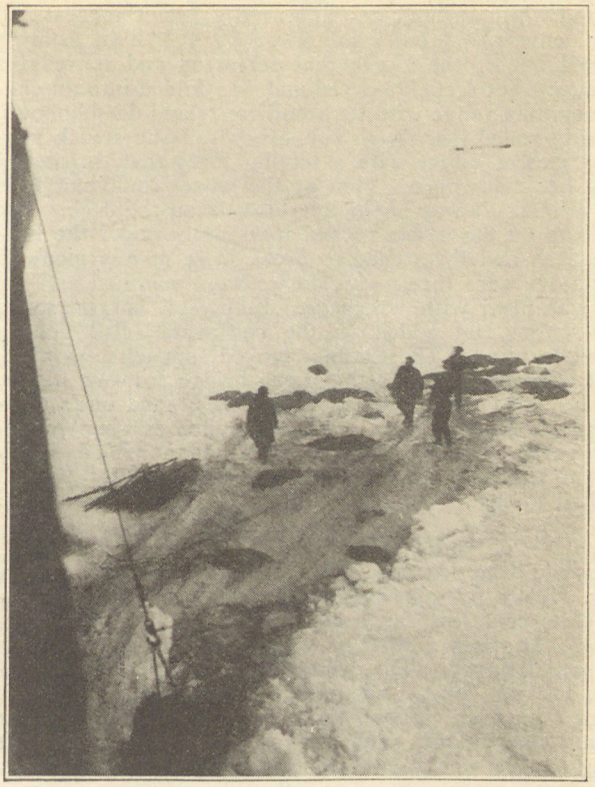
Men "off duty" were huddled together in groups, some in sheltered places, some leaning over the rails facing the icy breeze. While I stood under the lee of the smoke stack, many passed me without a word. Some viewed me curiously. A few greeted me cordially with "Good mornin'," "Wonnerful frosty wedder, dis is." An old man even stopped to say "How do ye like dis racket? Ye'll year dem



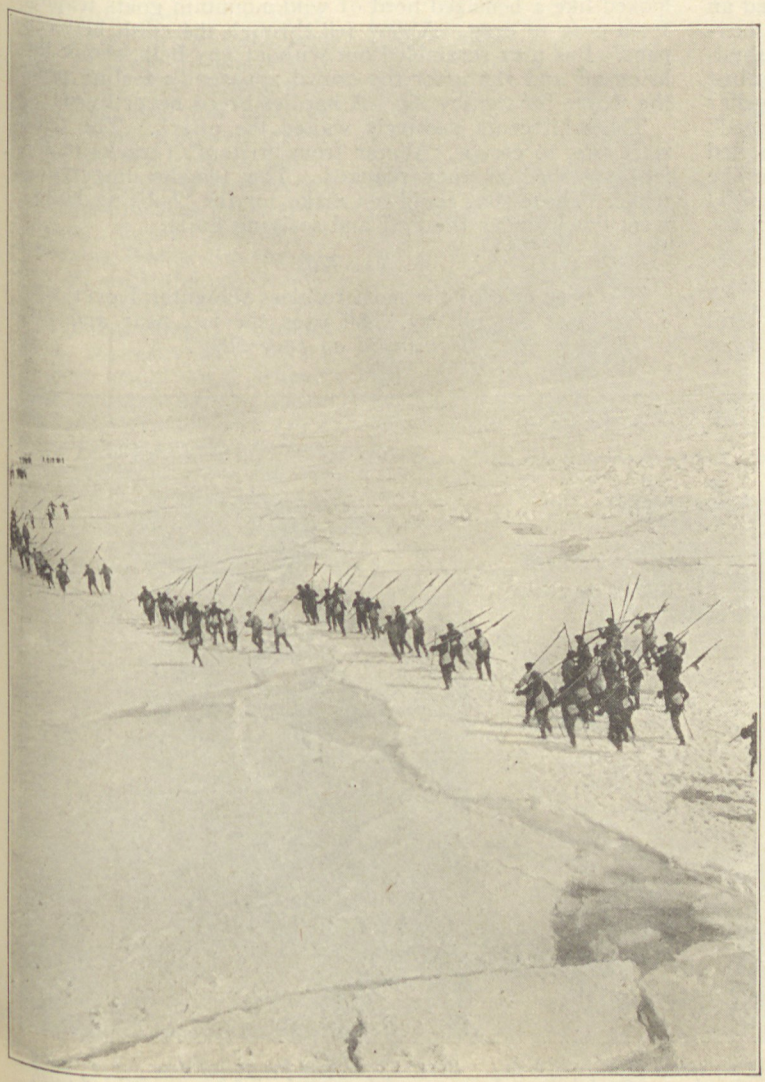
When the day is done. Sealers climbing aboard.

the Sealers foundland

whitecoats bawlin' afore lang." I found the wrinkled man very interesting. We soon became good friends. "How old are you?" I asked curiously. "Seventy-two past, sir." In most countries he would be resting in the "Home for the Aged" instead of "copying" over loose ice, dragging pelts often exceeding one hundred and fifty pounds. "How long have you been sealing?" I questioned again. "I been farty-far springs to de ice, my dear man," was his quick reply. "Pretty well troo wid de live now. Ah, well, I 'spects to go to de harms of me dear Lard afore lang. Praise de Lard, I lives 'ard against nurr." (Have no ill feelings toward anyone.) There was a long pause. He wistfully looked at the glimmering ice. I interrupted and inquired if he had any children. Without displaying much emotion he continued, "Twelve in ahl, sir, dem ahl dead now cl'ar o' one b'y. A complete 'and (a good worker) he is." Now he appeared visibly moved. "A spitting image (exact likeness) o' me woman dat b'y is. Poor woman, she loved dat b'y. She did." "How long since you lost your wife?" I asked. He nervously sucked his pipe. His half-tragic, half-cynical philosophy left me bewildered. "I can niver forget de marnin' I buried her. Dat's sometin' I niver can forget. A wonnerful woman she was, so she was. Ain't narr nudder woman like her. Not very ole needer. Twenty odd years younger dan I is. Ah, well, mabbe she's happy now. Mabbe not. De grave's de ondly



A load of sculps being hauled on the deck.



Sealers going out for a "rally" at the seals.

place I 'spects find rest. I've worked 'ard ahl me life an' I niver had a black nickel in me pockets to buy me woman a ha'r pin. If dere's a Man above our 'id, I niver can fadom out. Can ye?" It was too embarrassing a question. But to my great relief, Skipper George, the second hand, appeared on the scene at this moment and offered to show me where the sealers bunked.

Most Deplorable Conditions Exist in Sealers' Quarters

I followed the veteran sealer and crouching down a narrow filthy ladder of slippery steps, I made my first and last visit below. It is only with a shiver that I recall to memory that hell hole—dark, dingy and filthier than anything I have ever seen. Its rough planked floor was strewn with bread crumbs, coal ashes, tobacco juice and mud from melting snow. A dilapidated stove stood in the center through whose many cracks vagrant gleams of fire flickered over the greasy, unshaven faces. Over the stove, filthy canvas jackets, bepatched trousers, socks, mittens and oily caps were hung to dry. In tiers of hard bunks men were packed like herrings in a barrel. Some lay there snoring, covered with unbelievably dirty quilts. Some were leaning against the wooden partitions, smoking, spitting, even singing. A few were greasing their "skinny woppers," nailing soles, driving in "frosters" and pulling the old ones with their teeth. Some were devouring hardtack and gulping steaming tea at intervals to hasten swallowing. One man was cutting his toe nails that looked like antlers with his scalping knife. Another was having his hair cut with a razor. Filth, dirt, smell, crowding and confusion excelled Dante's Inferno. I stifled, gasped and hurried up the ladder—to the deck for air.

A Storm That Raged for Two Days

It was a great relief to be up in the open again. The bridge master looked at the sky and predicted a storm. It proved all that and more. The glass fell and fell. Ominous black clouds filled the sky.

The sun disappeared with a bodeful warning. The ice that glittered white an hour ago appeared gray. Darkness and gloom enveloped the whole world. A "livin' starm" shrieked out of the North that screamed and roared for two days. The icefield curved and was folded into an endless mountain range with its broad crests and deep hollows. The ship rolled heavily and at every roll she struck ponderous masses of ice with a terrific force that threatened to rip her sides open. Men at the wheel could not hold their course. It was impossible to walk on the deck. The life boats on the davits rocked incessantly under the blizzard's lash and threatened to break loose at any moment. Ventilators were torn away, dories were smashed and the deck was filled with wreckage. Empty oil barrels rolled hurry-scurry and added to the confusion. But nobody seemed to mind. The Captain looked somewhat worried. He strolled back and forth on the bridge for two nights. How he stood that unthinkable cold is beyond one's comprehension. Men in the inferno were hoarse singing "hinky-dinky parlez-vous." They chuckled and mumbled, indifferent to life or death. "Wonnerful dirty wedder" was all they had to say.

Inclement Weather Persisted During the Entire Trip

Absolute calm prevailed after the storm but it lasted only a day. Heavy fog appeared on the horizon which swiftly spread its countless fangs all around, blanketing us completely. At times a shift of wind helped to fan it away. The sun flickered. The white Sahara dazzled in all its glory, but not long. The misty vapour appeared again, thicker than ever. Snow, rain, fog and wind became our constant companions. The sun rose clear exactly six days during our six weeks' confinement in the white wilderness.

The Ship Moved On, On to the Waiting North

Such weather, however, is normal and not considered an obstacle to the ship's activities. The gallant ship kept moving northward, crashing floes that made her leap and shudder. In thin ice she made fair progress. When up against formidable ice she fought on and on. Her propeller thrashed in reverse, hauling her back for a "full ahead" thrust. At every thrust the ice loosened, long cracks fled away giving her room to advance. In impassable ice she blasted her way through with bombs. When nipped in solid jam and unable to free herself she drifted with it until the ice went "abroad" (loosened).

Open Season on Seals Begins March 13

We spotted seals here and there, but as there were still two days before the open season on seals began, we did not stop for a "rally." February 28th is the seals' birthday. By some mysterious twist of Nature almost every whitecoat is born on that day. No seals could be killed before March 13. The law, however, is not an attempt to preserve the herds. On the contrary, it openly advocates killing of everything that has life in it—a question of hustle and rapid returns. The whitecoats are given two weeks' lease of life to accumulate enough fat to make killing worth while.

Among the Seals

On the afternoon of March 13, the number of seals kept steadily increasing. The barrel man spied a "t'ick patch" dead ahead. The cry of "seals" brought all hands on deck. The ship was in an uproar. Excitement grew higher and higher. The greatest thrill of the voyage had arrived. Two hundred and fifty men began heaving on their gear. The ice was literally covered with seals, thousands and tens of thousands of them. Everywhere, near and far, the whitecoats were crawling and bawling; the mother seals twisting about with head and tail raised high; the dogs (males) bobbing up and down as though guarding their little families from the impending danger.

Preparing for a "Rally"

The Captain climbed to the barrel and ordered all hands on the forward deck. Grim-faced men with flags, gaffs, tow ropes and scalping knives crowded there like cattle. In perfect English the Old Man delivered a neat little speech cautioning the men of the peril of the hunt. The vikings needed no warning. Hardly before the order "Starboard over" was given out, the men climbed over the rail, slid down the ladder and jumped onto the ice with the agility and nimbleness of acrobats. There seemed to be no organization now. It was a "kill at sight" affair. Yelling crowds leaped confusedly from pan to pan in every direction. They looked like a bemazed herd of wild mountain goats leaping from crag to crag. A few fell through the slush between pans. But they scrambled out without any help, shook the brine off and ran after the crowd apparently feeling none the worse for the icy dip. A hardier breed never lived!

The whitecoats passively waited the attack. The dogs were first to escape. Water from "rifters" (cracks in the ice) splashed as they plunged. The females lingered a while. Those that could not make for the "bobbing holes" went down under the gaff and scalping knife.

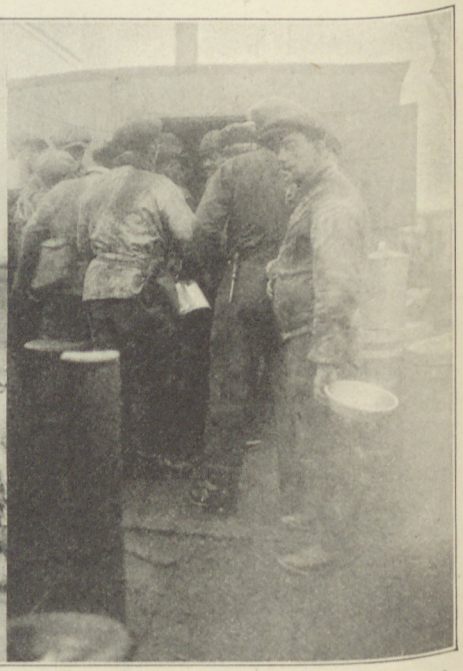
The Kill

The gory epic of the most ruthless slaughter I ever witnessed was in full cry. All over the ice, near and far,

(Continued on page 50)

Skipper George Tuff, the only survivor of the two most appalling disasters in the history of seal hunting.

The tail end of six weeks of incredible toil. Pelts lying on the wharf of St. John's ready to be weighed.



Sealers crowding the galley door for a "mug up" of hardtack and tea sweetened with molasses.

Playing Both Sides of the Border

By
HALFORD J. MORLAND

"THE San Anita Ranch in the 'Free State' of Hidalgo," were the brief instructions I received from Bill Pearson, when ordered to report for the annual fall shooting carnival, with a score of Texas buccaneers, cattlemen, soldiers of fortune, domino players (broadly interpreted) and a couple of fellows who work when not seeking adventure.

Besides the regular gang aforesaid, there were twice that number who came around when they wanted a favor from Bill or were hungry. Consequently, one does not require the use of an adding machine to come to the accurate conclusion that it was never lonesome in Bill's camp. The adding machine was used only by "Boots," the head chef, a few minutes before each meal when the inevitable extra bunch arrived—purely by accident—just at meal time. On such occasions Boots could pour more water into the slumgullion without making it taste like dish-water than any other darky who ever adorned his black, kinky topknot with the round white emblem of a chef.

Constant practice extending back for several years had made Boots so cautious that when the exception did prevail and a meal was actually served without the influx of many timely visitors, one needed but a salad fork for the entire meal from soup to samples. Everything was thick and rich as well as thoroughly seasoned. The only difference between this and the usual meal, was well understood by the regular bunch who now of their own accord added a sufficient quantity of diluting liquid, instead of bothering Boots. But regardless of any and all annoyances, we invariably dined well in that camp. The influx of a regiment of Texas rangers would not, I believe, have daunted either Bill or the cooks. To the contrary I opine even that great number would have delighted Bill, regardless of its effect upon the cooks.

The pantry had the appearance of a combined grocery store, meat market and fruit stand, well and recently stocked. The "help" was sufficient, capable and well trained, and Boots in the role of chef has no superior in such a camp, equable and capable. I hope Boots doesn't read this article, or it will cost Bill money when time for signing next year's contract arrives.

The old ranch house was large and commodious with sleeping quarters for thirty—in comfortable single beds—and arrangements for seventy more in an emergency. The dining room wing with pantry and kitchen was, in size and appointments, consistent with the human parking space in the main building. The building was old in type as well as construction, but in good repair. The wall spaces provided comfortable lodging for all stray animal life of the immediate vicinity, and the accelleration of noise, when the opossums and rats settled down to the business of their evening games, was indicative of much company.

In the history of Texas, so far back that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, there never were so many rattlesnakes, opossums, coyotes, buzzards and quail as this year. Driving down a dusty road, one could see numerous trails of the lonesome rattler, for he drags a crooked spine. Along a single mile of dusty road, eighty-seven tracks were seen where snakes had recently crossed that road. Through the bush they were coiled everywhere or sinuously gliding in front of one, and many dogs and hunters came to grief on this account. Each day for a week I killed one or more large rattlers, and they were so common we didn't count them unless they were more than five feet long. The smaller ones are most dangerous for they are more active, but they do not have the business-like determination of some I killed, which measured over seven feet in length. One that I killed on my second day in camp measured—in the presence of many witnesses—seven feet and eight inches in length and eleven inches around; the largest rattler ever seen by any of the party, and, really large enough. One day while quail hunting, I killed four rattlesnakes within a walk of one and one-half miles across the pasture. They had plenty of rattlers, but rattles are no indication of their age.

Sometimes Dr. Morlan has better luck than in this story.

Another friendly creature of the wilds hereabouts is found in the very thickest and most impenetrable thorn and mesquite thickets; the Javeline. That little hog will put you up a tree and guard you. The one nearest the tree will never let you down to be ripped open by the tusks of his envious and inimical companions. He wants first chance. Playful creatures! and with only thirty to a hundred pounds to juggle on their sturdy four legs, they are active enough for any one who is not familiar with their methods of welcoming a stranger. I presume a deer hunter once shot at and missed one, and they have been "hog

"Bill" at extreme right and some of his gang.

A few of Bill's friendly buccaneers.

wild" ever since. That is where the term originated, very likely. Besides their actions, they possess a "fragrant" musk bag which identifies them when in your presence. Have no fear, stranger, you will recognize them without a formal introduction.

If one gets here early enough—in August or September—one of the greatest sports of all, is the shooting of the white pigeon of Mexico. Also called "white wings." They are very fat and in size, between that of the pigeon and the dove, and faster even than the latter. Very swift!

Mr. Sangster and I, not caring for dominoes, usually turned in early and despite the radio—which Bill thoughtfully put in our sleeping room—and the raucous peals of laughter coupled with a constant garrulous antidote for slumber, which was purposely emitted without hindrance, through the open door to the next room kept open by interested friends, we frantically snatched a little sleep and were often up early for a deer hunt. We returned for a late breakfast and were soon away again with the dogs for quail. No dogs were used after deer. After bagging our limit of quail, which was easy because they were so plentiful, we returned to camp for a wash-up and some reading before dinner.

One day we had hunted all day without food except an early breakfast. We had done a bit of exploring and consumed the day at it. I told Boots that I was mighty hungry, and he apologized because he said his dinner was not as good as usual. He had needed some extra things from town for his salad, etc., and Floyd had been so busy patching punctures for a lot of visitors that he "just had to make out as best he could." I was a bit discouraged—temporarily, but when I entered the dining room and invoiced the prospective dinner offering, for which the providing Boots had apologized, it was found to be amply bountiful with stewed cabrito, shrimp salad, roast turkey, grilled quail, fried chicken, roast veal with dressing and broiled sirloin steaks as the meat courses. Soup, vegetables, dessert and in fact everything from *hors d'œuvres* to fruit, was as elaborately consistent as was the meat course. Do you wonder that I gained weight in spite of walking some twenty or more miles almost every day?

If you are "run down," and your favorite brand of patent medicine has not restored you sufficiently, it may be that you have a friend who knows someone who has another friend who is a friend of a friend of Bill's. If so, and you can get the chain to working long enough so that just a hint is conveyed to Bill that you would like to dine with him for a month and shoot his game, Bill will send you a round-trip ticket, on the Sunshine special, meet you at the train, feed you, house you, furnish you ammunition and then apologize—like Boots—because he hasn't been able to show you sufficient hospitality, and will be offended if you refuse to remain another month and come again next year. I think there were not more than two eligible gentlemen southeast of Houston and San Antonio, in the State of Texas, who were not present when I was there last fall. The other two must have sustained broken necks from craning over the table the year before. Nothing short of that predicament could keep an invited guest away from one of Bill's parties.

He took the Texas Rotarians to Mexico just for supper one day, and now he is planning on having all American Rotarians come down and lunch with him some Thursday, and before they get away he will have them shanghaied and sent to his ranch for a month's vacation. Terrible fellow, Bill! But don't ask me to get you an invitation, my welcome has worn threadbare, and I fear that I ate myself out of a darn good home for incurable hunters.

The weather was fairly warm and dry early in the season last fall, and I returned one afternoon uncomfortably hot. After my shower—Bill even made that possible—I sat in front of an open north door rather immodestly clad, while a "norther" gathered force and thoroughly chilled me. An hour later I was in bed with a real chill, but the next day I felt pretty well and started to Mexico after turkey and deer. We could get the latter on the ranch, but there is a closed season in this part of Texas on turkey.

It was supposed to have been arranged before hand that our licenses which cost $28 each—and all data necessary to our entrance, without delay, into Mexico be secured and our entrance expedited in all possible details. But that is the land of "manana"—Tomorrow! tomorrow! tomorrow! It is much better, senor! Anything and anytime but not—today. Manana! God, hold me in restraint! If you never have been really provoked, aggravated and peeved—go to Mexico. You will love the country once you enter it far enough. But getting in! A bright boy of four years would be more methodical and expedient than the average border juggling official.

We arrived at the river exactly on time, had all necessary papers, etc., but "poco tiempo," was always required. Without "manana" and "poco tiempo," a Mexican border official would be at a total loss for words. He could not express himself. At least such has been my invariable experience when entering our neighboring republic to the south. Never in all Europe or Asia have I experienced such aggravating and untenable delays.

World without end, it seemed we waited, before we were permitted to cross the bridge. Then after crossing, the same experience was met on the other side. Why? Nobody knows! We were more than five hours getting across—with everything previously arranged. Otherwise one would

Some of the auxiliary camp.

die of senility before the crossing was negotiated and might be fortunate at that.

The guide and two friends who live just on the Mexican side were to accompany us and provide bedding, cooking utensils, etc., and it was supposed to be packed ready for loading in the cars. Was it? Mexico and manana! No! Of course not. And though it was piled around within the confines of a single small room, it required two hours of talking and explanation before we left that place. Most of the time was consumed while Fred explained why he wanted to wear an old hat. No one cared, of course, but it was an excuse for delay.

The day was fading into gloom and nightfall when finally we started for the camp in the interior, about a hundred miles away. But even a start was encouraging, and I needed something to cheer me up a bit, for I had a severe chill after crossing the bridge. This was a sequel to my indiscretion the previous afternoon when I had sat in the cold draft of a norther.

I was weak from the effect of the chills, and my fever was above 103. Adding to this physical condition, was the annoyance at the border and the resultant nervous and mental irritation; also the fact that it was getting dark, and we had nearly a hundred miles to go over a dirt trail I had never traveled; I was driving another man's car, and it was beginning to rain. I was just now no more human than a couple of animated flat tires. Was I happy? You should have asked me some day sooner!

But we arrived eventually at our destination, and I was not as long driving the distance as we were getting over the river. It rained all night while I sat in the car and had another chill. The boys were solicitous of my condition and did what they could for my welfare, but it was not what one would call a pleasant evening. Not for me!

The next day two deer were brought in, and we moved on in the direction of turkey territory. We found a likely place and tracks galore. An old Indian assured us that he could locate the roost, and we were credulous enough to believe him. He did try, tried hard and was a splendid type of Indian hunter. But we found no turkeys. We walked for miles under the branches of likely trees, through gullies, down draws, and through sloughs, over trails, followed *ciendaroes* and crawled through timber. But no turkeys.

The next morning I went alone to a small patch of corn where signs proved the turkeys had been feeding. I was to be called when breakfast was ready, but no one bothered about that. When I returned to camp about eleven, I found that my charitable buddies had cooked for themselves all the eggs in camp, together with much other food, eaten it, put out the fire and returned to their "flops" on the ground and were now peacefully asleep.

"Let's Go", say both dogs and hunters.

Sangster on point.

The only chance I had had at a turkey was while they were getting breakfast and then, the unemployed of the specie, had found time to take a few shots at encroaching blue quail, so that the sound of the shooting had driven away my approaching turkeys. Again I wasn't so happy!

I cooked my own breakfast, and while so doing the guides —three of them—slept. It was during my attempt to cook a meal that I grievously wondered what had consumed the time for packing. We had no spoons, no knives or forks, no dish towels, nor salt nor pepper. But I had matches, a jackknife, food, fingers, and an appetite.

While resting after breakfast, I was fascinated with the rural picture before me. The ground thereabouts was level and slightly sandy. Trees were numerous and almost as large as our native apple trees. There was no underbrush and a community well drew its quota of cattle, burros, birds, and wild creatures. There was a profusion of cardinals, jays and road-runners. As I sat still and watched the procession of lovely wild creatures parade about me, they became more curious and friendly; also more numerous, and there, not far away, were many very large jack rabbits leaping in play; cottontails, at least a dozen of them; six or eight large coveys of Mexican quail; Mexican eagles; buzzards; ravens; chaparral cocks; birds of all description, and at my feet—seven snoring companions—wild creatures of the plains.

Here in this peaceful and idyllic spot of restfulness I relaxed and forgot the previous vexatious moments of recent history. Our sleeping accommodations consisted of a blanket spread on the ground and another one for cover and we were fairly comfortable thus provided—if we also kept our clothes on. It was not warm there, at night, in December.

That night while the visiting coyotes howled in chorus, I lay quietly on my back and gazed into the heavens. While thus gazing there suddenly began a series of spectacles which I thought phenomenal: within less than a minute I saw six large, brilliant shooting stars. That was but the beginning. From twelve midnight until four A. M., I remained awake and watched the fire works, and during most of that time the heavens were ablaze with dozens of shooting stars. Mostly in the northwest, but also in every direction, the same unusual and extravagant display of scintillating illumination.

We got no turkey, for we had to return the next day. But the deer and quail, and the picture I so greatly enjoyed while my companions slept off their gluttonous debauch, together with this gorgeous and spectacular night scene overhead, made restitution in a great degree and rectified the debit account to such an extent that I was more than delighted with the journey, despite the unauspicious beginning.

Companions and Guides

Being a Chapter from Senator Hawes' New Book "My Friend the Black Bass" to Be Published in the Spring

By
SENATOR HARRY B. HAWES

ON arriving at the camp mark the difference in conduct between the novice and the expert. The beginner looks the camp over, distributes his stuff, and "talks sociable" upon a variety of subjects. The veteran goes immediately to the stream or lake, studies the color and condition of the water, scans the horizon, and forms a quick mental picture of the fishing possibilities. His next move is to discover an experienced guide and employ him, giving a little extra inducement, if necessary. Next he finds the local oracle and starts him to talk. If stopping in a village, he makes an excuse to visit the drug store, buys a lure, gets the gossip. And all the time he is planning his campaign, he is laying out the work. He does not hurry, but he is finding "the lay of the land"—or water. He soon knows who fishes most, learns who caught the largest fish and, more important, where.

If he doesn't get away first on the stream, he waits until the others have had time to be well along before he starts, and, if he sees they are disturbing things, watch him slip by and finally get far ahead. He does not fish for companions—he "fishes for fish"—but, after it is over, in the evening or at the noon meeting place, he does his "bit," and is willing to advise, help, or divide tackle or his "swag." But with him fishing is not a joke; it is a serious business.

The character and conduct of your guide are of much importance. He can make or mar your sport. There is one kind of guide that knows nothing and lets you find out. There is another kind that knows it all and will not be told. A third species is the worst of all; the one that will not follow your directions. But a competent and compliant guide can be retained. After the first day you will know how to handle him and he will understand you. In nearly every resort there is one man to whom the guides defer as their superior. He is busy all the time and never has an idle day. He is in demand. That is the kind of guide you want. There are guides that have "fish sense," and others that have none. The older men are usually the best, because they have had more service and more experience. They know the habits of fish; and, better still, they know the habits of the resorter. They make allowances for him.

Let the guide talk, yes, encourage him. You will thus acquire a brand-new viewpoint not only of the "Big Out-doors" but of politics and of Government—and he will not be the sole beneficiary of the conversation. You will go home richer in wisdom having heard his experiences.

Frontispiece of Senator Hawes' new book.

Some of my most pleasant days have been spent with a guide, while I experimented with different lures, different reels, and different kinds of casts; or shot at a mark—only fishing the likely spots.

If you can afford it, by all means hire a guide, or at least persuade a "native" to go with you on your first trip to new waters. In general these guides know their business, are accommodating, act as cooks, take care of the boat, and relieve you of many other duties. They all have their favorite bait, and are beginning to have their favorite lures also. In the early days it was hard to get them away from live bait, and it is now just as hard to induce them to try a new lure or a new fly. Having been successful with one kind they refuse to change.

As to lures and flies, use your own judgment. It is frequently as good as the guide's or better. You cannot employ your time to better purpose, when you chat with your guide, than to discuss conservation with him. Point out to him how good roads and automobiles are facilitating the destruction of fish. Impress upon him that when the fish go, his occupation will go with them. Bring him to understand that fishing is a sport, a relaxation, a pleasure—not professional vandalism. Tutor him to the point where he himself will suggest to fishermen that a given fish is too small and should be put back. Explain to him why one's hand should be wet before one handles fish. He will come to respect you more for putting back small fish and even protest if you keep them.

Keep in mind that you are only one of the men that he will have under his tutelage during the year, and that when you teach him—if you are successful in putting the Conservation idea in his mind—he will pass it on to other anglers, and will talk it over with his fellow-guides. They will relay it to the local Member of the Legislature or to a State Senator, and ultimately a powerful body of men will be at work for Conservation. Let him know that a self-respecting man will not kill a bird, or a fur-bearing animal out of season; that he will return the little fish to the stream.

When you have finished with your guide, and you have been successful with a particular lure or fly, give him one, in addition to a tip. He will value this token as much as your money.

Natives.

In addition to guides and what are called "natives" in each village or hamlet you will encounter a piscatory oracle. Every one will know him by name. You inquire, "Who is the best fisherman in this town?" Three or

four, maybe five, will be named and then you ask, "Which is the best?" He is identified, and you thereafter go to him with your troubles. He will usually be sympathetic, full of sage advice, fish lore and general information. In default of another guide, persuade him to go with you.

The small town drug-store usually carries fishing-tackle, and at least one of the clerks in the store is a consistent fisherman. He spends much time in reading the catalogues, studying them, and selecting the needs of his neighborhood. There is also at least one druggist in each town who goes fishing and who can describe the likely spots. Much of the fishing lore of the community can be found at the drug-store, which, by the way, is coming to be the town forum, substituting in that way for the old saloon.

THE Hawes Enforcement Bill now pending in Congress should have the support of every friend of America's great game fish, the black bass.

The Bill sponsors legislation to stop the sale of black bass in the few remaining states where laws to that effect have not been passed.

The Beginner

It is unfair to a good fisherman who has not been out for a long time and is eager to catch fish to put a beginner in the same boat with him. The best of beginners gets into trouble and continues to get into trouble. If his hook isn't fouled in the water it will be snagged in the boat. His awkwardness is a misfortune to him and a mischief to his boat-mate. Of course, the beginner should have the benefit of the advice of the dilettante, and the latter for a day or two will give counsel and consolation even at the expense of his convenience and catch. Then is the time to make a change. But if you are Captain of the Camp, pair off good fishermen with good fishermen; let the younger fishermen learn with the boatman and guide for the first day or two. There is another reason for this segregation, quite apart from that of safeguarding the veteran's sport. As we all know, the beginner likes to try it alone. He does not mind the guide, but he is sensitive either to open criticism or to what he feels is covert criticism of the initiate. He would rather be by himself and work out his destiny alone. After I had reached the age of 45 and had been a fisherman for years, one season I was at the same resort with a famous angler, a splendid fellow, too. I was eager to study his methods, but I knew it was wrong of me to ask him to take me with him. Of course, he would comply with the request; it would have embarrassed him to decline; but I waited for the invitation, and finally it came.

Here is a hint to the beginner: Let the invitation come from the older angler. Don't press him and perhaps cause him to refuse, or make an excuse, or—worst of all—take you when he does not want you.

The Nuisance

There are three types of fishermen: One of them likes the outdoors and companionship; the other is an experimenter, bent on trying new rods, lures and tackle; the third has the fishing instinct or what in the competent setter and pointer is called "bird sense." You should have all three types in a party.

The fellow to leave at home is the pestiferous practical joker who, to evoke a laugh, annoys and irritates some one else; the fellow who mixes up your tackle, sets a trap in your bunk, bores a hole in the boat, anoints the "grub" with gasoline, fires a forty-five close to your ear when you are asleep, keeps the camp awake at night and slumbers till late in the morning. He is the chap who justifies the "native" in disliking the visitor. "Swat" him, and next time leave him at home or in a hospital.

Organizing a Trip

Many a disappointment is saved, and travel and expense are spared by an inquiry made in advance—per telegraph or telephone—as to the condition of the water, especially if you have planned to fish in a stream subject to freshets or in a lake that is liable to be overspread by "bloom." Better still, if you can order your affairs to suit your convenience, have the resort-keeper or guide wire you (charges collect) when conditions are just right. If you cannot go at that time, tell him why.

Read the Game and Fish Laws of your State. Take extra copies with you for perusal by your companions and the guides.

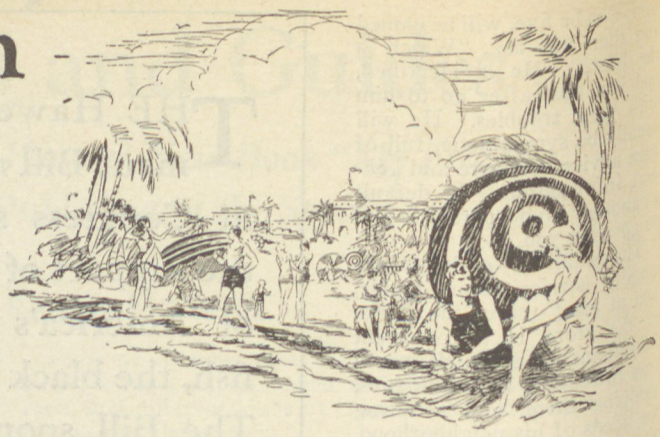
Senator Hawes is a great lover of dogs. Here is a picture of him in Missouri surrounded by a pack of hounds.

If You Go South

By

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Drawings by Mazie Border



ABOUT the time the chill winds are coming down out of the north and the great white brigade is being marshalled to the fore by his royal majesty, King Winter, it is then that a rather numerous army is packing up for the annual retreat southward. It may not amount to an exodus by any manner of means, but it is an important event that is participated in by individuals in every walk of life and circumstance and by any one of several modes of locomotion.

Time was when going south for the winter was contrived with far less ease than it is in the present day, back when railroad travel was the ultimate solution to the problem of getting there. Now with splendid highways linking the south with the north no difficulties are entertained for the auto carries you through as though by very magic with scarcely a detour or dirt road to hinder one in negotiating either valley or mountain on the route to the sunny gulf-lands. True, not so many years ago, these highways were in the throes of the making and detours stared one in the face in the most obnoxious of places, laying difficulties in one's path that called for toil, and not a little genuine hardship.

I can remember having been jammed in a sea of mud in Missouri one time, in which we were able to make but thirty miles in three days; and hundreds of people and cars were in the same predicament. But, step by step, the gaps in the pavement have been filled in with new additions of concrete until now, in most cases, the route is one cheerful to contemplate and the south is faced with something more of confidence than in years gone by. One leaves the north and, if one wills it so, will be on southern shores in a week. From pine to palm is no longer a problem for debate, for it is a puzzle that has been very ably solved.

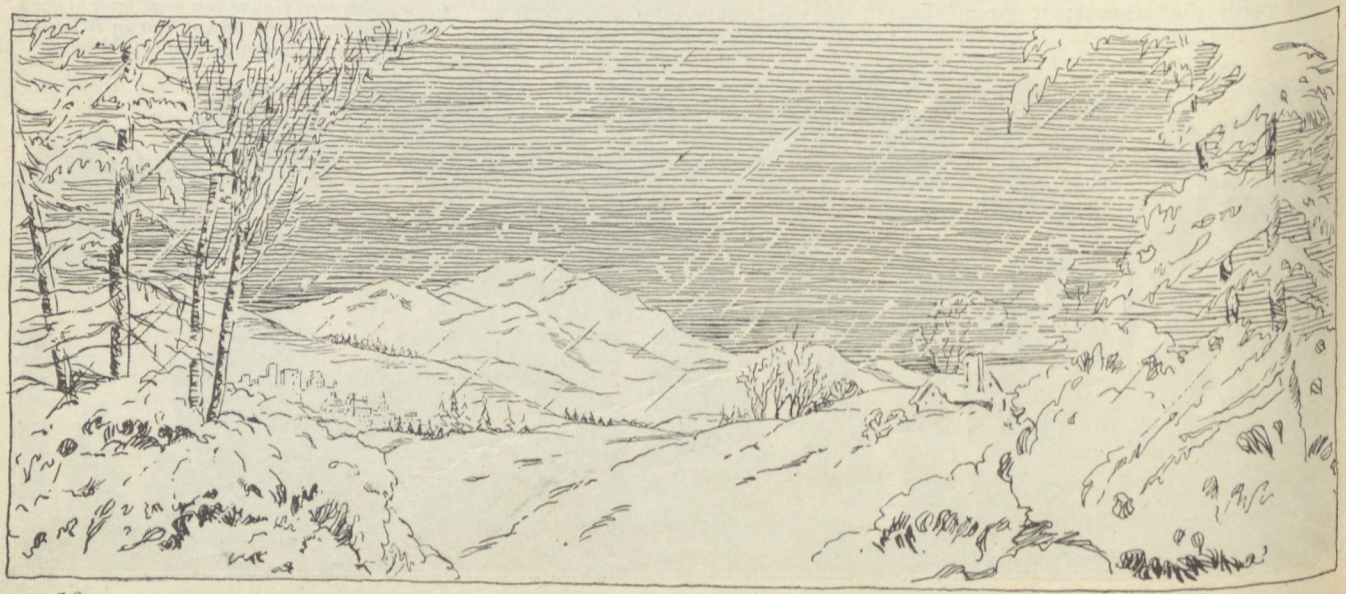
While there is a generous contingent of southbound tourists in evidence in the course of the early autumn, September and October, the real movement does not start until in November and December. The people of the north are apt to stay at home as long as the weather is anywhere near rational, not forgetting that the autumnal season in the north is one of beauty not easily left behind. No, the northerner holds on as long as he can, and only when the bitter cold sets in and the snow heaps down out of the ice-bound arctics does the impulse assert itself to be up and doing.

It is interesting in this respect that with each successive storm the southbound cars increase in number and should a particularly devastating storm occur in December the traffic toward the gulf takes on the aspect of a procession. There seems to be a desire with most northerners to "stick it out" through the month of December; indeed "Christmas at home" is generally the goal. But once the holiday season is over and the months of January, February and March stare one in the face, the impulse is to go south while the going is good.

It is a mistaken belief that only the idle rich take their way south. Indeed from my own observations they are in the minority so far as actual numbers is concerned: there are farmers from Iowa, Indiana and Ohio, as well as people of moderate means from the large cities, mechanics looking for work or individuals who have been speculating on a southern trip for years.

The tourist camps in Florida contain thousands of people who are able to spend the winter in the south on one-half the expenditure the same length of time would cost them in the north. The belief seems to be prevalent that the cost of a winter in the south is excessive and beyond average means. True, there are costly places to put up at in the south as well as in any other place, but it is equally true that reasonable accommodations are always to be had, indeed along the West Coast of Florida splendid rooms are to be had for fifteen dollars a month, that would bring forty to fifty dollars a month in the north.

In recent years the proposition of auto camping has taken hold in a manner that is interesting to say the least. All along the gulf coast from Texas to the Everglades in Florida you will find tents in evidence, here singly, here in groups and here virtually in colonies, people coming from every state in the union and the provinces of Canada. The auto tent reaches the height of its popularity in Florida, especially on the West Coast, where the climate is the most propitious and the possibilities for amusement and interest



seem to be never-ending. If the West Coast of Florida lacks the famous beaches and swimming facilities that are identified with the East Coast, it makes up for it with at least triple the number of species of fish that can be angled for, species, too, that are unknown to the East Coast.

Then, too, there are the myriads of shells all along the West Coast from St. Petersburg to Naples that are unknown to the East Coast. Just how important shells are to the visitor to Florida can scarcely be imagined until one is in the midst of them and then shell gathering becomes little short of an obsession. One fights off gathering Florida shells successfully just so long and then the virus gets into the blood. It takes hold with a powerful grip against which you struggle in vain. From millionaire on down you will find representatives wandering along the strands when the tide is out gathering shells of such shape and beauty, twist and bend as to excite the most sluggish imagination. Thousands of boxes take their way north filled with shells, carefully wrapped, some for private collections and some to be sunken in panels of fireplaces and every possible manner of architecture. In the tourist camps of the West Coast the ladies sit in the sun fashioning endless strings of tiny shells for necklaces that bring prices up to five dollars each in the north. Thus is many a vacation paid for.

Or, again, one must not forget that along the whole length of the West Coast the fish that the fishermen catch are eagerly sought by the markets, indeed at some of the piers a market-man is right there on hand to buy what one does not care to use. On those days or at such times as a run of a certain species of fish occurs the catches made are great indeed and are sold for no little cash. There are the speckled sea trout, the snook or robalo, the sheepshead, the various groupers, mackerel, jackfish and others, all of which swarm at different times around the various piers and bridges from the Everglades to Tarpon Springs, and which attract the amateur fishermen in great numbers. Most of these fish are caught with regulation bait casting tackle, and on any one of a number of common bass plugs and minnows, they furnish sport that is thrilling from start to finish, indeed it is a notorious fact that such fish as the snook and the sea trout make the fight of some of our inland freshwater fish look like the slow-motion effect of a moving picture. Only within the last five years or so has fishing for these smaller fish along the West Coast come into its own. It is now an established fact and is drawing fishermen by the thousands down to Florida annually.

Time was when the tarpon was considered the main reliance in the line of fishing in this favored southern state. Now it is merely one of many fish that are angled for and to which universal favor goes out. The black bass, too, of the freshwater streams and lakes of Florida have created for themselves a place in the sun that is a conspicuous one indeed.

While the West Coast of Florida may be one's ultimate destination, it should not be forgotten that here, there and everywhere, from Texas to Florida, are attractions that are indeed well worth looking into. Let me, however, pause for a moment to correct a rather erroneous conception that many northern people have of the south. If you have never been south of the Mason and Dixon line, it may seem logical that the states from the Ohio River south should be basking in perpetual sunshine, and weather conditions in the autumn and in the winter should be pleasant and agreeable. However, Kentucky and Tennessee present a rather chilly aspect throughout the winter with alternating snows and thaws and a raw chill that is apt to penetrate to the bones. I can remember waking up one morning in December in Clarksdale, Mississippi, to find the landscape with a Thanksgiving aspect to it, tucked in from horizon to horizon with a sparkling blanket of snow. When the cold blasts come down out of the north, the whole Mississippi Valley feels the grip of it, right on down to the Gulf; indeed even Louisiana may have its sleet and its snow flurries, although Louisiana gets its cold in the nor'westers that sweep down from the Texas Panhandle and the Rocky Mountains. It can generally be gauged as true, that if the winter in the north is a particularly severe one, the winter in the south likewise will show the effects of it. But if the northern winter is a mild one, with few if any blizzards in evidence, the winter in the south, even up to the Kentucky line, will be a delight and a sensation.

In ordinary years of hard northern winters and an average chilly southern winter it is more or less difficult to camp out. Then the auto camper and his tent is but little in evidence, ranging from Texas to Pensacola, Florida, during the months of January and February, but coming more and more into evidence as March and April come on. During these last two months tourists from the eastern states are moving south to follow the Old Spanish Trail west to California from Jacksonville, Florida, to San Diego, California. The months of March and April along the Gulf Coast is a time of beauty and a joy to contemplate indeed. It is then that the auto camper is in his element and it is the logical time for the easterner to make his trip west by the southern route. The chills and rains are then absent and the roads are in the best shape for travel. At that time, too, the heat is never excessive and the myriad insects have not put in their appearance.

(Continued on page 51)

A California Lion Hunt

By
ROMAN J. MILLER

RECENTLY the writer was passing through San Diego, California. There in the heart of the downtown district two large mountain lions were coming down the street. That is, they were coming down the street draped over the hood of an automobile. In the automobile, escorting the aforesaid lions, sat a group of sturdy, sombrero-hatted Westerners. These men evidently were responsible for the demise of the big tawny cats. Eyes of hundreds of pedestrians and motorists were focused inquisitively upon the strange cargo. Crowds quickly gathered and threatened to hamper traffic.

I learned that these particular lions had met their doom on Viejas Mountain forty miles east of San Diego. They were an addition to a list of over twenty lions killed within the borders of San Diego County in a period of four months. This incident brought me in touch with a group of hunters staging an extensive drive to rid Southern California of the marauding beasts. The group consists of John and Giles Goswick, who came to California from Camp Verde, Arizona, with their pack of lion hounds. The brothers, upon arrival, solicited the aid of veteran local hunters, the Lucas boys and Frank Seebold of San Diego and Bill Keener of Lakeside. Seven lions were killed by this group in the first six weeks of the hunt. Since then John Goswick and Forest Lucas have continued the hunt as an independent unit.

As a guest in the Goswick camp, I was invited to participate in their adventure. The camp on this occasion was pitched in the picturesque Laguna Mountains. John Goswick and his charming wife welcomed me with a wholesouled sincerity so characteristic of Western hospitality. The population of the camp consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Goswick, their three children, Forest Lucas, John's hunting pal, and the writer. A delicious supper, cooked over the open camp fire, was a feature of the first evening. Oh boy! It was great!

As the shades of night drew on, the incense-laden wood smoke and the glow of the embers from the camp fire produced meditation of a most agreeable sort. Once more the sweet incomparable peace of the open came upon me.

John related tales of adventure with bear and lion staged about his old home in Arizona, and formulated plans for the morrow's hunt. Word had come to camp about a big lion which brought an untimely death to a young steer of a ranch near by. It was decided to pick up the trail, if possible, at break of day. John Goswick was formerly employed as a professional hunter of predatory animals by the U. S. Biological Survey, and with his brother, Giles, accredited with accounting for 160 of these tawny, slinking beasts. Many of these were taken in the Bloody Basin and Bradshaw Mountain district of Arizona.

Recent depredations of mountain lions in San Diego County have influenced the Game Commissioner to offer a bounty of $75.00 for each male and $100.00 for each female lion brought in. This, augmented by a $25.00 additional bounty offered by the State, gives a remunerative incentive to the chase. The action of the Game Commissioner likewise contributes enormously to the conservation of deer and to the protection of stock in this locality. Mountain lions have been known to kill as many as fifty sheep in a single night. They are likewise credited with at least one deer a week. Raids on cattle and turkey ranches hereabout are also listed in their plunderous records. The advantage to the community in the curbing of the big cats is readily apparent.

The pack of lion hounds owned by John Goswick is conceded to be among the very best, and they certainly live up to their reputation. There is "Dick," possibly the leader of the pack in speed of trailing. A big, upstanding, spotted Hedgepath, blue-ticked hound.

"Luke," another Hedgepath, very much alert.

"Rough," a large, red, vicious looking dog with bloodshot eyes. "Rough" is a cross between a blood and fox hound. His sire is a famous bloodhound now used by the State Prison of Arizona. "Rough" has the reputation of unraveling with uncanny certainty the most difficult trails, and is a fighter of no mean ability.

"Rowdy," another good dog, is a cross between blood and fox hound.

"Red," smaller in stature, is a thoroughbred redbone from Virginia, an excellent trailer.

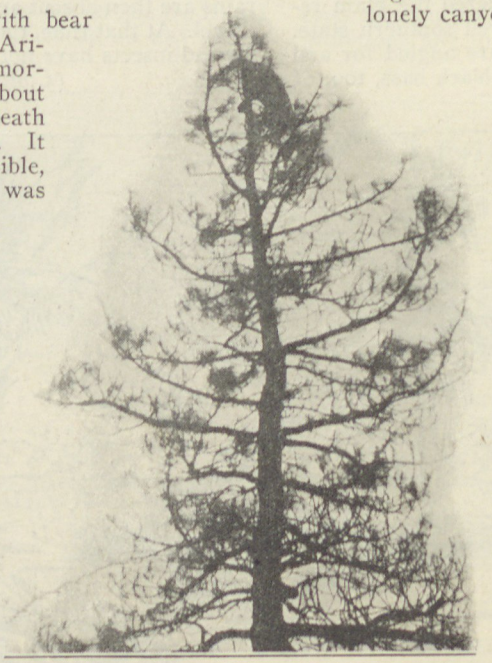
"Taps" was sounded on the old powder horn and we turned in for the night preparatory for an early start. But the beauty of the night was more alluring than sleep. A great silvery moon pinned to an indigo star-bedecked sky cast a soft radiance over the mountains, and the hush of nature in a most delightful mood was upon us. Finally I, too, passed on to the land of dreams.

I awoke before dawn and watched the shadows of night slowly merge into a delightful morn. A mocking bird warbled a song in which a score of other feathered songsters joined in chorus. A grey squirrel chattered a cheery good morning from his perch in a big oak tree. Storing away a generous breakfast, we became obsessed with a keen eagerness for the adventure of the day. The dogs, too, seemed to sense a day of success, and were eager to be off on the trail. We all scrambled into the old Star and proceeded to a point some five miles distant in the Warner Ranch country. Immediately the dogs began nosing about in a businesslike way. Up a lonely canyon we proceeded for a mile or two.

"Dick," leading the pack, bellowed the first news of a fresh lion track. The trail led through the canyon for a mile and then passed abruptly to the left over a steep boulder-strewn mountain. Mr. Lion was hot-footing it for rough country. Up we climbed in ever-increasing strides after the dogs. John and Forest, being accustomed to the feat of mountain climbing, made the grade with apparently little effort. But poor me, being accustomed to sailing on calm, azure seas, was out of my element and nearly passed out of the picture from sheer exhaustion. However, I managed to reach the top of the ridge some 3,000 feet above. No mountain ever seemed so high before. The dogs had long since passed out of hearing, and were being followed by Forest. At the top of the ridge John waited for the sea-going hunter to join him.

"Tough goin', eh, Captain?" he said sympathetically.

"Sure is," I gasped.



The big lion in the top of a pine tree.

"Well, better take a rest!"

I needed no second invitation to linger for a moment on the mountain ridge.

The rest did me a heap of good and from here John and I looked upon a scene of entrancing beauty. Spread out before us on every hand was a sweep of rugged country positively entrancing. The vast mountain ranges to the east rose tier upon tier to infinity. Between were table-lands coursed by innumerable canyons. To the south loomed the dark purple-blue mountains of Mexico, rising in sombre serrated beauty. All about us were peaks to which Spanish names lent their charm of mystery and romance. El Capitan, Viejas, Cuyamaca and San Jacinto's pallid bulk rose from a local cloud of mist. Again the distance revealed mountains whose slopes were covered with pine or spruce forests, said to harbor scores of black tail deer upon which the lions feast.

The distant baying of the dogs awoke us from our reverie. Borne faintly on the morning air, the sound grew louder every moment. Again we dipped down the far side of the mountain into a deep canyon from whence the baying of the dogs seemed to emanate. Down we went, through cactus, buck brush or scrub oak. Contesting every foot of the way, it tore rents in my personal raiment, and scratched my complexion in no uncertain manner.

"That lion certainly picked out a h—l of a course," I mused.

"We're headed for the top of the next ridge," added John.

"Okay," I gasped.

Slowly, painfully I wobbled on, spurred by dogged determination, and an occasional cactus. Gaining the top of the next ridge, I was due for another rest.

The baying of the dogs could now be heard distinctly. They seemed to be coming our way. Then again their voices trailed off in the distance, scarcely audible. John, with an uncanny knowledge of the traits and tricks of the crafty lion, advised that we cut across to a pine-studded mountainside some miles distant, toward which the lion was evidently headed. Again we got under way. Down cactus-grown slopes, boulder-strewn slides and then up again, we clambered, with the sun beating a merciless tattoo upon us. But finally we reached the last ridge and again came within sound of the dogs. They were baying furiously in the canyon below. Sliding eagerly down the slope we soon reached bottom. A quarter of a mile further on, rounding a turn in the canyon floor, we came in sight of the dogs circling a large boulder and baying furiously. As we approached, I saw for the first time the object of our chase. The big lion was crouching on the far side of the boulder, trying to make up his mind for the next maneuver.

Facing the lion on top of the boulder was "Rough," the big red dog, in a blinding rage of fury. Circling the boulder and rushing madly about was the rest of the howling pack. Destruction threatened "Rough" every time the big cat reached out a paw—like a stroke of lightning. Had any of these blows landed, "Rough" would have been torn to shreds. But with uncanny agility he escaped with a badly lacerated ear and nose. As we closed in, the lion bounded off the rock, not offering a chance for a shot, and again the pack was at his heels.

Along they bounded, up the canyon out of sight, until a mile or two they again bellowed—treeing this time at the base of a tall pine.

The savage, dolorous baying of the dogs and the primitive thrill of the moment increased my pep to a remarkable degree. I now hiked along with John and Forest, who had rejoined us, with the zest of an old timer.

Arriving at the base of the tree we gazed up through the thick branches and discerned the big tawny cat in the uppermost branches. As we closed in he climbed to the very top of the tree. There, from his lofty perch, he snarled his defiance of men and dogs with a burning fire of hate gleaming in his soulful eyes. A wave of admiration swept over us for the big lion facing death in utter defiance and unafraid.

(Continued on page 47)

In the lion hunting country of San Diego county (Upper insert) the Goswick brothers and Bill Keener with two large lions. (Lower insert) John Goswick and Forest Lucas with "Dick," "Luke," and "Rough." (Insert Right) "Nero," 210 lbs., 7 ft. 9 in. in length, killed by Bill Keener.

Herman, Maxwell, Andy, and the author at right.

By Auto, Foot and Ski

By
OTTO d'ALGODT

AT eight fifteen in the evening, just three hours from Seattle, we entered Rainier National Park through the enormous log gate built in the shape of a square arch. Uncle Sam, in his little cottage on the inside, said, "Halt, who are you?" So we registered in a big book, the motor purred again, and we were off on the last six miles of motoring toward the glorious snowfields. Our skis on the running board now began to look more seasonable.

A dense forest rose above us into the bluishness of night, a star sprinkled strip overhead ran parallel to our path; the latter unfolded in the light of the car, while long glints of high lights played on lofty trees, disappearing under fantastically shaped masses of fir needles, mysteriously dark. It was only a short distance, but filled with nature's fragrance and the beauty of the hush of night.

Herman, who had kept reminding me that I had been five minutes late; Maxwell, a monotone in brown at the wheel, and Andy, also a Seattle mountaineer, all of us, heaved a sigh of relief at reaching the park before nine, when it closes. For, the Mountaineer has a penchant for being on time that he may extend by even a few moments the golden hours on glaciers and snowbound slopes. He keeps going, rain or shine, snow or sleet, over ice or rock, crag or crevasse, through woods and valleys, onward, upward, indefatigably, to gambol around the very edge of the world.

We were now at an elevation of over twenty-seven hundred feet, while only three hours ago we had been speeding through the warm valleys of Puget Sound. We had driven over an almost incomparable pavement in a balmy atmosphere through La Grande, Alder, Elbe, Ashford, higher and higher into the deep forests, now arriving at Longmire, into the chilly breath of the mountains, the end of our motor trip.

The first hotel built on Mt. Rainier-Tacoma is located here. There are a few small cottages also, completely furnished. We chose one of these for the night. The atmosphere was vibrant with crashing of waters nearby, lulling us to sleep. Then, as if we had retired but a few moments ago, "dingalingalingaling" out of the darkness, the alarm clock! B-r-r-r-r, it was cold, with half a dozen miles to climb before reaching the skiing grounds, the quest of our expedition.

A light breakfast of oranges, chocolate bars and raisins, and we were ready for the hike. With packs containing mountain rations, a minimum of woolens, and with skis on our shoulders we wended upward through dense woods, coming to the first snow in a few hundred feet. The trail was well broken, for the hotel in Paradise Valley, our immediate destination, is open all year, creating some travel back and forth during the winter months. Skis cannot be used, however, over this stretch, as the trail is too narrow and uneven for sidestepping on skis, therefore we had to mush it like a Klondiker but minus his snowshoes.

The mileage from Longmire to Paradise is indicated by a marker every tenth of a mile, which often acts as a grim reminder to the weary climber, for each one of these tenths seems a mile in itself as the steepness increases. This applies particularly at Narada Falls, where nature suddenly takes a notion to decorate itself with a gigantic hump; many a weary puff is spent here to surmount the precipitous gradient. A slight respite is welcomed above Narada, for the landscape flattens out in comparison with what is encountered below. Trees become more scattered, barely existing around protruding rocks; while some, ravaged by the elements, abandoned by the receding forests, are now bleached, gnarled skeletons, that stand out in silvery whiteness. In fact there is a long stretch of these dead trees called "The Ghost Forest," reminder of the everlasting struggle waged up there with the elements.

Two hours brought us into Paradise Valley, still in its wintry garb. Great rolling mounds of white rising higher and higher, with isolated clumps of pointed evergreen trees, neatly shaped as if pruned by some landscape gardener. These undulating hills, valleys and miniature forests merge into a sheet of spotted white in the distance, ah! the deception of the mountains; for what seems to be vast snowfields far away, are really these mountain hills, minor humps, integral parts that make up the whole. The inexperienced climber beware! for on closer approach these snowfields unfold into separate hills, while still farther on continues the mirage of other snowfields which eventually become mere terraces that vanish into the summit.

Here at fifty-five hundred feet above sea level the skiing fields begin, stretching still further up. Ah! the skis at last, the third stage of our transportation; so we started on the long shuffle by noon, to creep up forty-five hundred feet more, a stretch of approximately five miles to Camp Muir. To an altitude of ten thousand feet on skis! Then glissading down snowy slopes, with invigorating breezes caressing one's cheeks! Riding softly, speedily, heroically, in the unlimited out-of-doors, above the clouds, through their mysterious mistiness! And on the most famous mountain in the world, because of its accessibility, its scenic grandeur, canyons and rivers of living ice. On Decoration Day, a brilliant sun shimmering all the while down on the emerald sheen of Puget Sound!

The sport of the ski is associated with the breath-taking ski jump in which the skier, darting into midair, shoots downward to the ski course, resuming his speedy stance with lightning rapidity. But to climb a mountain on skis requires a different technique. To attempt to walk directly up a hill of snow on a long, narrow strip of wood with a keen bottom surface, well, it simply can't be done, any more than walking up a hill of ice on skates. Ski climbing is therefore accomplished by sidestepping, one of various methods—stepping sideways, cutting edgewise into the snow with the length of the ski. But five miles of this, always upward, would be very tedious; so we resorted to another measure—winding a thin manila rope around each ski from tip to end, each turn about five inches apart. This created a hold-fast surface, and made it possible to walk up steep slopes without slipping.

In a drizzling snow, we became enveloped in a wilderness of white with no trail, no horizon, far from worries of everyday life, the quietness broken only by the crunch, crunch, crunch of our steps. That we were on solid footing we knew only because each step was checked by a hard substance upon which we trudged. Occasionally the gray face of a rock passed, the only progress we could note in this sea of calcium white. Onward we plodded as if shadows on a mysterious mission. Had our leaders erred and stumbled into the depths of Nisqually Glacier, which we knew was somewhere on the left, no one would have lived

This photograph by W. B. North of Hood River, Oregon, won 3rd prize in the sport picture classification of the Eastman Kodak Company's amateur photography contest.

to tell the tale; but Herman and Maxwell, experienced on Mt. Rainier-Tacoma, felt their way uncannily, without even a compass.

"McClure Rock must be very close now," came muffled words through the mist.

"Not far off," the faint response.

How uncanny! For in a few steps we were at the jagged rocks of McClure's, altitude seventy four hundred feet! A natural monument in the snow drifts, fittingly in honor of one McClure who lost his life there many years ago; a resting place, sort of an oasis in this wilderness of white.

"Look up there," spoke Andy nodding towards the north.

The enormous bulk of Mt. Rainier-Tacoma rose into the heavens like a closeup thrown on a screen, restless clouds with ever changing, blue interstices hovering around the summit. The mist parted for only a moment as if drawn aside by an unseen hand. Dark ravines contrasted with the silvery radiance of their ridges; skyward snowfields flared up brilliantly against the limitless blue. "The Mountain that was God," as the Indians called it, stood out in full resplendence! Resting and in the act of peeling an orange, each had remained entranced by the sight.

The rhythmic mushing over the snow started once more, but it was not long before indistinct gray spots appeared far up yonder, until at last we were out of the mist and could see definite rugged stretches in the direction of Camp Muir.

"Is that the cabin?"

"Looks like it."

Not a wasted syllable, for breath was precious, but there were longer and quickened steps and greater impatience, and the gray streak still lay ahead. Upward we continued the trek, with many a brief halt, during which, with bended backs we rested. Slowly, but surely, a real form became perceptible, standing out of the conglomeration of mountain ruggedness. We felt sure it was the cabin, yes, every step confirmed the thought. The final dash over the last few hundred feet brought us staggering to the hut door of which only eighteen inches showed above the deep piled snow.

"It's seven o'clock," said Herman, "and we're over seventy two hundred feet higher up than this morning."

For seven hours or more we had crept upward on a slope several miles long, a toboggan with hills growing steeper all the while. If we could have been seen through a pair of glasses we would have looked like small shifting dots on an immense white, like insects creeping on a huge circus tent.

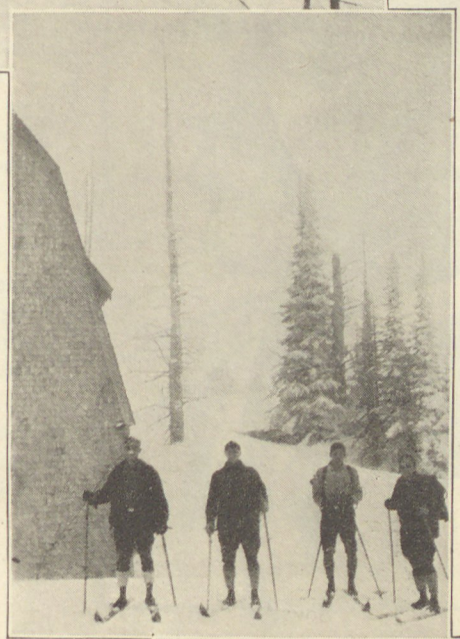
So this was Camp Muir, ten thousand feet above sea level!

"Off with the skis, boys," someone called out.

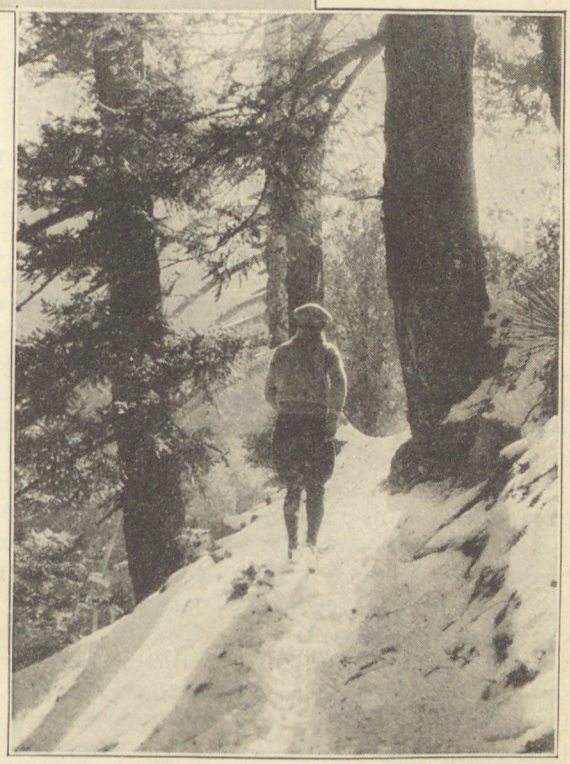
"Hello, what's this?"

Toe and heel straps won't budge? Buckles covered with ice? But we can't enter the hut with these contraptions on our feet. I felt as awkward as an inverted pelican to think of such an absurdity. Prying, pulling, tugging soon freed our feet, however. Then with ski poles and ice axes we hewed away to gain entrance to the door. Four anxious bodies laboring desperately to reach a place to rest weary limbs. Four sets of arms making snow fly; one inch, two inches downward, three, three and a half inches, four feet of ice to chop through before weary limbs could rest! Too bad. The cabin door evidently had not been opened since fall when the last mountain party

(Con'd on page 47)



"By noon we started on the long shuffle."



This photograph by A. M. Vail of Harvey Station, York County, New Brunswick, won 1st prize in the Eastman photography contest.

Outdoor Americans

Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson

UNTIRING in serving many causes with faith and courage—that was the life of Judge Dickinson. Even as a fourteen-year-old boy, he enlisted and saw active service in the Confederate Army.

A southerner by birth, a northerner by adoption, one of the nation's most distinguished and best beloved citizens. He was appointed Secretary of War under President Taft, and Assistant Attorney General under President Cleveland. As Counsel for the United States before the Alaskan boundary commission he won victory in the important boundary controversy.

Judge Dickinson was a pioneer member of the Izaak Walton League, and its president between 1927-1928. Always a moving spirit in outdoor life, he backed these words with work, "The only thing that will partially preserve sporting for the present and coming generation is rigid enforcement of the game protective laws, and the establishment of large preserves where game will be unmolested. If this protection should be abolished, it would in my judgment have a very injurious effect upon the preservation of game, unless the Government should go to vast expense in establishing large preserves and protecting them absolutely from outlawry."

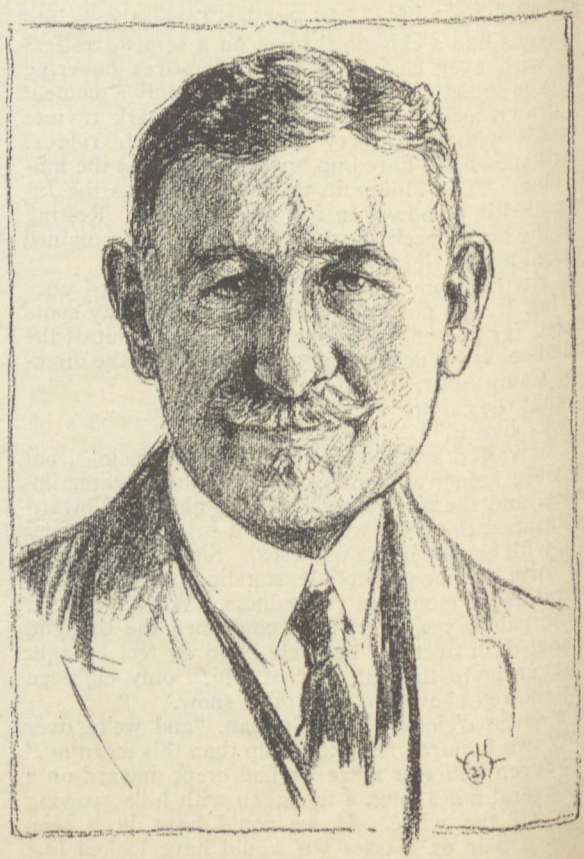
Dr. Wm. H. Moore

IN the practice of his profession, Dr. Moore is one of the outstanding dental surgeons of the United States. In the enjoyment and preservation of all outdoors, friends say that the genial doctor is likewise pre-eminent. They call him "the life of the party," an entertaining companion who is right at home with the gun, rod and even camp cooking utensils.

Every year, Dr. Moore makes a trip into some far corner of the world. His most recent visit has been to Germany, and this brief observation paragraph will interest every outdoor protector.

"It was a joy to see the wonderful Black Forest, as well as the Bavarian Forest. The United States lost in forest fires in 1928 five times more than the cost of maintaining the whole German forest. Forest fires are caused only by lightning and seldom at that in the German forest. Horticulturists are employed who know the work and carry it on in a most efficient manner."

Dr. Moore is a National Director of the Izaak Walton League, a former member of the National Executive Committee, and President for four years of the Pennsylvania Division.



Biographies

By ARTHUR B. WILSON

Judge Frank B. Burford

JUDGE BURFORD has two predominant characteristics that may well be called ancestral inheritances. Indoors—the practice of law. Outdoors—hunting, fishing, and all that goes with it.

Born of a father for sixteen years a judge—an expert with pistol, rifle and shotgun. The proud possessor of a mother who at eighty years still loves to fish. Married to a true sportswoman who can toss a flapjack or cast a Royal Coachman with equal ease. Descended from a family that followed John Smith to Virginia, Boone's trail through the Cumberland Gap to Kentucky, across the Ohio where Indiana was yet an untouched forest and on westward to Oklahoma.

Horses interest Judge Burford—for he worked at the old Bar W and Turkey Track Ranches between school years. For several years amid a busy life, he's found time to act as examiner in bird study for the Boy Scouts.

Judge Burford has always been a great worker for the outdoors—as a National Director and member of the Executive Committee of the Izaak Walton League, and Director, Chairman of the Board, and President of the Oklahoma Division of the league.

Drawings

By JULIUS L. OLSON

Daniel Wolf

SOME folks have an eye for the sunshine, when no personal sacrifice is involved. Mr. Wolf sees the bright side of every cloud, even though the doing of a public welfare work lies in the shadow. He's the kind that does more than his share—with a smile. His friends claim that his nickname should be "Happy Dan."

With him the printing business is a vocation, the preservation of natural outdoor glories, an avocation. In fact, a thing would have to be mighty important to keep him away from an Izaak Walton meeting, or a fishing trip with his grandson. He'd rather live and play outdoors than eat a good dinner.

Boys and conservation are Dan Wolf's hobbies.

Many people in city and countryside between Memphis and Chicago well remember a certain, specially constructed touring car which proclaimed the message of conservation as it sped along. It contained a party of Memphis Waltonians led by Mr. Wolf, attending the National Convention.

At present, Mr. Wolf is a National Director of the Izaak Walton League, and president of the Memphis, Tennessee, Chapter.

Memories of French Fishermen

By CHARLES W. DAWSON

"—showing me a half dozen lively barbel, seven or eight inches long—"

IT was while I was in France in 1922 that one bright Sunday morning I left Paris at six o'clock from the Gare de l'Est to visit the little girl who had been assigned to me by the Society for the Fatherless Children of France and who lives on a farm south of Château-Thierry. For miles the railroad follows the valley of the Marne, crossing and recrossing the stream many times. I sat at the window of my compartment watching the quaint towns, the fine farms and old manors, the fields and hills and the river as they flowed past, and was enthralled by the beautiful and constantly changing vistas. Out of all that wealth of scenery one picture stands forth more clear and clean-cut than any other.

Just there the road was high on the slope of the hills north of the Marne. Down below me, across the stream on a little flat, I saw a somewhat pretentious country estate with a fine house and a terraced formal garden. In the lowest level of the garden was a small pond, hardly more than a good size swimming pool and perhaps eighty feet wide and two hundred long. It was bordered by turf and the gravel path running around it was shaded by poplars. At the upper end of the pool a big man in white flannels, the evident proprietor of the estate, sat enthroned in a comfortable arm chair and held a twenty-foot cane pole in his hands. One could see the red bob floating on the mirror-like surface of the pond.

The quiet contentment of the scene and the relaxed attitude of the man spoke of a perfect peace. I realized that the sharp strike of a goodly fish would disturb him, and might even startle him, but that the probability of such furious activity was quite remote. He was not fishing for fish but was just fishing—he had a line in the water and was serenely happy.

Whether he remained in the one spot all day long and whether he made a daily habit of his fishing I could not know, but as I passed again on my way back to Paris that evening, he was there, and to all appearances he had not changed position. I was reminded of a dictum of a fine old sportsman, the late Judge Cunningham of Lima, Ohio, who said: "Damn a man who goes hunting and *must* kill something or goes fishing and *must* catch a fish."

A trout stream always fascinates me. I wear myself ragged on a trip to the West Coast by standing in the vestibule hour after hour, as we pass through Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California, in order to better see the hundreds of miles of trout brooks along the route. If it were not for the passage through the desert and the hours of darkness I would get little rest. So it was after leaving Château-Thierry.

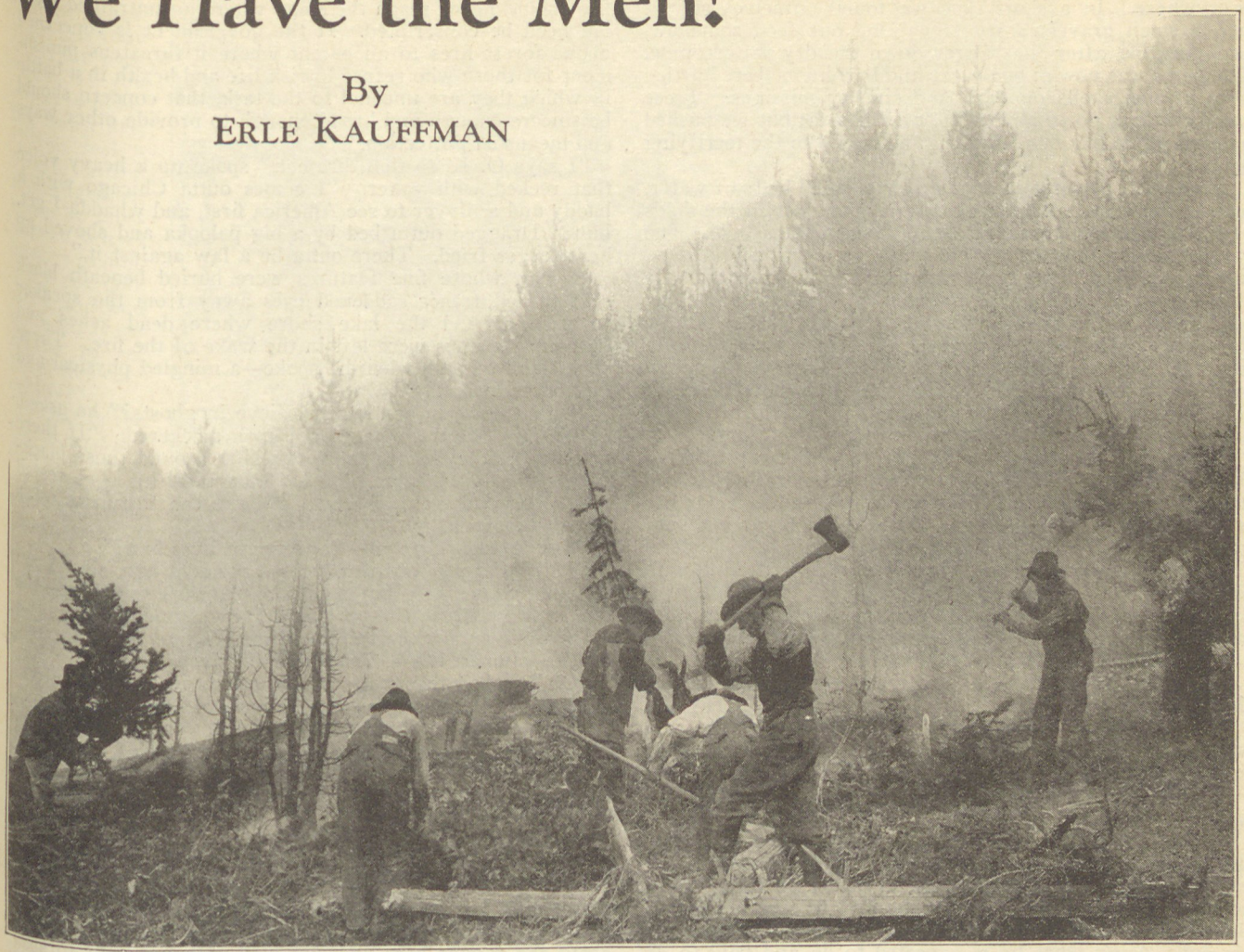
From there I took a branch line which winds southward up the valley of the Sumelin and then up the Dhuys from Condé-en-Brie where it flows into the Sumelin. "La Pêche en France," the French official angling guide, says there are trout in these streams. As we swung around the low hills that form the valley I saw many happy men in high boots, with creels and light rods, industriously casting their flies into the rippling waters. Of course I was so envious I wanted to get out and join them. Anyway, I have promised myself to fish that pretty little Dhuys in the near future.

While I was visiting at the farm that afternoon, there came a knock at the back door. The mother of my *fille adoptée* went to open it and came back with something very active in her lifted apron. She was all smiles as she said: *"Voila, Monsieur, les poissons,"* and showed me a half dozen lively barbel, seven or eight inches long. A neighbor had caught a lot of them in the Petit Morin and remembered the widow and the fatherless. Madame dumped them into a great earthenware bowl which she kept on a deep

(Continued on page 52)

We Have the Men!

By
ERLE KAUFFMAN



*"The beginning of forestry is fire control," says Major Stuart, Chief U. S. Forester. "Until fire is systematically kept out of the woods all attempts at permanent use of the land for timber growing must be abortive. * * * Irrespective of who will eventually own forest lands, the first essential is to keep them from being reduced to worthlessness by fire."*

Congress has been appropriating about a million dollars a year for the protection of our vast National Forests against fires, then appropriates several times this amount to pay fire fighting bills. The Forest Service spent more than $1,000,000 in three weeks to fight fires in the West recently. The losses were many times this figure. This is a wretched situation. Private business pursuing the same policy would soon become bankrupt. With 5,719 forest fires started in the National Forests to date, the year has cost the Government $3,037,300 in fire suppression funds.

The Englebright-Cutting Bill (H. R. 3246—S. 1139) now pending before Congress will establish a sensible federal policy. The red thief is ever at the door, and the stable should be locked at once by passing the Englebright-Cutting bill. EDITOR.

THE blazing disc of a sun dipped out of the smoky sky; yet the rocks remained hot and the air was that of a furnace blast. The whole world seemed aflame, and the Summer Mountain country, a region of inspiring character, warm and somnambulistic in its quiet mood, drew its pines and firs nearer its bosom, a gesture of protection. In the grovy bottoms of the canyons, the wild things of the forest huddled in terror, blinking helplessly at the typhoon of smoke and flame that belched death with every whip of the evening breeze.

At the hour of twilight the breeze grew fiercer and hotter and for a moment it seemed as though we would be charred to tinder. Here and there stood an optimistic tree, under which flames were licking, and now and then came a distant crashing as trees came tumbling down. Over our heads sparks and burning embers whispered past.

Two days had elapsed since the forest ranger, an oldtimer with a cool but friendly glint in his eye, interrupted our transcontinental automobile tour by conscripting us to fight fire. And here we were, our clothes punctured by snags and scorched by flame, our shoes suffering from live ashes and sharp, hot rocks, swathing out fire lines and burning them over. We did not dare pause for rest, for the agony of getting our aching muscles into action again was unbearable.

Suddenly it came—a silken rustle that gradually rose to a soft roar. The noise soon became unbelievable as the dreaded typhoon whipped up trees in clouds, knocking them from one point to another like tennis balls. We dropped our shovels and pumps and stood for a moment watching it in awe. Then, without warning, the advance guard of the civilian firefighters, the conscripts, collapsed and we departed for the rear in disorder. It occurred to none of us that there was no outlet for escape. That the flames surrounded us was of little importance; we had to go some place, and our retreat before the fire which had been whipped up and swung around by a changing wind, was natural. Snakes and deer, panicky before the red wall, flung themselves in our trail, while dim shadows noiselessly penetrating the smoke told us that even the cunning mountain lion had been trapped by this cruel thrust of fate.

But the oldtime ranger was one of those men who thought on his feet, and before we knew it he was blocking our trail.

"Take it easy, men!" he roared above the noise of the typhoon of smoke and flame. "Follow me! Quick!"

We jumped feet first at the opportunity and followed him as a pack follows a fox across a level meadow. Even the fact that the typhoon seemed to gain on us did not weaken our confidence in him.

Instead of following the trail we were led off at right angles, through brush and over rocks. New fires boiled up everywhere. In a short time we found ourselves sliding into a small gravel canyon, regaining our feet, somehow, and plunging after the ranger down the dry watercourse. The flame was now at our backs and burning embers hurtled over us like shells on dark and sinister missions. Trees came crashing down almost in our shadows; but we pushed on even while our flesh cracked and curled in the terrifying heat.

Then, as if by some strange magic, a small body of water, one of those unexplained mountain lakes lost in the folds of the wilderness, appeared ahead through the smoke. The ranger paused long enough to wave us onward, and then, like a giant frog, flung himself forward with a great splash. We let out a shout and converged on the lake like thoroughbreds in the stretch, sprawling in the water just as the flames rubbed elbows with us and leaped over the lake like the fiery tongue of a dragon. Darkness found us squatted in the center of the lake with little more than our chins exposed to the furnace blasts of the night air. The fire went raging on, unchecked and with great fury.

Oddly enough, the talk was not of our escape but of forest fires. It was heatedly controversial. A rather bloated individual who had gone unnoticed in the mad race for life willingly admitted that in his native town he was a very great man, and set off the trigger by accusing the Federal Government of gross neglect in its policies of dealing with forest fires.

"Or perhaps it is not so much the government, gentlemen," he added, "as it is the men to whom the government has entrusted its forests."

The blue-gray eyes of a lean, hard rancher assumed a sharp expression.

"I don't aim t' know nothin' 'bout it, mister," he said with a trace of contempt, "but it looks like a mighty poor time t' bran' th' forestry men dudes. It was powerful hot out there 'bout th' time th' ranger headed us off, an' we was goin' no place but t' hell."

The important one submerged his bloated face for an instant and came up spouting water. "You misunderstand me, friend. No one is more thankful than I for the ranger's heroic act, and I will be one of the first to sing his praise. But stripped of all trimmings, wasn't he merely performing his duty, doing what he is expected to do and paid to do by the Federal Government? I didn't come here on my own accord; as a matter of fact, I stoutly rebelled at the idea. But the government has enacted laws that compelled me. I was given a shovel and thrown into the midst of a vivid hell and told to fight fire, suddenly finding myself face to face with an unthinkable death. Had I been left there to burn to tinder it would have been murder. The government knows that and the ranger is here to see that we do not suffer such an atrocity.

"But all of this is detail, an ordinary event in an eventful life of you westerners, I suppose. What I mean by gross neglect is that a forest fire should never reach the stage where an untrained civilian need be conscripted. If the government is concerned about forest fires to an extent where it threatens punishment for those who refuse to risk life and health in a battle in which they are unequal to the task, that concern should be sincere enough and broad enough to provide other ways and means of protection."

"I says O. K. to that, brother," spoke up a heavy voice that reeked with water. "I comes outta Chicago with a buddy and a flivver to see America first, and whadda I get, huh? Dragged outta bed by a big palooka and shoved up here to get fried. There outta be a law against it."

A man whose fine features were buried beneath black soot turned rather saddened eyes away from the speaker to gaze around the lake shore where dead ashes and blackened stumps were left in the wake of the fire. There was a hint of pain when he spoke—a mingled physical and mental suffering.

"Do any of you gentlemen believe in ghosts?" he asked.

All eyes found his face; one man snickered. "If there are ghosts, they're out there, stalking around those blackened rocks." Then, turning his head until his eyes rested on the bloated man, he said: "We're the fortunate ones, sir—we escaped."

"You mean"—in awe—"there were lives lost?"

"It is what you called murder a moment ago, sir. I am thinking of the wild things and the plant life out there—the deer and squirrels, the pines and spruces and shrubs. Imagine their agony, their futile efforts to live, their horrible death. Human life? That was not given, I pray."

"Oh," sighed the man, and the others in the little circle relaxed. "Oh, I thought someone had been caught in there."

"You come by that naturally," the other said sagely. "Mankind's hope is in survival—the survival of mankind."

"Why not?" asked the bloated man, pointedly. "Who is to look out for us if we do not look out for ourselves? That's human nature."

"Unfortunately, you are right, sir, where a great many of us are concerned. But it is perverted human nature—a twentieth century edition of the same unselfish human nature that has brought mankind from the primitive. But there are some who still have the true instincts. What about the ranger here who gambled with his right to survive to save us? His is the only type that should survive."

The other watched a burning ember fall beside him before replying. "But that is his business. He made us come out here and he is responsible for our safety. We are, in a measure, his property."

There was a faint glitter of triumph in the eyes of the man with the fine features. "Ah, you have found the way yourself. By the same token the wild things and the trees and plants are your property. This is a National Forest, maintained for your pleasure and profit by your govern-

"—with saddened eyes he gazed around the lake shore where only dead ashes and blackened stumps were left."

ment. If there has been gross neglect, as you state, it is your sin, your neglect. If you object to fighting forest fire, if you feel a private citizen is outraged because he must protect what belongs to him, why not take stock and find out what is essential to relieve this necessity?"

"That is the business of the government, pure and simple," said the bloated one. "I pay my taxes, vote, and obey the laws. That is the extent of my responsibility."

"Pardon—but what is your idea of the extent of your personal responsibility? What is your business?"

"Banker. I'm president of the Citizens National Bank, of Hilo, Illinois—and a busy man."

"A position of responsibility, sir. It does you credit." He paused to watch as the ranger pointed to a great cloud of smoke that billowed skyward to the south. "Unfamiliar as I am with banking methods," he continued, "I presume the key to success is wise and discreet investment and iron-bound protection. I mean by that you do not hesitate to invest your capital when you are reasonably sure of good returns, and that you spare no expense in protecting it. You are dealing with other people's money, other people's property. Therefore, your whole scheme of existence rotates around prevention and protection—the prevention of disaster by the protection of their trust in you, or your institution."

He stopped for a moment to gauge the wind, then continued.

"Your business is parallel to the business of administering to the forested public lands of the nation. The Forest Service is the banker, so to speak, the custodian and guardian of the forest wealth of the people. Understand, these are public lands—yours, mine and the other fellows'. We have no immediate use for them, so we place them in trust of the government for a rainy day. We draw interest on new growth, a greater interest perhaps, if computed in dollars and cents, than any banking institution in the world can afford to pay. But there are no steel vaults or strong boxes to protect them in emergency, there are not even effective weapons for the men who guard them. When an emergency arises the forest officers are forced into the highways and byways seeking untrained and often unsympathetic help. You know what this would mean in the banking game, sir."

"Caterpillar" Thirty with Russell Standard No. 3 Grader, property of U. S. Forestry service working in the Rainier National Forest, Wash.

"A dollar and a tree," the banker commented thoughtfully, "are so far apart in the life of society that it is hardly a fair comparison. A man will steal a dollar if given half a chance, but who ever heard of anyone making off with a tree?"

"Men do not steal trees as they steal dollars, sir. I'll admit that if the public had open access to your vaults the result would be ruinous." He waved a dripping hand toward the smoking shore line. "The public has open access to the National Forests, and here is what happens. It is not exactly theft in the sense of stealing money, but it is a crime that is as fatal to the welfare of society and the nation as any bank robbery ever committed. It is one generation stealing from another, not because of want, but because of ignorance and carelessness.

"You of the banking circle know what this eventually leads to and invest your capital to prevent it. The foresters realize it as keenly as you bankers, but they are unable to buy protection because they have no capital. Through one of these unexplained freaks of government, Congress hands down only its good wishes and operating expense to the Forest Service. There is no money, no appropriation, to speak of, for this much needed protection. It is comparable to ten policemen, armed with popguns, attempting to protect the citizens of Chicago. Inadequate does not express it at all."

"But the Forest Service sells timber from these public lands," said the banker. "What becomes of the money?"

(Continued on page 62)

Women—Out of Doors

Edited by BETTY BENTON PATTERSON

THE growing interest of women in the out of doors means a tremendous gain in the strength of our army for protection and conservation of wild life and places of natural beauty.

Women cherish the things they love. Mr. Kipling's testimony on the deadliness of the female species strengthens our conviction that women will fight to retain these things. With this firm conviction we declare that every woman who has found pleasure and recreation in the out of doors becomes an ardent and active evangelist spreading this gospel of conservation.

Clubs and groups of women through the land are accomplishing wonderful results in various branches of conservation. We applaud these efforts and cheer them on. These results can, in a measure, be estimated. But who can estimate the far reaching influence of the mothers who share the out of doors with their children, who acquaint their children with clear streams, the names and habits of birds, fish and animals. These privileged children through intimate knowledge gleaned on pleasure jaunts become unconsciously imbued with the conserving spirit.

The Girl and Boy Scout organizations are doing incredible work in this line. Those of us born before these organizations became a force can learn much of value from their creeds and handbooks.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover and her predecessor Mrs. Calvin Coolidge have put their personal stamp of approval on the Girl Scout movement. No girl or woman who has camped will leave a camp fire that will menace the grass or forest. No woman who has fished in a clear lake or stream will fail in alertness to preserve that lake or stream from pollution. Nor will the woman who has taken fish of legal size and known the thrill of the sport fail to save the small fish by removing the barb of the hook gently and just as gently putting the little fellows safely back in the water for another season's catch.

Out of season and other illegal killing of birds and game approaches a capital offense to the woman who knows the humane reasons for the laws. The woman so informed, who loves the woods and her shooting too, would cheerfully subsist on hardtack rather than kill a doe or forbidden game for meat.

Flowering trees, such as dogwood, magnolia and redbud, would live to their natural end, were the women who know the woods the only possible marauders. These trees can give their blossoms without suffering harm if care is taken in the cutting. And the women who love the woods are fighting those who carelessly lop off large branches, maiming these trees unto death.

Holly, yaupon and other berry-bearing trees are being given protection by women who love the out of doors. These trees could flaunt their bright banners undisturbed if the women who buy wreaths would know them in the woods and not only as decoration tied with crimson bows. Would any woman bind an amputated arm or leg in crimson streamers?

Ask any woman the direct question, do you favor conservation and all that the Izaak Walton League stands for, and you will receive an answer in the affirmative. This affirmative carries more weight when the woman knows the out of doors and the life that is found there.

Human beings neither love nor fight for the absolutely unknown. Through contact comes acquaintance which grows into knowledge. And a knowledge of woods, streams, meadows, fields, and their inhabitants, brings interest and devotion.

Some women may not care to hunt or fish or even camp in remote places. But we challenge any woman to spend a day in the open and remain indifferent to the beauty and the life that she finds there.

This out of doors that brings us rest from the crowd, this sport and pleasure is menaced. The pond where you caught those fish years ago, that river flowing clearly that is the goal of a holiday tempts the greedy. The "hunting hogs" are slaughtering game out of season and in season with no regard for the limit. The boasting fishermen are keeping young fish to swell their catch. What are we doing about it? What can we do about it?

We women can go out of doors and find what it can mean to us and our friends and families. But let us not delay. For the enemy is alert and gaining by our half hearted and casual activity.

All of this is from our heart. We are neither prating nor preaching. We are appealing to women everywhere to protect precious, vanishing possessions that are theirs—gifts from the Creator.

Autumn turns the sportswoman's thoughts from stream to field. Dog days are here with birds rising in greyish clouds to reward the alert setter or pointer. Rod, reel and lure have been retired in favor of the gun and the outdoor woman is digging out old hunt-

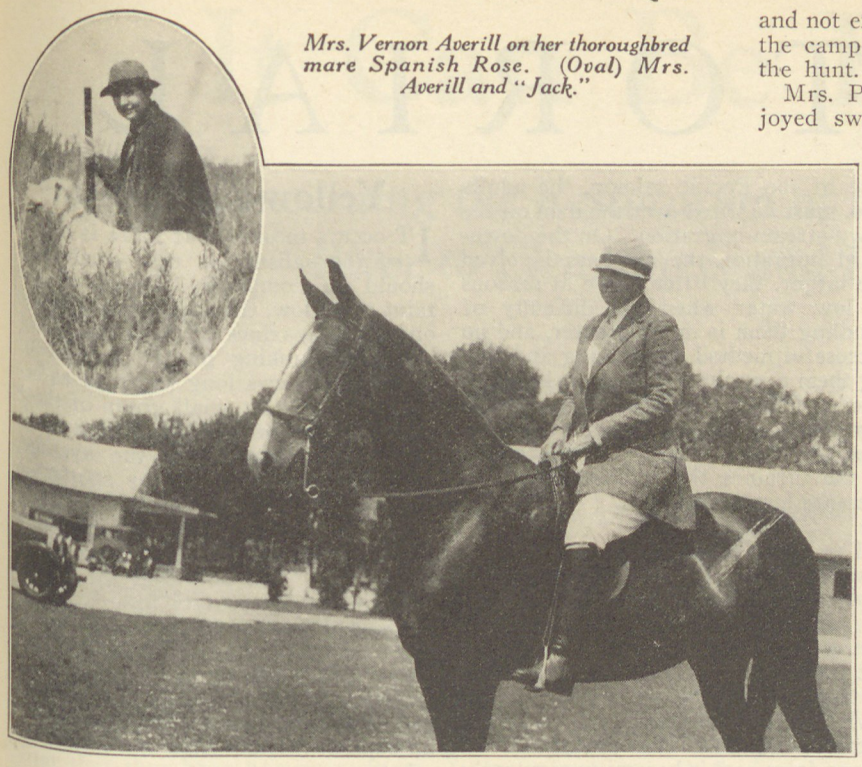
Betty Benton Patterson

wants not only contacts for this department with those women who are accomplished outdoors-women, but also with those who have but the simple qualification of loving the outdoors in all its phases.

Also with those who have definite ideas as to the conservation of our outdoor blessings which it is the purpose of this magazine to foster and perpetuate. We conservation minded women can do much to influence and educate public opinion to the necessity and the glory of an outdoors that shall be forever a happiness and a solace to us and to our children.

Editor.

Mrs. Norman Pillot and her first moose.



Mrs. Vernon Averill on her thoroughbred mare Spanish Rose. (Oval) Mrs. Averill and "Jack."

ing kits of treasured association. Before this is read, the season for wild geese and duck will be on and every other blind will boast a woman occupant. Deer and wild turkey follow and big game shooting draws the more valiant North, East, West and into Canada. The woman with a shotgun or rifle is no longer unusual or considered by the dullest "mossback" a bloodthirsty or unsexed creature. Any man who knows one will agree with us that through this broadened interest she has lost none of her feminine charm. On the contrary this woman has found radiant health, no time for "nerves" and a keen appreciation of all that real sportsmanship demands. Surely such a woman is more alluring than the fragile creature of another well gone day!

Ignoring the sport of shooting, this evident acquisition of steady nerves with mental and physical poise is happily adding scores to the ranks of women hunters each season.

This month we are telling you of three women who live in Houston, Texas, when they are not following the fish or game to remote spots in the United States and Canada. These women bear out our contention that the woman out of doors today is more charmingly feminine, and gracious socially because of her varied interests and intrepid enthusiasm for out of door sports.

Mrs. Norman Pillot is the champion woman trap shot of America. She won both the preliminary championship and the "Ladies Grand American Championship" at Dayton, Ohio, in August of this year. And Mrs. Pillot has been shooting only six years! Trap shooting was her first interest, because of her husband's enthusiasm for the sport.

Hunting followed naturally, with duck and big game the kill. Mrs. Pillot's first big game hunting was done in the province of Quebec, Canada, where, with her husband and his father, C. G. Pillot, she went into the wilds for twenty-one days. Mrs. Pillot tells amusingly of being taken along because they had not the heart to leave her behind. The men were provided with especially made guns while she was pacified with a stock 30-30 rifle.

"They assigned a jolly Irishman to take me out soon after we made camp. He explained carefully that I couldn't handle a rifle as I had a shotgun. That I must rest it on something when shooting, his shoulder if nothing else was convenient. Soon we came upon a bull and cow moose. I didn't experience any buck-ague or fear. Just a ridiculous thought popped into my mind. That bull looked exactly like a cow from home wearing a hatrack.

"Instinctively I put my rifle to my shoulder and shot seven times, making five hits. Of course I reloaded my rifle, but even now I have no recollection of doing so. As for the Irishman. I forgot him and all he had told me."

In answer to insistent questioning Mrs. Pillot told me of killing a large black bear on this same trip. Someone along snapped a picture of the animal just before she brought it down.

And the joke of it all is that the woman who was taken along and not expected to kill anything furnished meat for the camp and brought down the only big game of the hunt.

Mrs. Pillot, born Sue Campbell, has always enjoyed swimming, fishing and out of door sports. After bagging her moose and bear on the Canadian trip she took trout from rivers running through those wild lands.

Fishing is the favored sport of Katherine, the young daughter of the house. The family spent the past summer fishing in the Big Hole Basin in Montana.

Mr. Pillot, Sr., owns a large game preserve in New Brunswick and a recently acquired ranch in west Texas abounding in deer and wild turkey. All of the family are sticklers for keeping the game and fish laws. And this holds on their private preserves.

Mrs. Pillot is averse to indiscriminate publicity. After winning honors in a trap shoot some years ago an eastern paper carried her picture with the caption, "Texas Gunwoman." A Texas paper recently ran the threatening word "Deadeye" under her picture!

Duck shooting at the Eagle Lake Rod and Gun Club is another of Mrs. Pillot's pleasures and her friends tell with pride of her taking the limit easily with the best of the men.

Vernon King Averill denies any claim to fame as an out of door woman. She insists that she is merely doing the things she enjoys. That hunting with her husband, Willard Averill, is mostly "just going along and being useful."

With Jack, the setter, the Averills spend much time quail shooting on the prairies around Houston.

(Continued on page 49)

Mrs. June Pittman with the first 5 lb. bass of the season out of Medina Lake, Texas. (Oval) Mrs. Pittman with her favorite bird dog.

EDITORIAL

Unfortunate Optimism

HIGH power dams built on rivers both east and west have interfered seriously with the movement of many species of fishes to their natural spawning grounds in headwater lakes and streams, and often threaten these species with total destruction.

In order to alleviate the feelings of the anglers, the owners of such dams in some cases have entered into co-operative agreements with state fish officials to contribute a certain amount of money annually for the rearing of fish for stocking purposes. In other instances the power companies themselves provide special facilities for the convenience of the anglers, and some of these companies are trying to propagate fish for stocking purposes.

Recent articles in various publications, and even speakers before chapters of the Izaak Walton League, have optimistically proclaimed that the solution of the fishway problem has been achieved, and thus the salvation of the fish assured.

* * * * *

OUTDOOR AMERICA, always anxious to ascertain the facts, referred the question to one of our outstanding members who has spent many years in studying this question. The species involved in his studies have included our most important commercial food fish, the Pacific salmon, and the many varieties of trout and pike so highly prized by the sport fishermen of the country.

These fish choose for a pathway to the spawning grounds the tumultuous streams so peculiarly fitted for the purposes of the power companies.

"Studies on this problem are not yet concluded," reports this recognized scientist, our own National President, Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, "but some points appear to be settled. Methods of erecting fish ladders have been improved, but no fish has climbed a ladder more than fifty feet high, and for many kinds of fish thirty feet is the feasible limit. At higher dams the fish must be caught and lifted over the barriers. With salmon and trout no lifting appliances yet tried have proved more than fifty percent efficient.

"Many forget," continues Dr. Ward, "that we have solved at best only half the problem. The young fish and, except in the case of the Pacific salmon, the adults also, must be lifted over the dam on the down-stream migration. On the downward migration the numbers involved are larger, they often move at seasons of low water when the difficulty of handling them is much greater, and no successful method of catching and lifting them over the dam has yet been devised. Of course, they cannot pass through the wheels—should they escape the mincing action of the blades of the turbines the sudden change in pressure bursts the body."

* * * * *

The Izaak Walton League is not opposed to hydro-electric development except where other public values of equal or greater benefit will be destroyed. But objections to some proposed dams are surely well founded. Many leaders in the power industry admit that the "White Coal" slogan has been much overworked, that the production of power from coal is becoming constantly more and more efficient, and that it is often as cheap, and sometimes cheaper, than current produced by water.

When the value of natural resources destroyed by high dams is taken into account, it is clear that the country often loses. The value of the salmon run in a Pacific coast stream, for example, is not measured by the selling price of the group of adults reaching the dam on migration to the spawning grounds. This is only the remnant depended upon to maintain the run after an enormous toll has been taken by the fishermen on salt water and on the lower reaches of the rivers.

Every case presents an individual problem, but certainly the nation is not benefited by putting into one pocket less than it takes out of another.

Yellow Journalism

IT occurs to us that if there is a field of journalism on this earth that should be completely purged of the taint of yellow, that field should be the outdoor magazines of America. Constructive thinking on the subject of conservation was long regarded as being the duty of a small group of those closely allied with conservation projects; not a matter for the average, everyday outdoor lover or sportsman to bother his head about.

Little enough conservation has been preached to the public until very recent years. Yet now that the highly desirable and necessary interest of all outdoor-loving men and women is being aroused to the value and need of conservation, there are those who stoop to the methods of yellow journalism to attract personal attention or to attempt to detract from the efforts of others.

A recent article on a great conservation organization in America and its president is a lamentable example of such yellow journalism. OUTDOOR AMERICA deplores such methods as essentially unjust and, above all, as stupid, destroying confidence where it should be built up.

Fearlessness in denouncing known and admittedly evil practices, in unmasking greed or avarice, in boldly proclaiming a determination at all costs to protect the outdoors is another thing. Such tactics are substantiated by proof, are backed by principle. Yellow journalism is a contrary method, futilely condemnatory, flagrantly destructive.

Let Us Pray

WE regret to announce that the favorable decision by the state supreme court anticipated in the Horicon Marsh controversy was not forthcoming on October 8, as expected.

Additional briefs were demanded by November 1 discussing whether or not the law creating the Horicon Marsh wild life refuge is an exercise of power vested in the legislature under a 1912 amendment to the state constitution, concerning the acquisition and improvement of parks. The final decision will not be rendered before the middle of November. In the meantime duck lovers might consider that last resort—prayer.

The Cause of a Half Dozen Forest Fires Arrives in Hades

It Can Be Done

Concerning the Restoration of the Schuylkill River to Cleanliness and Decency

By
GROVER C. LADNER

President Philadelphia Chapter, Izaak Walton League, Chairman Water Committee, Conservation Council, Special Council for City of Philadelphia in Charge of Schuylkill River Pollution Litigation.

Cartoon by Everett Lowry

GOVERNOR FISHER in his message to the last Pennsylvania Legislature said:

"Stream pollution is one of the greatest evils that threatens the healthfulness, usefulness and beauty of our many noble rivers and smaller streams. The evil has grown to alarming proportions. * * * Most of the waters in the public streams are now so overloaded with poisonous matter that they have become carriers of disease and destroyers of all forms of aquatic life."

Can these streams of Pennsylvania be cleaned up? Can they be transformed from filthy, reeking, open sewers, which are now an offense to the sight, a stench to the nostrils and a menace to our health and prosperity, into clear, clean waterways? They can, and Philadelphia has shown how in the case of the Schuylkill.

The Schuylkill is the most important tributary of the Delaware. It rises on the North side of the foothills of the Blue Mountains, follows a general Southeasterly course, the upper reaches flowing through the Schuylkill Valley anthracite mining regions.

When first discovered by the hardy Dutch explorers, its beauty was entrancing. William Penn, who had about made up his mind to lay out his City of Brotherly Love near where Chester now stands, was persuaded to sail up the Delaware a few miles farther to the junction of the hidden river. He was so charmed by the location between these two magnificent rivers that he located his city at that point.

In 1799 the City of Philadelphia turned to the Schuylkill as its source of water supply. By 1807 the river was dammed to increase its navigability because it was an important commercial waterway. The Assembly safeguarded the purity of the stream by various Acts, all which declare the protection of Philadelphia's water supply a prime purpose.

But, although, subsequently upstream communities also took water from the Schuylkill, neither we nor they followed out the plan of preserving its purity by maintaining its banks as parks. Instead industries were permitted to locate thereon. Disregarding the experiences of Europe, we emptied our sewage and industries poured their poisons into our water supply. At first no ill effects were apparent. So, for years towns and cities grew, vomited their filth, and mines and factories spewed their poisons into the once wholesome waters of this stream.

In the late 90's, a day of reckoning arrived. Disease raised its hideous head. Typhoid fever stalked through Philadelphia. The death rate mounted rapidly. In 1901 the death rate reached 444 (please note this is the death rate and not merely the number of cases of typhoid fever). In the year of 1906 there were 1063 deaths, i. e., 73.8 per hundred thousand population. In 1907 filtration began and thereafter chlorination. The death rate in 1928 from typhoid was but 0.8 per hundred thousand population. Investigation disclosed the appalling truth that the typhoid fever was coming from Schuylkill water. The people demanded relief. The Sewage Act of 1905 was the answer. As first drafted the Act barred both industrial and municipal sewage pollution. But mines and tanneries were on the watch. Before the Bill was finally passed the provisions relating to industrial pollution were all stricken out, so that the Act was limited to sewage defined as excrementitious discharge from humans and animals.

Meanwhile, Philadelphia proceeded with the erection of its filtration plants which remove the colon bacilli and the typhoid peril. But the practice of cleaning the pollution out of a stream after it is put in, instead of keeping it out, is and remains indefensible.

Because the Sewage Act of 1905 failed to prohibit discharge of industrial waste into the river, municipalities shirked their duty to install sewage disposal plants. Why should millions of dollars of taxpayers' money be spent to clean up streams which industry continued to use as private sewers, was the natural question which officials asked. Thus we had the formation of the vicious circle; the industries and municipalities each saying to the other, "You clean up first," with the result that neither performed their duty.

The poor Schuylkill daily became worse. It was loaded far beyond its ability to assimilate and digest impurities, natural or unnatural. Coal mines poured their poisonous sulphuric acid into the upper reaches together with millions of tons of culm, which shallowed the channel, clogged the canal beds, destroyed navigability and reduced the volume of available water.

The majesty of Nature departed, the tragedy of pollution held sway. Arrogance unrestrained defied the public will. License, privilege, graft or greed, or progress itself if you please, no matter the cause, the inevitable arrived. A menace spread through the land, the scourge of disease was again on its way.

True enough, the Philadelphia filtration plants and chlorination process removes the colon bacilli and reduces typhoid fever, but as Dr.

Group of Waltonians, including Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, National President, Izaak Walton League, Dr. Wm. H. Moore, President of the Pennsylvania Division of the League, and Grover C. Ladner, author of this article, inspecting Cheat River pollution in West Virginia.

Haven Emerson recently pointed out, a load of 44,000 b. c. to 100 cubic centimeters is a dangerous load to put on our filtration beds.

We are inviting a recurrence of disaster. And, what about the industrial trade wastes that have become a part of the water in solution, which no filtration plant, no matter how carefully designed, can eliminate? Not only do they spoil the taste, but their irritating effect on human organs is now under grave suspicion by doctors who are studying the question. Whether the alarming increase in recent years of renal (kidney) disease, cardiac (heart) disease, gastric ulcers and cancer, has any relation to these trade wastes in solution, doctors will neither deny nor affirm, but it is high time that some scientific foundation like the Wistar Institute or Rockefeller Research Institute, make an exhaustive study of this question. The relation of trade waste in drinking water to human health must be clearly established.

Aside from this question, the citizens of Philadelphia became more and more dissatisfied with their water supply. Frequently its taste and odor were so disgusting as actually to diminish the amount of water consumed, which in itself had a serious effect upon the public health. Every normal person must drink not less than five pints a day.

THE Izaak Walton League has been a tower of strength and inspiration to my administration in its endeavors to extend the forest holdings, restore wild life, and to protect and purify the waters of the State.

JOHN S. FISHER,
Governor of Pennsylvania.

But while public opinion, disorganized and lacking understanding, failed to take definite action, the sportsmen of our country with a clear vision saw the peril. Through their organizations, such as the Izaak Walton League, they spoke out openly and boldly. They challenged commercial greed in its lair. Of course, industrial spokesmen immediately charged that the sportsmen's interest in pure streams, was a selfish one, and protested that industry should not be restricted merely because the sportsmen wanted better fishing; that the people must choose between fish and industry. What nonsense! Today it is fish, but tomorrow it will be millions of human beings who suffer. Besides, no such choice is necessary.

Both industry and fish can thrive side by side on the Schuylkill, as they do along the Rhine and other rivers that flow through industrial Europe. The restoration of fish to cleansed streams is going to be a by-product, an additional benefit, that will follow when their waters are purified for public health and comfort. The interest of the fisherman arises from his recognition of the simple biological truth that *water in which fish cannot live is unfit for human beings.*

By 1927 when Mayor Mackey assumed office the condition of the Schuylkill River seemed hopeless. So foul had the stream become and so depleted of its oxygen content that no fish could live below the Norristown dam. Fish brought down to such waters by the freshets promptly died of poison and were strewn along the banks. The Schuylkill had become a fearful mixture. It contained pickling acids, phenolic and tar wastes, wool scourings, wash water from laundries, bleacheries and dye plants, slaughter house offal, paper mill waste and oil scum, all liberally thickened with coal culm. And Philadelphia taxpayers pay vast sums of money for filtration plants to clean out this mess.

The Sanitary Water Board under the previous gubernatorial administration had tacitly agreed to designate the Schuylkill a class (c) stream; that is, one so hopelessly polluted as to be marked for abandonment and condemned to be an open sewer. It was suggested that Philadelphia should abandon this river as a source of water supply and go elsewhere. The nearest available source it was estimated would cost at least $100,000,000.

The Sanitary Water Board took the position that it lacked the power to deal with industrial pollution; all it could do was to urge the cessation thereof by moral suasion. Thus originated what was formerly called the "voluntary constructive cooperation with industry plan." More recently it has been termed the "Pennsylvania Plan," because of its cunning appeal to State pride.

This plan has been in force for six years. It consists in encouraging establishments in an industry to unite and contribute a fund for the purpose of experimenting on means of abating pollution. With this association a cooperative agreement is signed, the terms of which have never been made public. Even though such an agreement may not expressly say so, its signatories assume that so long as the association keeps experimenting the members thereof are permitted to dump waste into streams. Such agreements have been signed with the paper mill industry, with the tanneries, more recently with the soft coal mines, and perhaps one or two other classes.

Theoretically, the plan is admirable. Practically, it is ineffective. For six years it has been in existence. No matter what good it may have accomplished, it has certainly not kept pace with the terrific increase of pollution. The fundamental error of this so-called Pennsylvania Plan is its

Analysis and Explanation of Pure Streams Act

(McCrossin Senate Bill No. 592)

AN ACT

relating to the pollution of waters of the Commonwealth, and providing additional remedies for the abatement thereof, and conferring jurisdiction upon certain courts in relation thereto.

SECTION 1. POLLUTION NOT A NATURAL USE OF WATERS. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That the discharge of sewage or industrial waste or any other noxious or deleterious substances by any person, copartnership, association, or corporation, whether public or private, into the waters of the Commonwealth is hereby declared not to be a reasonable or natural use of such waters, and to be inimical and injurious to the public health, and to animal and aquatic life, and to the uses thereof for industrial consumption, and to be against the public policy of the Commonwealth, and to be a public and common nuisance.

SEC. 2. ABATEMENT OF POLLUTION. All pollution hereinbefore declared to be nuisances shall be abatable in the manner now provided by law or equity for the abatement of public nuisances. In addition to existing rights and remedies, proceedings to abate such nuisances may be instituted in equity or at law in the name of the Commonwealth upon relation of the Attorney General or upon relation of any district attorney of any county or upon the relation of the solicitor of any municipality affected. Such proceedings may be brought and prosecuted in the courts of common pleas of the county where the nuisance has been committed or the pollution is maintained or of any county through which or along the border of which water flows, into which such pollution has been discharged at any point above, and for such purposes jurisdiction is hereby conferred in law and equity upon said courts.

SEC. 3. PRELIMINARY INJUNCTION. In case where the circumstances require it, or the public health is endangered, a mandatory preliminary injunction or special injunction may be issued upon the terms prescribed by the court, notice of the application therefor having been given to the defendant in accordance with the rules of equity practice, and in any such case the Attorney General, the district attorney, or the solicitor of any municipality, shall not be required to give bond.

SEC. 4. EXISTING RIGHTS PRESERVED. Nothing in this act contained shall be construed so as to in any way abridge the rights of action or remedies now existing in equity or under common law or statutory law, criminal or civil.

implied concession that stream pollution is justifiable unless either the industry or the State can discover some *practical* method of waste disposal. Some polluters seem to think unless they can make a profit out of their waste disposal plant, it is not practical. Then, again, it does not take into consideration the huing law to abate it. There were delegated to assist him various engineers of the City of Philadelphia and an Assistant City Solicitor, who act as an Advisory Committee or Commission to the Special Counsel.

Examination of the records already in the files of the Water Bureau supplemented by field surveys disclosed over 70 industries between the City of Philadelphia's first water intake at Shawmont and Norristown which were under grave suspicion. Careful investigation and analysis of their effluents eliminated all but about 30 of them, against one of which, a chemical company, whose pollution had been of long standing duration, an injunction suit in Equity was filed with consent of the Attorney General.

To the others a letter was sent in which they were asked the following questions: (a) Whether they had formulated any plans or means to neutralize or treat their trade waste; (b) What these plans were; (c) Within what time they would be carried out. The answer of some was entirely satisfactory. Some

There's a Limit to Quaker Patience

man equation. Unfortunately, many industries refuse to recognize their public duty. Others honestly accept their responsibility. Still others pretend to experiment, but in reality do nothing. No limitation in time is set upon their experiments, and this breaks down the whole scheme, for those who are willing are not fools enough to take up a burden so long as others doing nothing are not interfered with.

The Mackey Plan.

WHEN Mayor Mackey took office he did not forget his pledge to the citizens of Philadelphia to give them a glass of clean water from every spigot. He referred to his pledge in his inaugural and stated in effect that he believed it was neither good business nor sound economics to abandon a water supply suitable by Nature as to quality, simply because those bordering its upper reaches persisted in using the same as a sewer, contrary to both law and good morals. He, therefore, gave his unqualified approval to the practical suggestion of his able City Solicitor, that before abandoning the Schuylkill a determined effort should be made to clean up that river by enforcing the existing law relating to pollution of public streams.

In April, 1928, the writer was invited to become Special Counsel to conduct an investigation into the sources of pollution and bring such action as was possible under existrecognized their obligations manfully or realized that their position was indefensible both morally and legally and would not stand the test of Court proceedings. They outlined their plans, stated the approximate time within which they hoped to complete their installation and invited inspection thereof by the City's engineers.

Others answered evasively that they were cooperating with the State Sanitary Water Board. To these a second letter was addressed, stating that the time for generalities had passed, the City was entitled to know what they meant by cooperating, whether they were working on the problem of waste disposal or on the problem of waste reclamation.

A third group did not answer at all or sent an arrogant reply in a "mind your own business" tone. This class were then bluntly told that their pollution of streams was illegal, that they were in fact law-breakers, stream pollution being a common crime indictable in Pennsylvania; that while the City of Philadelphia would be patient and allow industries ample time in which to put their houses in order, it did not propose to tolerate a "public-be-damned" attitude, and that unless a satisfactory answer was received to the inquiry first addressed, application would be made to the Attorney General for leave to use the name of the Commonwealth to bring injunction proceedings.

(Continued on page 42)

Canada—The Nesting Ground

By
HOYES LLOYD

OUTDOOR AMERICA is most fortunate in being able to present to its readers this very graphic picture of the northern breeding grounds of our migratory waterfowl.

Most of us have labored under the false impression that the vast stretches of Canada supply an unlimited breeding area for ducks and geese, and that there is little need for practicing economy in the number we take annually in the United States or for establishing refuges.

This article by Mr. Lloyd, Canada's premier bird student, who is in direct charge of administering the migratory bird treaty laws of the Dominion, was written in the field especially for us.

The article and the accompanying maps show very clearly that the two Nations are interdependent for their future supply of waterfowl, and that both Nations must do their utmost to safeguard this supply.

Editor.

THE vital period for any living thing is the time of increase, and this is so with North America's waterfowl. It is true that other factors, such as safe wintering grounds and safe resting places, are of great importance too, because the water-fowl are travelers, here today, and gone tomorrow; and while numbers stay in parts of Canada in winter, the great majority move off southward to winter in the United States. Canada's responsibility in connection with water-fowl protection is to protect the nesting grounds, that of the United States, to protect the wintering grounds.

There is a thought in both countries that the nesting ground is safe, at least comparatively speaking, because the birds retreat to the vast and remote expanses of Canada to breed. Hunters and others interested in the subject have lulled themselves into a peaceful state of mind with this comforting thought. Unfortunately this idea of a vast and remote northern nesting ground is partly a popular fallacy. Perhaps the error arose because some species of water-fowl do go far north to nest, and the people who were casually interested in the subject and did not know the ornithology of the question thought that all did.

The maps which appear with this article show the northern known limits of nesting for a number of species of ducks and geese. Generally speaking, the geese do go far north to nest, and perhaps that accounts for their fair success in standing up against heavy demands for sport or food.

On the other hand the ducks as a rule do not go to the far north to nest. In Canada, the main nesting ground for most kinds of ducks is included in an area which might roughly be defined as including the southern third of Manitoba, the southern half of Saskatchewan, the northern two-thirds of Alberta, a small part of the Northwest Territories adjacent to northern Alberta, and small parts of British Columbia. This great duck breeding area also extends south of the international boundary to a varying degree in the great plains region.

It is this western area which furnishes the Canvasbacks and Redheads, as well as many others, for the shooters of the Atlantic coast, for these diving ducks travel south-eastward. It is this area that furnishes the mallards for the south central states, and if I remember correctly, banding shows that it furnishes birds for California as well.

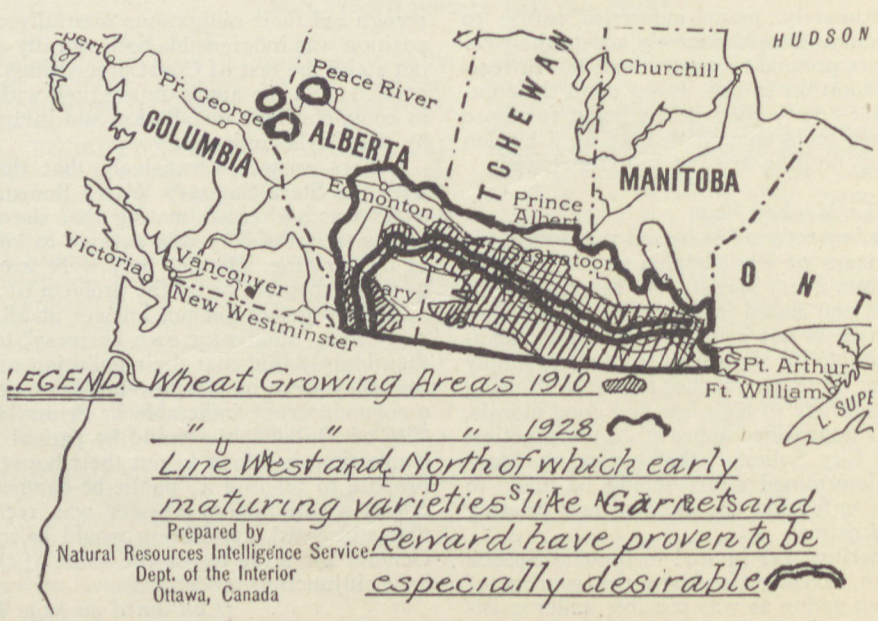
Of the ducks in which the hunter is interested practically only the Black Duck has an eastern breeding range, and this range does not extend far north into Canada. About the only duck which is hunted by sportsmen and which goes far north to breed is the Pintail. Most of the ducks that find favor with sportsmen are raised in a part of southern Canada, south of 60° N. Latitude.

Now this part of Canada is not standing still; it is being settled. The map on this page shows the area devoted to wheat raising, and this vast farm area is being pushed northward by the creation by our cerealists of early-ripening wheats. Since I came west this fall I have been told that the wheat which won the prize at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1872 was raised at Fort Vermilion on the Peace River between latitude 58° and 59° north.

This fact that northern Alberta would raise wheat, demonstrated so long ago, is just being appreciated and vast areas are being settled there, railways are being built, and the end is not yet. Wheat ripens in the Peace River country earlier than at Edmonton. Higher temperature and longer days hasten its growth.

It is desirable that these areas which will support homes should be developed, but the maps show that this development will affect the water-fowl supply of the continent even with one hundred per cent law enforcement. The breaking of the soil reduces the run-off water which gathers in marshes and ponds, and the entire duck habitat is altered. Some may think that the species of ducks so displaced by agriculture will retreat to northern fastnesses to breed, but another look at the map will show that agriculture is already closing in on the northern limit of breeding for many species.

Canada is setting aside marshes to serve as nesting places in the breeding zones, but many factors that fall outside of conservation proper are affecting the water-fowl supply. How greatly the supply will be reduced by these factors time alone will tell, but it is full time that the sportsmen of both countries became alive to these facts.

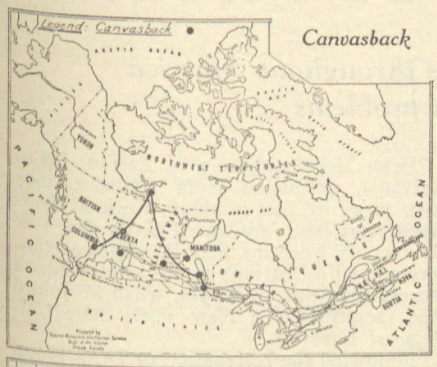


This is written in the heart of the duck breeding area. A dry summer, and a fine, warm, and unusually dry fall have reduced the duck waters to a minimum. Hundreds of ponds are bare mud. This becomes rather serious when considered with the encroachment of agriculture.

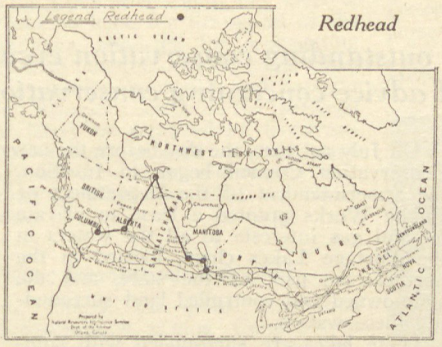
Canada is doing her utmost under the circumstances, but it is good business for those interested in the subject in both countries to know the facts of the case.

of the Continent's Water-fowl

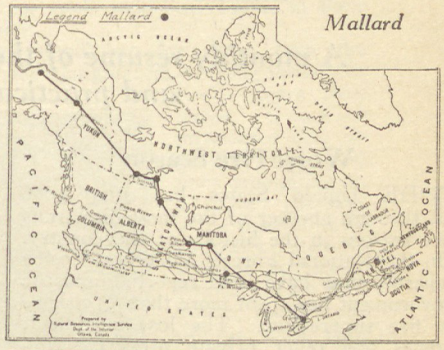
The maps presented herewith were prepared under Mr. Lloyd's direction and made available to us through the courtesy of his Chief, Hon. J. B. Harkin, Commissioner of Canadian National Parks, a branch of Department of the Interior.



Canvasback

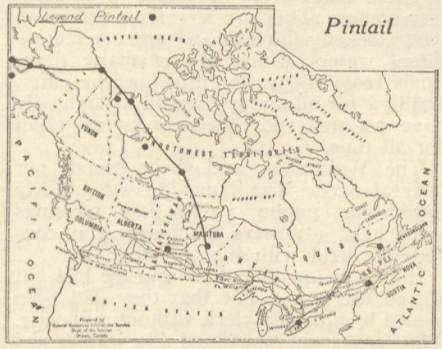


Redhead

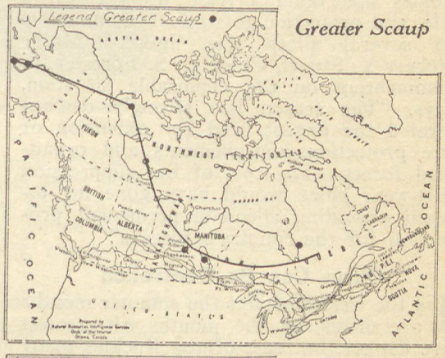


Mallard

Black Duck



Pintail



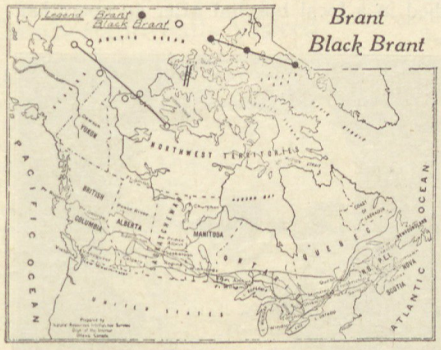
Greater Scaup

Lesser Scaup

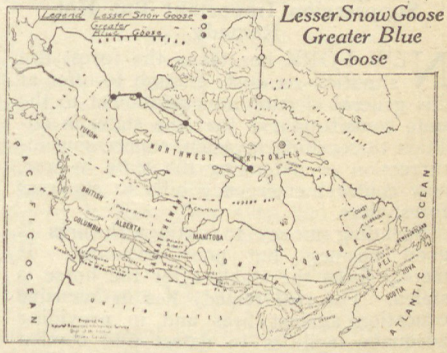
Blue-winged Teal

Green-winged Teal

Canada Goose

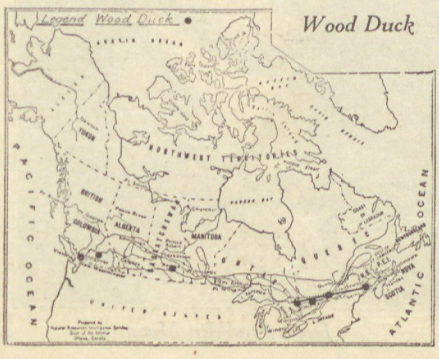


Brant
Black Brant

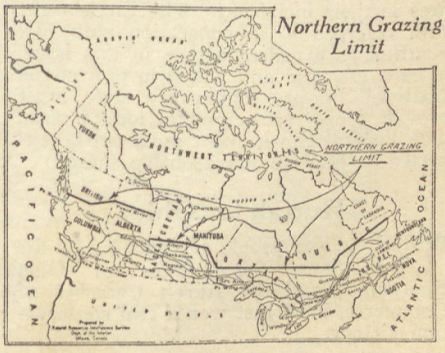


Lesser Snow Goose
Greater Blue Goose

White-fronted Goose



Wood Duck



Northern Grazing Limit

What's Happening in Conservation

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

A monthly résumé of the outstanding conservation events throughout America and practical advice concerning conservation problems

Worst Fire Season

THE United States has just gone through another of the most disastrous fire seasons in the history of the country. On the National Forests alone about 6,000 separate fires have been reported, and the government has spent more than $3,000,000 in fire suppression. The loss in timber, homes and other private property, wild life, and protection to watersheds amounts to several times this figure. Major Robert Y. Stuart, Chief U. S. Forester, in commenting on the deplorable situation, says, "The season has strongly demonstrated the urgent need for extension of fire protection improvements and organized forces. The cost of fire suppression this year alone would have gone far toward providing adequate permanent protection for the country's forests."

Fires Can Be Controlled

IN the western states the summer months are ordinarily the months of greatest fire danger, but east of the Rockies many days of fire hazard occur both spring and fall. Many lightning fires occur in the far West which can be controlled quickly if properly equipped to do it; in the East and South practically all forest fires are caused by human agencies and are preventable.

Almost 1,000,000 acres have been burned over within the boundaries of the National Forests this year. What has happened elsewhere may be visualized in part by considering the stupendous loss in the State of Oklahoma, where State Forester Phillips estimates 240,000 acres burned over with a loss in excess of $1,000.000.

Suppression Important But Not Remedy

NEW YORK has taken the forest fire situation seriously enough to offer at this general election an amendment to the state constitution so that the state, in addition to repelling invasion, suppressing insurrection or defending the state in war, may contract emergency bills to suppress forest fires.

Spending money to extinguish fires is good business but poor economy. It merely locks the stable after the horse is stolen. The real remedy lies in intensive education against fires and in providing adequate facilities to detect and combat fires in their incipiency. The Englebright Bill, referred to in connection with Mr. Kauffman's excellent article in this issue, is most essential and will help protect the National Forests, but every state must provide proper protection for local forests. The Federal Government must not be expected to bear an unreasonable share.

Hurrah for Ohio!

THE outdoor people of Ohio, led by the Waltonians, the League of Ohio Sportsmen, and the Akron Chamber of Commerce, have just won a real conservation victory.

On July 24, 1929, the day before the new Conservation Council began to function, the Superintendent of the Department of Public Works granted a lease to private oil and gas interests to all the waters in the Portage Lakes chain, located in the northeastern part of the state, and the state-owned and controlled land surrounding these waters.

These lakes are surrounded with summer homes. They are free from pollution, well stocked with fish and are the recreational waters which attract many thousands from Akron and other nearby cities. Drilling for oil and gas would undoubtedly have polluted and otherwise ruined them for all time.

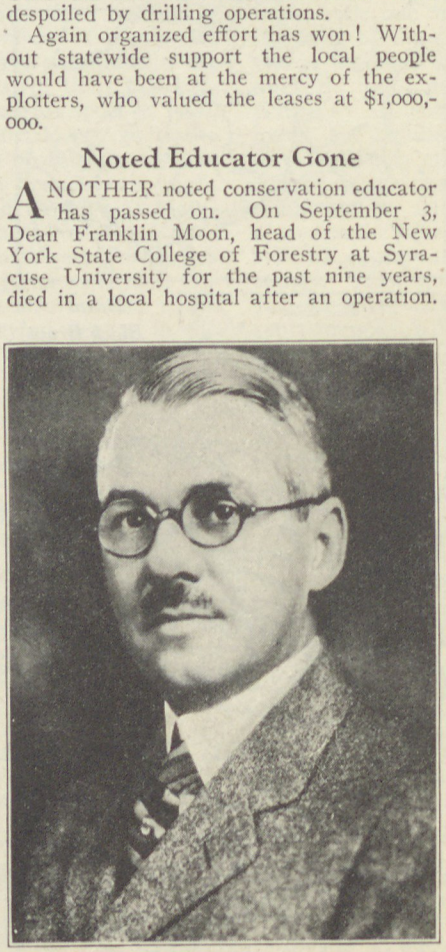
The Waltonians and their friends got busy at once. The campaign was quickly organized, public indignation meetings were held, attorneys employed, and conferences held with the Governor.

It was found that the Governor had not signed the leases, but that they had been signed by a deputy clerk without authority. The Governor repudiated the leases, and agreed to join in a friendly suit to annul them, saying he was satisfied the people of Ohio did not want these beautiful lakes despoiled by drilling operations.

Again organized effort has won! Without statewide support the local people would have been at the mercy of the exploiters, who valued the leases at $1,000,000.

Noted Educator Gone

ANOTHER noted conservation educator has passed on. On September 3, Dean Franklin Moon, head of the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University for the past nine years, died in a local hospital after an operation.



Dean Franklin Moon.

Dean Moon was born at Easton, Pennsylvania, graduated from Amherst, took two years of post-graduate work at Harvard, and later graduated from the Yale University Forestry School. He was connected with various state and federal forest activities until 1912, when he joined the faculty of the New York State College of Forestry.

Following the resignation of Dean Hugh P. Baker, his predecessor, Dean Moon took over the affairs of the State College in 1920, which expanded rapidly under his jurisdiction.

He had the honor to attend the World's Forestry Congress at Rome as a delegate, after which he spent a year studying forestry education in Europe and observing the methods of practical forestry abroad.

He was the author of "Elements of Forestry—The Book of Forestry" and numerous articles and reports. Dean Moon enjoyed a wide acquaintance among conservation workers.

Professor Nelson C. Brown, one of the outstanding forest workers and educators, and a vice-president of the Izaak Walton League, is now in charge of the New York State College of Forestry as Acting Dean.

Minneapolis Host to Conservationists

MINNEAPOLIS recently had the honor to entertain the joint annual convention of the American Fisheries Society and the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners. It was the Fifty-ninth conclave of the fisheries experts and the twenty-third annual gathering of the conservation officials.

The program was a credit to those in charge as well as those who participated in it. These sessions are always a clearing house for the latest developments in fish and game propagation and administration. They really offer a short, high-pressure training school for recruits to the field and a post-graduate course for the old hands in the game.

International Fisheries Treaty Urged

Studies of diseases of fishes, developments in fish propagation, the problems incident to fish stocking and like questions again received their share of attention, but no part of the entire program was of greater importance than the special nutritional studies being conducted in Connecticut and elsewhere.

One of the questions which received special attention was the situation with reference to the Great Lakes Fisheries, about which the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA have been given information from time to time. The Fisheries Society heard reports from scientists who have been making extensive investigations during the past few years, and then adopted resolutions urging immediate steps to secure an appropriate treaty looking toward the control of the international fisheries, espe-

cially those of the Great Lakes and other inland boundary waters, and the adoption of uniform regulations and closer cooperation.

Why Former Treaty Failed

To the discredit of the United States, be it said that such a treaty was drafted a number of years ago by a joint commission and adopted by Canada, but owing to opposition of commercial fishing interests the treaty was never adopted by the United States.

Last year, at a conference called by Governor Green of Michigan, state and provincial leaders agreed upon uniform legislation to control the Great Lakes fisheries, but the same short-sighted interests prevented the enactment of the necessary legislation in all but one state. They prefer to fool themselves into believing that immediate profits are of more importance than a permanent supply. So long as such influences dictate state legislation the only salvation is federal or international regulation, and the sooner it is undertaken the better it will be for all concerned.

Refuges a Paramount Issue

The International Association devoted considerable attention to the development of refuges for wild life, especially for migratory birds, due to the impetus given this phase of the work by the passage of the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Bill last spring.

This problem was discussed frankly by officials representing the United States and Canada, the most outstanding contribution being an address by Hoyes Lloyd, in charge of migratory bird administrative work in Canada, illustrated with maps showing the northern breeding range of various species of waterfowl (reproduced elsewhere in this issue).

Mr. Lloyd called special attention to the fact that the breeding range of many species does not extend as far north as most people suppose and that encroaching civilization is rapidly reducing the remaining nesting areas, thus necessitating far greater steps than any yet taken to save these birds for the people of North America.

Upland Game Problems Presented

Various upland game and fur problems and developments were discussed by officials from all parts of the country, including the status of the pollution problem. Most of these discussions had to do with the production of more game to maintain the supply; but one discussion had to do with the handling of too much game. This question was presented by Ross L. Leffler, President of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, who told his astonished hearers how his state last year had been compelled to open the season on does in an effort to dispose of an estimated surplus of approximately 50,000 deer. He convinced his audience that harvesting the surplus is sometimes equally as important as is saving the seed stock, and that broad administrative powers applied in a sensible manner are absolutely essential.

National Committee Made Report

The National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation was organized at the 1928 convention at Seattle where the Western Association of Game and Fish Commissioners also participated. The Minneapolis meeting concluded the Committee's efforts for the first year, and Chairman T. Gilbert Pearson reviewed the Committee's accomplishments as well as the projects under way. He called special attention to the fact that while the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Act authorizes appropriations of about $8,000,000 during the ten-year period, this does not necessarily mean that Congress will actually appropriate the funds unless there is a strong demand from the friends of conservation for such appropriations.

Dr. Pearson also reported that as a result of the Committee's activities there is good reason to hope for the repeal of the tariff on game imported for propagating purposes, also that the duty on game killed legally in foreign countries and brought home by American citizens for personal use will likely be removed by Congress. The Association adopted a resolution thanking the Committee and urging that it continue its efforts in behalf of better legislation.

Other Resolutions Adopted

Among others, the joint convention adopted resolutions urging Congress to provide adequate machinery for the enforcement of the Hawes Act against the sale and interstate shipment of black bass; recommending that Congress provide immediate funds for the establishment of the Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge in Kansas; urging that the American oyster industry be protected against inferior products from abroad; endorsing the Shipstead-Newton bill looking toward the establishment of an international recreational area in the Quetico-Superior region; recommending that a concerted effort be made to eliminate pollution and endorsing the work of the Izaak Walton League and other organizations engaged in the warfare against pollution.

The officers elected to head these two important organizations for the ensuing year were Dr. David L. Belding of Boston, Massachusetts, president of the American Fisheries Society, and Mr. Hoyes Lloyd of Ottawa, Canada, president of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners.

The 1930 convention will be held at Toronto, Canada, during the last week in August.

The climax of the 1929 convention was a trip through the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge on Dr. William Mayo's palatial yacht.

Cumberland Falls Visited

FRIENDS of Cumberland Falls have reason to be hopeful. Recently members of the Federal Power Commission and their staff, accompanied by Director of National Parks Albright and others, visited Cumberland Falls. As usually happens after viewing such a spectacle, it is reliably reported that the Commission has an entirely different conception of the situation, and that final decision will be deferred for the present.

Among other things there seems to be grave doubt in the minds of the members as to whether the Commission has jurisdiction in the matter, because that part of the Cumberland River can by no stretch of the imagination be considered a navigable stream. This will be the first time this question has really come to the front, and a decision by the Attorney General is awaited with much interest.

It is reported also that Secretary Wilbur does not approve of the present structure of the Power Commission of which he is Chairman, but that he is not yet ready to advance a substitute plan. It appears that the Secretary is of the opinion that regulation of all inland water affecting our national life should be centered in one governmental agency, which would seem to be a sensible and business-like plan.

Officer Murdered

TWO hot-headed Italian robin hunters on Long Island preferred to kill a faithful public servant, Game Protector William T. Cramer, on September 29, and mutilate the officer's assistant rather than be caught and compelled to pay a fine of $10.00 for each song-bird found in their possession.

Long Island has for years been the Mecca for slaughterers of song-birds. In twelve years Protector Cramer prosecuted 989 offenders who paid fines amounting to almost $17,000. The district was generally recognized as unsafe territory for bird killers, though one of the most dangerous patrol districts in the state.

Wm. T. Cramer.

In 1922 Protector Cramer was left for dead with two bullets in his head and one in his neck because he dared to arrest two men with their pockets full of song-birds. On that occasion one of his assailants died from a wound inflicted by the officer, and the other was sentenced to seven years in prison.

Aliens Should Be Denied Arms

Through his beagle dog, this faithful officer's murderer has been located and he will undoubtedly be punished in a manner befitting such a crime, but unfortunately this is not the only case of its kind on record. At least three other conservation officers have been murdered by aliens in the Empire State.

Prior to the enactment of Pennsylvania's law prohibiting unnaturalized foreign-born residents from being possessed of firearms, fourteen of that state's protectors were shot at in one year, seven of them injured and three killed. Other states have had like experiences. A number of states now have laws prohibiting aliens from hunting or fishing; some of them make it an offense to have firearms and dogs in possession.

Such laws, if enforced strictly, remove weapons from the hands of a class of people who are a constant menace to society, and they have a decided influence in compelling the better class of foreign-born residents to become citizens and assume their just share of the burden.

We hope the net will be drawn still more tightly in New York City, and that Protector Cramer has not given his life in vain.

Sportsmen Vindicated

IN an effort to aid in handling the fire problems in southern California the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors by ordinance denied hunters the right to carry, shoot, fire or discharge any firearm upon or onto any forest land or land covered with brush or other inflammable materials during the period of emergency.

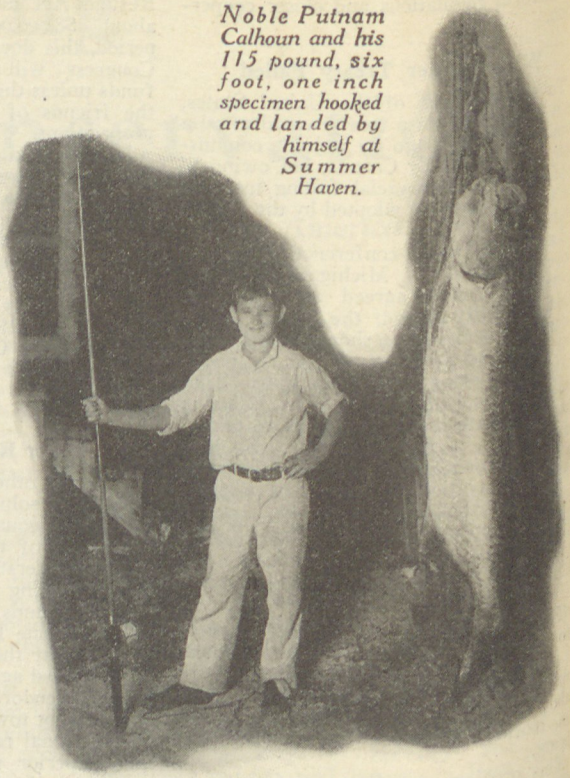
The sportsmen, led by the Los Angeles Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, took exception to the ordinance because it did not prohibit hikers, picnickers and others from enjoying the outdoors regardless of the number of cigarettes, cigars or matches they might carry.

A charter member of the Los Angeles

(Continued on page 53)

Tarpon Ho!

By PETER STEWART



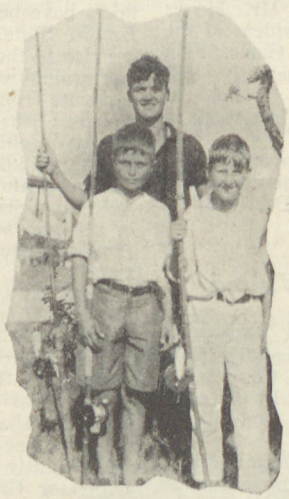
Noble Putnam Calhoun and his 115 pound, six foot, one inch specimen hooked and landed by himself at Summer Haven.

DOES your heart quicken at the sight of tarpon, hundreds of them, rolling like shimmering silver streaks in moonlit waters? Are you galvanized into mental and physical action at the tang of the strike and the thrill of that first maddened dash to the accompaniment of the singing reel? Do you thrill to the palpitating moment when the silver king splinters the quiet waters into a thousand sparkling gems with his first leap and his demoniac efforts to extricate your barbed pinion?

If you do, and you most certainly do if game fishing has any attractions for you, you should thrill to the experiences of the fast growing coterie of anglers who are making St. Augustine, Florida, and the near-by waters of Summer Haven their Mecca from April until the latter part of October. For it is at these two places that tarpon fishing of almost limitless scope and possibility has been discovered and developed within the last three years.

The City of St. Augustine itself boasts of being the only city on the Atlantic seaboard where an ardent angler may hook, play and land a tarpon within two blocks of the post office and the heart of the city's business district. Here, under the Bridge of Lions, anglers have been bringing them in ranging in size from game little three-footers to six foot fighting silvery demons. Although the angling at this particular location has but recently been discovered and exploited, this season alone has seen more than twenty beautiful specimens captured by the city's experienced anglers while countless strikes have been reported by anglers who are taking advantage of this sterling opportunity to try for their first real game fish.

It was under this bridge that H. H. Faver, casting between the piling from a small boat, hooked an 88 pound, six foot, five inch specimen that put up a magnificent fight. After a struggle that lasted some 45 minutes and carried the fisherman and his pilot nearly the length of the water front, the silver king was finally landed near the foot of the bridge with several hundred spectators cheering the successful efforts of the angler and his assistant, the boatman. Prior to that time numerous other anglers had brought ashore specimens weighing from 40 to 75 pounds and since that time others have been taken from the same place almost every night that the river tide is right and the moon high enough to permit battling the silvered beauties.



John Calhoun, 12; W. L. Calhoun, 17, and Noble Putnam Calhoun, 12, all tarpon fishermen.

It is no exaggeration to state that on certain moonlight nights hundreds, yes literally hundreds of tarpon may be seen rolling in the shadows of the bridge. On such nights hundreds of spectators gather upon the million dollar span and fasten their eyes upon the small boats that dot the moonlit waters just a few feet from the bridge.

Presently there will be a muttered "ugh" followed almost immediately by the singing of a heavy reel and the terse command, "pull," as the angler commands his pilot to get under way in an effort to keep the fighting silver king from rushing through the barnacle-covered piles, cutting the line and ending the battle ere it begins. Spectators who have been dispersed over the entire length of the bridge converge to the point in front of which the struggle is going on and soon the entire bay is one thrilling panorama of struggling angler, embroiled waters and leaping fish.

At Summer Haven, just eighteen miles by paved road from St. Augustine, larger specimens are taken. In fact, it was at Summer Haven that Julian C. Calhoun, descendant of John Clay Calhoun, hooked, played and landed the second largest tarpon officially recorded on the east coast of Florida.

Mr. Calhoun's tarpon was captured after an epic battle that covered nearly three miles and lasted nearly two hours. When landed, the specimen tipped the beam at 210 pounds and measured six feet, nine inches in length. Insofar as has been determined at this writing, there have been but two other larger specimens taken along the Atlantic seaboard. One was in the Gulf of Mexico and the other was taken a few months ago in a tournament in the southern part of the state.

Mr. Calhoun's monster was hooked some 100 yards off the coast of Summer Haven and when the fight ended the little power craft and its occupants were nearly three miles off-shore.

But Mr. Calhoun's catch, in spite of the fact that it stacked up a record for local anglers to shoot at, does not sum up the story of Summer Haven fishing by any means. It was at this same spot that Noble Putnam Calhoun, a twelve-year-old youngster, hooked and landed his first and largest specimen. His tarpon weighed 115 pounds and measured six feet, one inch. The little angler was forced to fight the fish for an hour and twenty minutes before he brought it to boatside exhausted.

W. L. Calhoun, seventeen-year-old lad, later that same season hooked and landed a 130-pound tarpon that measured six feet, seven inches, and his younger brother, John, twelve, brought in a 100-pound catch.

But these isolated instances of splendid fighting catches represent only a few random pages in the history of a tarpon fishing ground that is fast becoming known along the entire east coast of Florida for the fact that it is here that real game fishing may be had at a minimum of discomfort and privation. As a matter of fact it was only this year that the Summer Haven and St. Augustine fishing became generally known and this season was the first in which real facilities, boat and guide, were obtainable.

What sort of tackle do they use? Well, that varies according to the beliefs of the fisherman in question. Some use artificial lures and others place their faith in live baits. Some of the most successful results have been obtained with small live mullet sewn through the upper lip to the hook.

Small shiners, yellow tails and black fish have also been used to great effect by some anglers advocating impaling the bait fish through the top fin rather than sewing through the lip.

The equipment also varies. Most of the anglers have turned to the split bamboo rod, agate guided and equipped with a drag-handle two to four hundred yard reel. Two hundred yards of line is about the minimum with which any very certain results can be obtained.

And so it is that the sport fisherman who enjoys excellent fishing under the most favorable and convenient of circumstances cannot afford to miss a chance at this comparatively newly discovered tarpon ground.

If you react pleasurably to the sensation of concentrated finny fury impaled upon a frail barb and to the prehensile straining of bamboo and the singing reel, St. Augustine and her tarpon waters should be your Mecca. No exploitation has as yet spoiled the virgin possibilities of this newly discovered field and boatmen and guides are perhaps more reasonable here than at any of the nationally known gathering places for sport fishermen.

READ—
The Vanished People
By Edison Marshall, in January

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Packsacks for the Trail

A FEW days ago I found the autumn sun shining its invitation through the windows of the court room too much to withstand. It was easy to find an excuse for getting away so that I could spend an hour in what some of my friends call the "Judge's Hole," a famous place for bass near the foot of a high bluff. This is my favorite retreat of an afternoon, not because the bass bite better there, but because to reach it I must follow a winding road through the timber.

As I drive toward it I first see the tall spire of an old Catholic church rising above the tree tops in the little town on the bluff of the river. Before he died last year I looked forward to a friendly wave of the hand from the old Catholic priest who had been in charge of the parish for over fifty years and had helped to burn the bricks that went into the building of that tall spire. I used to see him working in the garden. He would pretend that he was surprised to see me going fishing and yet I could see in his eye a quiet little twinkle of understanding.

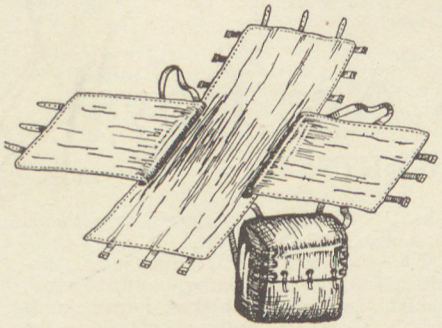
Beyond the church I follow the windings of the road through the trees. Now and then I catch a glimpse of the river running behind the island and among the rocks. Along this road there is much to see. On this particular day there was something inviting at every bend of the road. Beside the road the wild asters made a brilliant bank of color. As I rounded a turn, out of the grass at the edge of the road a flock of quail ran ahead of the car. I could count a dozen. I let the car coast slowly toward them, when suddenly the remainder of the flock burst out of the grass and flew through the bushes and tree tops with that exciting whir which always brings joy to one's heart,—the joy of remembered days afield behind a good dog and with a gun over one's shoulder in just such autumn woods as these.

There is no sound of the woods so tonic as Bob White's cheery whistle. Around a tree trunk I saw the quick whisk of a squirrel's tail and knew that he was watching me from among the gayly colored leaves. Then before I clambered down the hillside I could see the bass rising inshore and I knew that I had come at just the right time.

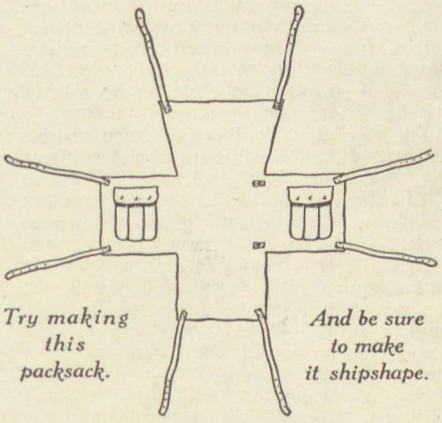
Every time of year is wonderful, but the opulent barbarian coloring of the autumn appeals to my primitive soul. It is easy to imagine Indian warriors stalking through the trees, their cheeks vermilion-painted to match the leaves.

I never pass a bit of woodland without wanting to stop and explore it. The lure of the wild and unfamiliar beckons me on. No matter how well laid out and carefully paved are the main roads, in all parts of the country near these busy highways there are still wonderful retreats along the little streams that meander among the trees and hills. To reach these we will have to discard the motor and go afoot, following the example of our pioneer forefathers whose first expeditions were made into the wilderness with a pack on their backs.

Study the matter of equipment carefully. Your first experiments will no doubt seem tragic enough when you are in the woods, wet, hungry and cold, but will seem funny to you after a time. Use your wits and you will soon learn how to pack your shelter and food into a little pack and wander into inviting byways that will be forever holding out new delights. But don't go in haphazard fashion. Plan for comfort. Go light, but not so light that you leave behind certain essentials.

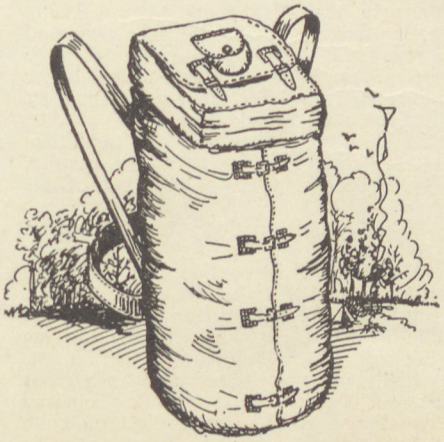


. . . "roomy, but small enough to carry on my back" . . .



Try making this packsack.

And be sure to make it shipshape.



. . . "it will hold more than you care to carry" . . .

There has been a great improvement in the pack since it was first used as a means of frontier travel. Every out of doors man who has used a pack has tried to contrive some improvement and out of the experiences of all these have evolved the packs that you see in the sporting goods stores or find illustrated in their catalogs. It is not possible to say that any one pack is the best, for they are adapted to different parts of the country and to varying conditions, and all these must be taken into consideration in either buying or making one.

It is usually a safe rule to select the equipment that you find in general use in the country into which you are going. If you go into any hardware store near the north woods you will find on the counter a pack known by various names. I believe that this type of pack has carried more pounds than any other form of pack. It holds an unbelievable amount and is very reasonable in price. It is merely a big sack with a flap that straps down and is so arranged that the weight of the contents pulls evenly on the shoulder and head straps.

There is a smaller type of pack named after a well known and beloved writer on the out of doors. It does not hold as much as the other, but its continued use for many years is an assurance of its usefulness.

A well known sportsman who has explored many out of the way places and hunted big game in countries where he was obliged to carry his shelter and provisions on his back has designed a pack which has been named after him. It is a many gored bag which may be extended enough to carry a small deer. If you have little to carry, the strap which goes about the outside may be tightened, the gores folded in and you have a small pack to hold a day's lunch.

In all of the above types of pack the load rests against your back and there is no circulation of air between your body and the pack. This is a disadvantage in warm weather and sometimes even in cold weather a heavy pack is apt to be hot and uncomfortable. To avoid this a number of packs have been designed to take the weight off the back to allow a circulation of air and permit more weight to rest on the lower part of the body. While looking over the stock in a large sporting goods store recently a clerk showed me one mounted on a specially constructed steel frame which conforms to the shape of the body and is so constructed that with the aid of waist straps the pack frame is held completely away from the back. The weight is evenly distributed between the shoulders, back and hips. It is made of heavy flax material. There is a space and straps just below the body of the pack to accommodate blankets. Because of the materials and construction it is higher priced than the other types.

Another pack is designed along the same lines but with a wooden frame work and is somewhat lower in price. Both types are very comfortable and practical. Another pack of this type comes to us from the western mountains. It consists of two uprights joined by two curved wooden staves about which canvas is tightly laced. This rests against the back

and provides a circulation of air. It is very serviceable and satisfactory and still lower in price than the above mentioned packs of this type. This pattern is finding its way into the mountains of the eastern part of the United States where the various mountain clubs are doing so much to encourage pack trips by building and marking trails through the interesting parts of the mountain regions. It is to be hoped that this idea will spread and that hikers' trails will be found winding about the hillsides in all parts of the country.

For a number of years I have used a bedding roll which I described in the March number. I concluded that a pack might be made along the same lines but small enough to carry on my back. I first cut a twenty-four inch square out of heavy canvas. To the sides of this I sewed two flaps of the same size. Similar flaps were sewed on the top and bottom. At the upper and lower corners of the side flaps I sewed straps to pull over and buckle on the opposite sides. In the same manner I sewed straps on the lower flap so that it might be pulled up and buckled after the two side flaps were secured. Then straps were sewed on the corners of the top flap so that it might be pulled down and buckled in place over all the others. It has the disadvantage of taking some time to adjust all the straps. When I was making this pack I did not know that one of similar design was being made by a firm whose advertisement I saw later. I have not noticed this pack being advertised for some time so that it may have been discontinued. On the inside of the two side flaps you can sew bellows pockets with covers to be buttoned down with lift-the-dot fasteners which will hold securely your small duffel. By extending the straps it can be made to hold more than you will want to carry, as I have discovered.

Of course the pack was thoroughly waterproofed by rubbing it with paraffin and working this into the fiber of the cloth by pressing with a warm flat iron. I have used it on canoe as well as on pack trips where I carried a small army pup tent. When the weather is clear I like to lie with my face near the opening where I can get the fresh air and see the stars, but when it rains I sleep with my head under the closed end of the tent. If the wind whips the rain about I often find my feet getting wet, so I unstrap my pack leaving the small articles firmly buttoned in the pockets and place the other articles under the closed end of the tent. I spread the pack out with the upper flap extending under my body to serve as a waterproof ground cloth, which prevents dampness and cold from penetrating. I then fold my blankets in it, buckle over the two side flaps, bring up the bottom flap and buckle that over and I have a waterproof covering that holds the blankets in place as well. The pack is also quite seaworthy. Once on a canoe trip it fell overboard and I found that if the straps are all pulled taut the contents will keep dry for a considerable space of time.

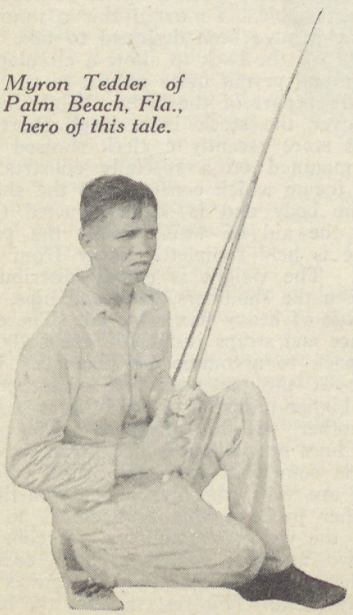
If you intend to make your own pack be sure to get good substantial materials and put it together in shipshape manner for there is nothing so annoying and troublesome as having a strap pull loose or a seam rip when you are far away from means of mending it.

Where Boys Are Boys

By LAFE HOSKINS

IT may be that the adolescent dreams of ease, high speed luxury and perpetual "whoopee" are the rivulets that pour into the stream of life to form a cross current of youthful criminals who add woe and worry to a wearied world. Whatever the causes in many cities and communities that send countless members of young America off on a hell-bent tangent they are far removed from the lower east coast of Florida.

Here youthful ambitions have their inception on an entirely different plane. Owing to an unusual temperature that rarely deviates more than a few degrees the year round, the inhabitants live pretty much out-of-doors from the first of one year to that of another. Mix vast quantities of fresh air with plenty of exercise and you have a prescription that Nature calculates will cure the average youthful mind of evil thoughts. Add to this a liberal dose of man's oldest sport, fishing. Shucks! What kid here is going to turn down a primrose path? He's having too much fun enjoying Nature's own thrills to think of anything else.



Myron Tedder of Palm Beach, Fla., hero of this tale.

True, in the Palm Beaches there is liberal patronage of boxing, golf, baseball, football and other athletics, but the universal sport is fishing. Before the youngster is able to toddle he finds himself seated in a boat with a fishing pole in his hands. All the other members of the family are enjoying the same sport. The love of fishing is born in him. His knowledge of fishing is nothing short of amazing to many winter residents and tourists. But it is one thing that the kid knows and does well, so why shouldn't he be able to instruct his tenderfoot elder?

The past few months have been no exception. Inland in the fresh waters, bass have been more than plentiful. Tales have filled the tackle shops where anglers gather . . . . tales of gigantic bronze backed beauties that have finally been whipped in stirring fights that will be told and magnified in the years to come. From the salt waters of the Atlantic ocean the mighty sailfish have leaped the summer through to be snared only by the most expert sportsmen.

Day in and day out as Bill (Huck Finn) Wilburn, 16 years old, lingered about the local tackle shops he heard stories galore of fishermen who had achieved great things in their fraternity. Was it any wonder that these tantalized the very soul of this youth? If a body wants to be somebody in his community, he had better hang up a record for the boys to shoot at. Thus reasoned "Huck Finn."

So with the birth of this ambition, "Huck" sought out his fishing partner, Myron Tedder, another local lad of his age.

"What's goin' on down town?" Myron drawled.

"Well, there is considerable," "Huck" said as he spat thoughtfully on the ground. "Jim Craig and Bill Arrison are back from Blue Cypress with stories about some whoppers. Jack Paulus has tied D. M. McPhail for first place in the sea trout league. Hubert Watts and Ray Lindsay have slipped away to some place on Lake Okeechobee for some bass fishing . . . . say, 'My,' lemme ask you something.

Bill (Huck Finn) Wilburn, Myron's fishing partner.

When you ask the men around a tackle shop a question, do they answer you?"

Myron 'lowed as how they didn't for the simple reason he never asked any.

"Why, they get so busy a talkin' themselves," Myron said, "that they won't answer each other. How do you all expect them to answer us kids?"

"Well, I respect the men because I been taught to and if I don't I might get tanned, but sometimes when I ask a question just as polite as I know how, I'd like to find out what I want to know," "Huck" complained. "The only way I know to get a little attention is to beat them at their own racket."

"If we could do that," the other boy replied, "then what questions would we be asking that we couldn't answer ourselves?"

But "Huck" wasn't to be thwarted. So he and Myron went into a huddle and a conspiracy was hatched.

". . . . 2 o'clock in the morning" . . . . . "they'd be running then" . . . . "there'd be no one there to crab their game by hogging their haul." Such were scraps of their conversation.

When the boys begged to leave their homes that night there were no anxious mothers to worry about their sons' whereabouts. They had seen the excited light in their eyes. Possibly they were just a little sorry they couldn't go too when they saw a rickety old flivver loaded with tackle boxes, roll away. The boys were off to Loxahatchee river at Jupiter. At this point the salt water of the ocean extends far inland.

At daybreak the boys had returned. What a catch! Snook, snook and more snook! The boys had hit a tremendous run of these game fellows of the ocean. Twenty-three snook varying from two to twenty-five pounds were strung on a 2x4

timber to be viewed by a gawping public. The town went wild. Double column stories broke into the local daily newspapers. Even where snook are common this was a big catch.

"Maybe the fishermen will give us a tumble now," "Huck Finn" Wilburn murmured.

But he was to be disappointed. The fishermen who haunt the tackle houses admitted to themselves that it was quite a catch but the boys mustn't be allowed too much comment. It might go to their heads.

So when the boys went to bask in the limelight of fame, to all intents and purposes they didn't rate any higher than they had before they had made their astounding catch.

"Maybe, they didn't hear about it," Myron conferred with his buddy.

"Shoot," "Huck" replied, "it looks as if they'd a heard of that. Well, let's go back and do it all over again."

Again with their light tackle from 2 o'clock in the morning until almost daybreak, they had hours of wondrous sport. Myron and "Huck" showed up the next morning with twenty-one snook. While not so many by two fish as their catch of the previous night, the total weight was far greater than the first haul.

Again the news spread like wildfire. Especially was this true among the poor families of the city. These had found plenty for their tables in the fish the boys had caught on their first excursion. Again their family larders were replenished. A snook steak is considered a delicacy by many.

The boys of the town were all anxious to return with "Huck" and Myron for another try in Jupiter waters. Of course these youngsters were kings in their own age class but when they discovered their second night's catch didn't seem to get them any more "professional" recognition than last week's aviation endurance test, they were ready to start out on a third expedition. Don Neville and Aldine Baird were named as the boys to accompany them.

Now be it said here that in making this selection, the boys showed that they had ascended far in the local fishing world of youngsters. This Don Neville, although he is barely more than 18, is known far up and down the peninsula as one of the best fishermen on the East Coast. While Aldine Baird's reputation isn't so extensive as that of Don's, he is almost as successful as the latter.

The third night it appeared as though the boys had caught all the fish in the ocean. They doubled their first night's catch in numbers and the total weight pulled in by their light tackle ran around 600 pounds. Such a haul was outstanding. It almost equalled that of the drags of the commercial fishermen who seine the sea with nets.

It took a lot of ice to pack those fish away and it was all day before the snook were entirely gone. Even the poor families were getting pretty well fed up.

"Boys, I reckon that's about all the snook this town will stand for a while," Myron's father said. "You all had better knock off on fishing."

But Myron and "Huck" were happy, for that very afternoon while they had been in a tackle shop hadn't B. B. Beil, one of the big shots in the fishing world said to them:

"Boys, we'll have to hand it to you. You kids are some fishermen!"

That tribute meant more to them than all the front page notoriety of some city kid who has gone hay wire.

My Boy and I

Outdoor America is awarding three prizes for the best photographs and short stories not to exceed 300 words, under the title, "My Boy and I."

Each photo must show the father and son (or daughter) on an out-of-door trip.

The first prize will be $15.00, second $10.00, third $5.00. The contest closes December 1st, 1929.

OUR DAUGHTERS AND THEIR DADS

THE three dads are brothers, each standing behind his own daughter. Harry, thirty-eight; Raymond, thirty-six; and Ed, forty.

Catherine, sixteen; Muriel, fourteen; and Margaret, fifteen.

The scene is Raymond's cabin on Loon Lake, Superior National Forest.

All six are good fishermen and sportsmen.

Margaret and Ed have fished from Florida to Texas to Minnesota. Harry has fished from a hydroplane, and Raymond shot a moose in Canada. The woods are home to them.—*Mrs. R. R. Ebmer.*

Our daughters and their dads.

Sam L. Wright, Jr. and Sr.

WHEN my kid was about ankle high to a duck I commenced to plan what a cracker-jack fly fisherman I was going to make out of him. He's 11 now and I'm 42. He's a hunter now and I am too—thereby hangs a tale.

He tried fishing, but when they didn't jump at his fly as I had led him to believe, he lost interest, and I found myself wading alone. He took to hunting on his own hook and became good at it.

I saw that if I was going to be a pal to him that I had to buy a gun. I did. You know a boy that can take a fisherman out of the water and make him hunt is some kid, no kidding. He's going to make a good shot, too, because he has already brought in some squirrels as victims to his .22 rifle, and they were moving targets, too. He is learning to give the game a chance, and that, you know, is one of the finest lessons a kid can learn—square shooting and square dealing.

He wants a 410 so he can go after birds. He has a pair of bird dogs, Boots, a Llewellen Setter, and Big Kim, a setter of the Gordon breed. I can tell by the way they adore him, that they too voice his sentiments, so I guess by the time the season for birds open, we'll all be afield.

Well, the fishing season will be over anyway—and besides I like to hunt—with my boy—SAM.—*Sam L. Wright, Sr., New Albany, Indiana.*

It Can Be Done

(Continued from page 33)

Some feeble attempts were used to pull political strings, but both the Mayor and the City Solicitor stood firmly behind the City's Special Counsel and such attempts soon ended. The whole valley was immediately stimulated into activity. Industries within borough limits of boroughs that had not yet proceeded with plans for erection of sewage disposal used their powerful influence to persuade local authorities to undertake sewage disposal, hopeful that they might solve their own problem by emptying their trade waste into municipal sewers. In such cases the City required the industries to make application to their local authorities for permission to so connect.

Other industries which had filtering apparatus and settling basins, but had permitted them to fall into disuse, repaired and restored them. Some frankly confessed that they had done nothing theretofore because other industries seemed to be getting away with it, so why should not they. Meanwhile, the Sanitary Water Board sent peremptory orders to municipalities who had been lagging back in their sewage disposal program that further delay would not be tolerated. That activity of the Sanitary Water Board was highly commendable and of great aid.

Space only permits my giving one example of the many problems and how they were met.

A slaughter house, which with several other polluters on the same Canal together with the owners of the Canal, was included in the Petition for use of the name of the Commonwealth which the present Attorney General refused, was made the Defendant in a suit by the State which was brought at the time the McCrossin Bill was pending in Legislature. The McCrossin Bill was designed to permit local communities to protect their water supply by using the name of the State without first having to ask leave of the Attorney General. About the time that this Bill came before the Committee for a hearing, the State brought suit against this slaughter house. It was thought by many of the friends of the Pure Streams Bill that it was done to justify the argument of the polluters that the State Sanitary Water Board would bring suits when they thought it necessary. The case was important for two reasons: First, because it marked a complete change of attitude of the Sanitary Water Board, which under the previous Administration had insisted it had no power to deal with industrial pollution and could not bring actions to restrain them; and second, because as is usually the case, the industries in question surrendered when Court action was taken. This Defendant stopped slaughtering and now merely packs the pork which is slaughtered elsewhere. A most offensive discharge of animal offal, etc., that existed for thirty years is at last ended.

Meanwhile, the Borough of Bridgeport has finished its sewage disposal plant and every industry located on the Bridgeport Canal with the exception of one has either abated its pollution or so treated its waste disposal as to render it comparatively unobjectionable. The remaining industry has retained a reputable firm of engineers to design and draw up plans for its treatment plant. The Bridgeport Canal was one of the worst spots in the vicinity of Philadelphia. It had been permitted to become little more than a cesspool, composed of deleterious trade wastes and slaughter house offal as well as sewage. This Canal was periodically flushed into the Schuylkill and was an ever-present menace to the purity of its water.

It is expected that as soon as the Borough of Bridgeport's sewage disposal plant is working to capacity there will be a remarkable improvement in the water of this Canal, with a consequent effect on the River. The condition of the River is now much improved over what it was before May of 1928. The best evidence of the fact is that in the vicinity of the Shawmont Intake bass and catfish have been caught from the stream. These are the first fish caught in that vicinity for upwards of 15 years. The return of fish to the stream is proof of improvement in the dissolved oxygen content of the River and corresponding purification.

Results so far warrant the prediction that the Schuylkill River can be restored and pollution abated by the methods employed. The industries have done their part. So have some of the municipalities, such as Reading and Bridgeport. Other municipalities that are lagging behind must be spurred on.

The next source of pollution to take up after the few remaining recalcitrant industries have been dealt with is the coal culm pollution. This we owe to the industries and to the people. The coal culm pollution throws a heavy burden on the water works of communities farther upstream who have to settle out the solids of the mines at the expense of the water consumers.

The results quoted above show that *it can be done,* but the way to do it is not by coöperative agreements but *by firm insistence that the right of the public to decent and clean water is far superior to the profits of polluters.* The industries themselves now realize that they have much at stake in the success of this clean-up, for if all industries join in and do their part, much money now spent in treating water before it can be used in industrial processes will be saved. Such savings will more than balance the cost of waste disposal plants.

The work which has been thus far satisfactorily carried on has demonstrated that City Solicitor Ashton and Mayor Mackey were right in their method of attacking the problem. It is now time to proceed further upstream and for this purpose it is necessary for all communities to work jointly together. The Chestnut Street Business Men's Association of Philadelphia has taken the enlightened attitude of organizing a Schuylkill River Board to stimulate public opinion and to speed up the erection of municipal disposal plants. The Borough of Bridgeport has done much. The City of Reading and the industries therein and nearby are also entitled to great credit for the improvement of their section of the River. Time has come for the movement to be extended upstream for the power of public opinion is becoming daily more impressive.

What a model this work is for communities elsewhere in the State of Pennsylvania, which have seen their streams gradually become vile, black, evil-smelling water flowing between dead flowerless banks, with poisoned fish floating on the surface; which have seen the health of their people living nearby begin to suffer or experience the vile, nauseous smells from the gases bubbling up from the oozy bottom and have seen their river, once a thing of joy and beauty, a vivifier of large valley lands, a treasure of inestimable value, die.

Even sheep, horses and cattle have been killed by drinking from poisoned waters and in times of flood the poisonous pollution is carried far and wide over grazing and agricultural land and into cisterns and wells. We have seen a condition arising where it is no longer safe for the children to bathe in the public streams. All this evil can be stopped. The rivers can be cleaned, but it will not be done by giving "lip service to cleanliness" or by laws timidly conceived, timidly worded and yet more timidly enforced. But a single law is needed. That is an Act like the McCrossin Bill, which though defeated at the last Session of the Legislature must again be presented to the next and next until it finally succeeds. Though the "Four Horsemen of Pollution," the coal mines, paper mills, oil refineries and tanneries, succeeded in suppressing it in Committee at the last Session, it will eventually succeed because it is founded upon truth and logic. With this Act on the statute books, every community can protect itself. The burden unfairly placed upon the shoulders of the taxpayers will be removed, the future health and prosperity of the State assured. If the people will it, *it can be done.*

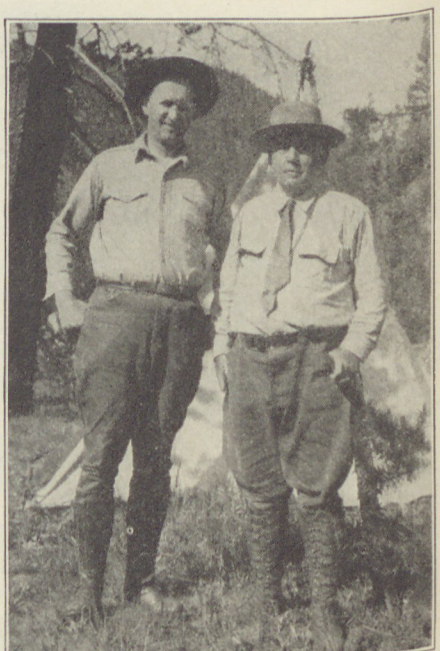
My Creed

By Sandy Griswold

"The love of nature born in me has had plenty of time for evolution. The ways and habits, cries and calls of the folk of the woods and fields, were my heritage, a part of my childhood, my whole early training. What I liked most was to be alone in the woods or open fields listening to their ceaseless voices, and the silent whisperings of my soul.

"Rod and gun have been my boon companions in the years that have past, but the greater pleasure has been the communion with God's creatures enjoyed with open heart and hand. In this glorious state of ours, Nebraska, and in those round about it, this companionship has been most wonderful.

"To hunt and fish are still my pleasure, but greater than these, is to seek, find, cherish and protect them all—the birds, the beasts, the flowers, the trees and creatures of the waters. These are our heritage, which now I pray I may help pass on to those who follow."



Horace M. Albright, Director of the National Park Service, and Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, two great conservationists who adhere to the creed above.

Let's Talk It Over—

Letters

25 Years Ago

Dear Editor:

Since reading "Tickled to Death" by Lucile and Angus Hibbard in your August issue, I have been waiting to see a repudiation of the story in the magazine.

The story related catching 48 muskallonge in 14 days. According to my limited experience, Wisconsin laws allow but one muskallonge a day. To Outdoor America readers who believe and practice conservation, this is disgusting; as the well known cartoonist says, "something should be done about this."

The story read "some time ago" but we regret that we did not specify definitely the number of years ago this incident took place. Perhaps we assumed too much the faith of our readers that Outdoor America would not flaunt an illegal or unsportsmanlike act. The following letter explains in detail:

"I am sorry that my story about tickling muskallonge meets with the disapproval of any one, particularly on the ground of conservation.

I have fished in Wisconsin lakes since a small boy, more than sixty years, and always, I believe, in the company of good sportsmen. Likewise I have been a Waltonian since the League was organized. As to the occurrences narrated:

1st. They happened in 1904, twenty-five years ago, long, I believe, before the present limit law was in force.

2nd. No fish were wasted, all were used.

3rd. No small size fish were killed.

I cannot plead guilty to any act or intention contrary to the law and practice of the time."

Chicago, Ill. ANGUS HIBBARD.

Good Luck and Cheerio

Dear Editor:

In perusing the recent excellent issues of Outdoor America, I was forced to cogitate over what now seems a very, very distant past: Those dream days, when you and Bill Dilg worked in a small room; barren, save for the dynamic energy and enthusiasm with which you two filled it.

For a long time it seemed a case of nothing but do, do, do; and then, it was changed to due, due, due! What faith, what persistent energy it required to mould the League's present efficient machine and impregnate this America of ours with a new ideal and a new social obligation. That chapter in Waltonism will never be fully known nor understood except by those of us who had the prerogative of beginning at the foundation. And the present and ultimate success could never be anticipated or consummated but for the loyal and able support of all who have followed and are carrying on.

We should be grateful for this privilege. At least, my dear Editor, that is the way I feel about the little which it has been my lot to contribute, and I posit I voice the sentiments of thousands when I offer praise to the active force of the League and its magazine today.

Good luck to you and to Outdoor America and to the League's future—and cheerio!

Chicago, Ill. HALFORD J. MORLAN.

Reprints

Dear Editor:

In the November issue of Outdoor America is an article entitled "Some Wonderful Trees" by W. J. Thompson. This article is extremely interesting to me and should come to the attention of more people, many who do not read your excellent magazine. I am a member of the American Forestry Association and am naturally keenly interested in trees and forests, as well as nature in general.

Last month there was another article in Outdoor America containing some figures regarding the rapidly decreasing supply of virgin timber in the United States, which I wish could be brought to the attention of all public minded people.

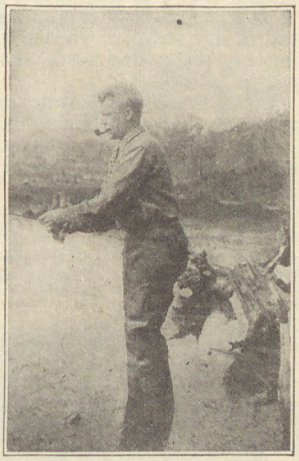
My object in writing you is to ask if you will give permission for the reprinting of these articles. Such articles help greatly toward awakening people to the necessity of conserving our natural resources, not only from the standpoint of economy, but also because of their immense social value.

Crawfordsville, Ind. J. A. RISHER.

About Our Contributors

Outdoor America's Xmas cover was painted by **Cecil Ogren,** whose paintings and posters are widely known. Mr. Ogren lives in Chicago and migrates to Minnesota in the summers, both from love of the open spaces and because of his health, which was badly shattered during the World War, where he spent two years as a motorcycle Dispatch Rider in France; he says his hobbies are fishing, landscape sketching, gardens and birds; his favorite virtue, silence; his favorite occupation, painting; his pet peeve, telephones, and his favorite motto—Work like Hellen B. Happy.

Frederic F. Van de Water, *The Fishing Formalist and the Dub,* has contributed his delightful stories before to Outdoor America, and it is with extreme gratification that we announce he has become a member of the magazine's Editorial Board. Mr. Van de Water is a nationally known writer and a great lover of the outdoors. He writes us: "I spent my summer in a cabin in the Berkshires—between spells of writing, I fished, in streams designed by God for trout and improved by man so that no trout can live in them. There is no finer trout water in the East than the Deerfield River. The Izaak Walton Chapter of Shelburne Falls, Mass., has stocked and restocked the stream. They have fought several mills that have been dumping their refuse into that lovely river, but thus far the mills continue to disgorge their filth. And now a power company is planning a dam and a tunnel that will leave miles of beautiful streams dry as the Sahara. Then I went north and caught salmon in Gaspé, and got an idea for a mystery novel with a salmon stream background. I'm just beginning it. Experience has taught me there's more mystery per square foot in salmon water than anywhere else on earth."



Sharat K. Roy, eminent geologist and explorer, gives us in this issue the second part of his adventures *Cruising with the Sealers of Newfoundland.* **Robert Page Lincoln,** *If You Go South,* writes us that he is hard at work at the most thrilling adventure of his life, a novel to be laid around Boonesboro, Ky. What outdoor enthusiast is there who does not thrill at the name of Daniel Boone and border warfare, forest runners, buckskin and Kentucky rifle!

Halford J. Morlan, *Playing Both Sides of the Border,* writes us he has driven some 6,000 miles over California and Oregon in the last two months and has had some excellent salmon and steelhead fishing.

Senator Harry B. Hawes of Missouri, *Companions and Guides,* is known to all Waltonians for his great work on the Hawes Black Bass Bill, and all should support him staunchly in his fight for America's noblest game fish. Mr. Hawes is a sportsman through and through. His article in this issue is a chapter from his book, *My Friend the Black Bass,* which will be published in the spring. He has generously given Outdoor America the privilege of publishing several other chapters before the publication of the book.

Roman J. Miller, *A Lion Hunt in California,* is a retired Naval Commander and lives out near the lion country of which he writes; we think he is more interested in the beauty of the trail than in the hunt, more thrilled by the flowers alongside than in the tracks of the game.

Otto d'Algodt, *By Auto, Foot and Ski,* appeared at Trenton, N. J., about a dozen decades after George had crossed the Delaware, much too late for the excitement. His hobby is the out-of-doors: mountain climbing, swimming, cycling, skiing, sailing, etc., then telling others about it in picture, story, and in lectures.

Charles W. Dawson, *Memories of French Fishermen,* has contributed before to Outdoor America; he is a former President of the League's Muskogee, Okla., chapter, and fishes from there all points east to Europe.

Erle Kauffman, *We Have the Men,* is a valiant battler for the outdoors and says he thinks "the greatest fault to be found in the Conservation program today is lack of punch. Dempsey became champion by a very simple but effective keynote—a left jab to the belly, and a right smash to the chin. A fighting conservationist with a left jab to the mid-section of red tape, and a right smash to the chin of caution might score a knockout for the cause. We're still flyweights dreaming of heavyweight titles."

Grover C. Ladner, *It Can Be Done,* is President of the Philadelphia Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, and prominently known for his conservation activities. **Hoyes Lloyd,** *Canada—The Nesting Ground of the Continent's Wild-fowl,* is Canada's leading bird student in charge of the migratory bird treaty laws of the Dominion. **Lafe Hoskins,** *Where Boys Are Boys,* is Elmer Burgess, popular and active member of the West Palm Beach Chapter of the League. **Peter Stewart,** *Tarpon Ho!* is a prominent newspaperman of St. Augustine, Fla.; **Dr. Frank L. Bailey,** *Between Father and Son* is Secretary of the League's Plymouth, Mass., Chapter.

Gun Rack and Game Fields

By ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Game Breeding for the Amateur

Second Part

IN the October issue we carried on to the time the young quail were out of the shell, and now comes the critical time, i. e., the care of the young birds.

For the first day or two the chicks must be kept in the coop, so see to it that there is no hole through which they may escape.

After the second day place the hen and chicks in a fresh coop which should be placed in the sun on fresh grass, feed the hen whole wheat or corn, and watch carefully to see that the young birds are brooded when chilly, however, as a rule they seem to know when to crawl under the hen.

Until the chicks learn the hen's call do not let them escape from the coop. They soon learn this call and when they do they may be allowed to run out in the yard, provided the weather is not too cool, but if the ground is wet keep them in the coop till it dries out.

The coop and run should be moved every other day to a new spot. Do not neglect this for it is very essential.

Food for Young Birds

YOUNG quail, in their wild state feed on insects exclusively, so it is important that, after they have learned the hen's call that they be allowed to range in the open where they can find a sufficient number of insects to supplement the artificial food.

A mistake which is often made, is over feeding, but this is easy to avoid, and the right amount may be determined after the first day, by watching carefully after the first feeding, if there is any food left, clean it up carefully and feed less the next time.

The young birds should be given food after they are a day old, and the rule is to feed often and only a small quantity at a time.

The first week they should be fed five times a day and the second week four times.

By the end of the second week the chicks have learned to "rustle" quite a bit for themselves, so it is not necessary to feed oftener than three times, and after two months twice a day is sufficient, and then the food may be the same as is given to the old birds.

Varieties of Food for Young Birds

AN egg diet is generally the one used for a starter and may be prepared in two ways. One way is to boil the eggs hard, grate and mix with parched bread crumbs and feed fairly moist but not sticky.

The other method is to make an egg and milk custard, but unlike the ordinary table custard this should be cooked until it is dry and hard enough to crumble, and then run through a sieve and mix with cracker or parched bread crumbs. Do not feed custard that is soft and wet.

Along with the food, fine grit mixed with charcoal should be constantly on hand.

Cottage cheese is being used by the most successful breeders, feeding a little once a day.

The morning and night meals should be heavier than those during the middle of the day.

After the first week it is well to begin mixing "pheasant meal" with the egg, and this should be increased gradually while the egg diet should be decreased in a like proportion.

Pheasant meal may be obtained from The Wallace Evans Game Farm, or from dealers handling Spratts products.

This food consists of cereals, and meat, and before mixing with the egg, it is well to scald it a few hours, before feeding but under no circumstances allow it to sour.

When the chicks are a week or ten days old they can be fed ground grain and seeds in small quantities.

If there are not enough insects where the birds are running it is a good thing to catch grasshoppers and other insects, and in dry weather when the grass is drying up, the young birds should be given a little lettuce.

Some breeders advocate the feeding of ants' eggs to the young birds, while others claim they are of no especial value, however they do no harm, and do very well for a change.

For the first few days the chicks do not require much water, and what little they do need is obtained from the dew on the grass in the runs. After the first week see to it that the water in the shallow pans is fresh. A good plan is to fill the pans at the second feeding, letting it stand till after the third meal, then empty and clean the pans, so they will be fresh the next day.

Rearing Fields

FENCED fields are not absolutely necessary provided there are no stray cats or dogs in the neighborhood, still these fields are quite convenient, as a better watch can be kept on the hens and chicks.

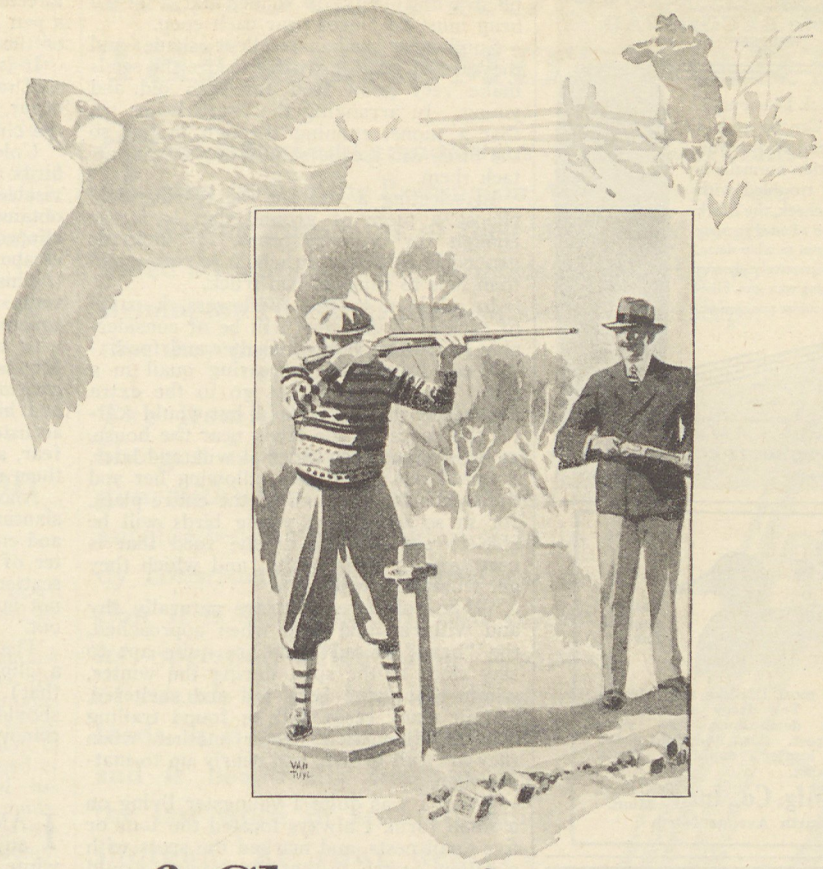
A fenced field of an acre will take care of ten broods very nicely, but it is not well to attempt to care for any more, for the young quail should not be crowded as they are much more susceptible to disease when crowded, so this should be avoided.

The fence should be eight feet high, with the strip next to the ground of half inch mesh, extending upwards eighteen inches and buried six inches. The next strip may be of one inch mesh, and the top strip of one and a half inch.

Young quail begin to make short flights when six weeks old, but it will be some time before they can top the eight foot fence, and when old enough to do this, they generally know enough to fly back, but some of the youngsters never seem to have sense enough to fly back though they fly out, and these birds will run around the fence seeking a hole, so wings should be run out on at least two sides of the field meeting the fence at an angle and covered over two or three feet back from where the wing joins the main fence, forming a pocket, thus making it an easy matter to catch the birds as they run into one of the wings when seeking an inlet.

These wings should not open the same way, because when the young birds start around from left to right they are quite apt to continue, in same direction, and if the wings do not happen to open towards

Nest of quail eggs. Photograph courtesy Pennsylvania Game Commission.



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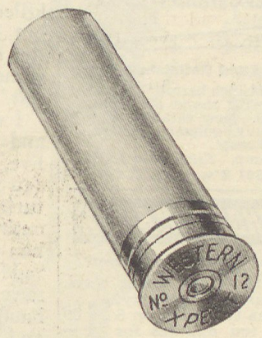

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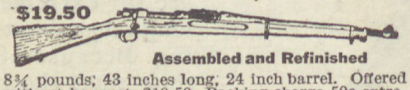

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the running bird they will miss the opening.

It is very important that the field is supplied with plenty of shade, and a brush heap must be placed near each coop.

Sunflowers make excellent shade and they are of rapid growth, besides the seeds make very good feed for both old and young. In arranging the brush heaps see that a tunnel running through is left so the birds can escape should any animal attack them.

In selecting a site for the rearing field choose a piece of ground that is fertile enough for ordinary crops, for unfertile ground is no better on which to raise quail than it is to raise garden truck.

In addition to the sunflowers, a patch of cane or Kaffir corn will be of considerable advantage, both as shelter and food.

Were I engaged in rearing quail in a small way, I would not go to the extra expense of the fenced field, but would scatter the coops on the lawn, near the house, where they could wander at will, and later, I would release the hen, allowing her and the chicks the freedom of the entire place, for in so doing, the young birds will be able to obtain more of the food that is necessary to their health, and which they get when in a wild state.

While bobwhite quail are naturally shy and will run and hide when approached, the "hand" raised birds are quite apt to stay close to the spot, during the winter, where they have been fed and sheltered, and in many cases will be found trailing around after their foster mother when they are full grown, and nearly up to mating time.

When I was quite a youngster living on a small farm, I always located the four or five quail nests, and marked the spots with a willow switch so that the mowers would not cut over the nests. At that time the mowing machine had not come into prominence in our neighborhood, and we always had a half dozen colored men armed with scythes to cut the clover and timothy. The year we had out first mower I had not been able to locate one of the nests, although I was positive it was somewhere in the meadow, and as luck would have it that hateful mower ran over this nest and killed the sitting bird. I was heart broken, but I gathered the eggs very carefully in my hat and placed them under one of my game bantam hens who had just started to "sit."

I was told that the eggs would not hatch, and if they did the young birds would not live, but just the same the eggs did hatch (twelve of them) and eleven lived to maturity, following the bantam during the entire winter, even following her into the hen house once in a while.

Much to my disappointment the quail never became very tame, even though I handled them when they were quite small, and allowed no one to feed them at any time. When any one other than myself approached they would scamper for cover.

About the last of March the birds began to get uneasy, and after a few days left the hen for good. I had hopes that they might come back the following winter, but none of them ever showed up.

This was the only experiment in raising quail that I made in my younger days, but I knew of several similar cases where the birds did equally well, but, of course at that time quail were so plentiful that no one ever gave a thought to artificial propagation.

Disease

YOUNG quail reared in captivity often suffer from an epidemic, similar to cholera in domestic poultry, especially when too many are kept in the same pen.

At the first sign of sickness, which affects the weaker birds, the ones that are affected should be removed, and placed in a pen far removed from any of the others, or the entire number are apt to die.

It is during the period of the early fall cold rains that epidemics are most likely to occur, consequently this is the time that the chicks should be watched very closely.

Unless it is desired to keep some of the birds for breeding, or to sell it is not advisable to clip their wings, for the exercise obtained from flying is beneficial, and unclipped birds have a better chance to escape from their enemies.

This may be accomplished in several ways. One method is to have a small pen covered over, with one end left open, placed near where the birds have been fed, and for several days before they are to be caught, grain should be scattered around and in this pen, so that they will become accustomed to running in and out without fear, and then it is an easy matter to pick them up when needed.

Another method is to build a pen with slanting wings running out several feet and ending in a covered funnel in the center of the pen. The birds will follow the scattered food into the enclosure, but will not notice the opening when trying to get out.

The birds kept for sale should not have a clipped wing (let the buyer attend to that). The birds retained for breeding should have the primary quills of one wing removed.

Other Varieties of Quail

I AM not familiar with the rearing of any species of quail other than the Bobwhite, but am informed that the Valley quail of California, the Gambel and Scaled partridge of the Southwest are just as easy to raise in captivity and are not nearly so shy, in fact the Valley quail become quite tame and seem to enjoy being handled by the one who feeds them.

Personally, I am not in favor of any attempt to introduce either of these into Bobwhite territory, for none of them compare with our native as a table bird, and as far as sport is concerned, there is nothing to it, for I have never seen a Scaled quail lie to a dog, and the Valley quail are nearly as bad.

Furthermore I am inclined to believe that none of these will do well in any of our Eastern, Central or Southern states, for their natural habitat is a very dry country.

I trust that our readers have not been bored by these articles on the rearing of game, and that the hints contained may be of some help to these contemplating taking up the work.

I wish to add that I am indebted to Mr. Herbert K. Job for much valuable information which I have gleaned from his book, entitled "Propagation of Wild Birds," and I advise any amateur with aspirations towards game breeding to obtain a copy of this splendid work, for it is more comprehensive than any other publication of this kind that I have had the pleasure of looking over.

I have taken the liberty of copying verbatim his résumé of the plan as outlined.

"Following is a résumé of the general plan based upon my own experience and observation, which I suggest for the handling of quails on an estate, farm, or preserve:

1. Secure breeding stock in late fall or early winter, either by purchase or by capture of a small stock by permission of the authorities.

2. Keep these through the winter in a wire enclosure with simple shelter from storms and cold winds.

3. In April separate the pairs, having each pair in a small pen by itself. Some can remain in the larger pen together, if there are not enough small pens.

4. Hatch out the eggs and raise the young with bantams. Do not attempt incubators and brooders.

5. Put the breeders back into the large pen together by the latter part of July, unless they wish to incubate.

6. In late fall or early winter catch up what young are desired. They can be left wild to breed naturally next summer. Feed regularly under shelters throughout the winter, to hold them on the land, as also by planted areas of grain left standing for them. In severe winter weather coveys might be shut up and cared for, and let go again.

Such plans, carefully followed, should prove practicable, and should become an important factor in restoring quails and other birds of this class.

A California Lion Hunt

(Continued from page 19)

A shot brought him crashing down through the branches and with a thud he fell among the pack.

He had gambled with death and at last took the trail of all good lions over the Great Divide. This king of the mountains measured nine feet from tip of nose to tip of tail. There was no opportunity to weigh him inasmuch as he was skinned at the place of kill. John estimated his weight as well over two hundred pounds. So far as I am able to learn, this is the largest lion killed in San Diego County. The next in size is believed to be the one shot by Bill Keener of Lakeside, shown in illustration, which weighed two hundred and ten pounds, and measured seven feet, nine inches.

The primitive thrill of the chase, the return to camp with the trophy, the sincere hospitality of my hosts, and the scenic beauty of the mountains combine in delightful memory.

By Auto, Foot and Ski

(Continued from page 21)

had been up, meanwhile blizzards had piled many feet of snow and ice around the hut. So we had to give it up as a bad job.

"Let's try the window."

The cabin was of stone, with a door and window set deep in the wall, requiring only heavy bars to give it a Sing Sing aspect. The little sash on the left, with its squared panes, offered new hope; we easily forced it open, through which for a moment we functioned like perfect thirty-sixes.

Huge icicles suspended from the ceiling, like so many stalactites in a cave.

The government, in constructing the cabin, had been very thoughtful in providing a heater to warm this stony chamber, with a notice on the wall instructing in its use but alas! that hope should flare up one moment, and be smothered in the next, for only the contour of a stove was visible in the modeled snow.

A table and two iron beds were the simple but welcome furnishings. We discovered a score of blankets in a closet where walls glistened with frost. Then a pile of mattresses, just what was wanted for tired bodies. "Let's spread them out, and everybody pull, here goes, heave-O-ho!" But they would not give a fraction of an inch, were frozen together, a layer cake of mattresses! However, we pulled,

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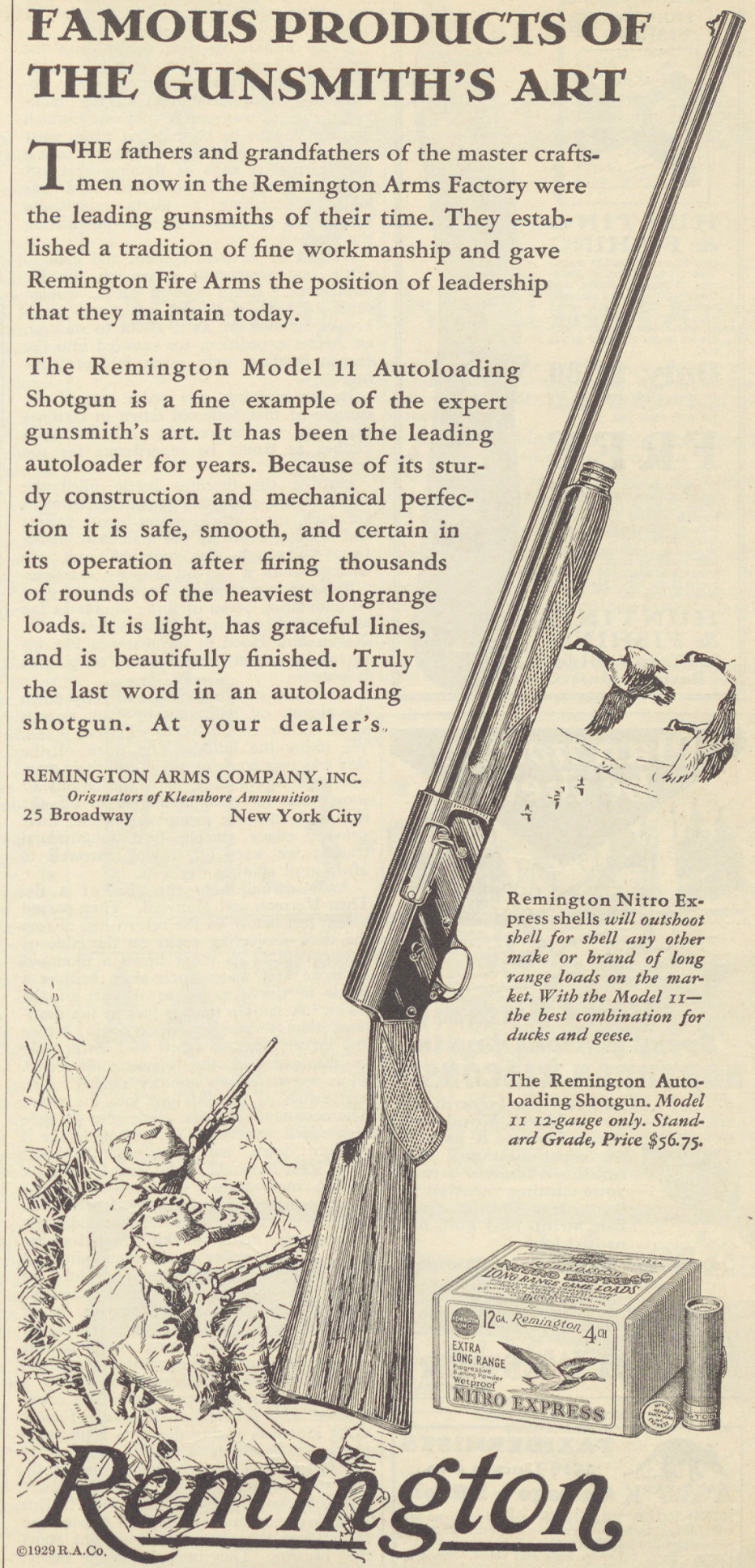

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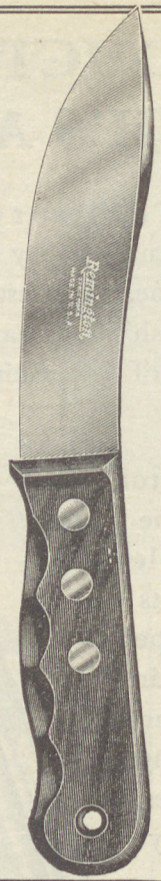

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pried, tugged and ripped, each effort bringing a little swishing sound, as if two sticky oilskins were being separated.

Every minute it grew colder with the approach of night; and to melt snow over canned heat was a slow process for obtaining warm nourishment. After melting, the result was merely cold water which in turn had to be boiled; but after what seemed hours our cups began to bubble over respective cans of flaming heat. A highly concentrated, powdered food was added, furnishing a warm nourishing liquid, not so ritzy it is true, but hitting the spot.

But all of us were content and glad to settle our wearisome selves on the icy mattresses. Extra woolen socks, woolen caps over ears, and with coats and windbreaks bundled on, as if about to start on an Arctic expedition, we crawled into the frozen bedding, only noses left protruding.

In the morning, our order seemed the reverse of that followed down in civilization, for we undressed; took off such clothes as would be superfluous for the return trip.

Out of the thermos bottle filled the night before, a cup of warm nourishment for each, some whole wheat bread, raisins and oranges made up the mountain breakfast. Through the squared exit we emerged into a radiant Sunday morning.

Tops of surrounding ranges peeped over an undulating ocean of fluffy clouds as far as one could see, with Mounts Adams, St. Helens and Hood in the distance like inverted ice cream cones floating on pinkish billows.

We could steer our course directly down the slopes, or indirectly by long sweeps at an incline conducive to sufficient speed. We chose the latter. The work of the skis was now to bring them into their own, no longer were they to be imitations of snowshoes, for with manila ropes off, the skis sank into the granulated white, their wooden edges cutting neat longitudinal tracks; we were off, saying farewell to Muir until another day.

Andy dwindled to the size of a fly. Then Herman and Maxwell. They passed a few feet below on the return leg. From the dark projecting rocks on the edge of a snowfield to its other limits a thousand or more feet away, each skier became a speck in the distance as if part of the rocks. A minute or two lost in the drabness, then a moving speck again, larger and larger, passing a few feet lower only to disappear in the opposite direction. Thus we passed one another swiftly. The soft swish of the skis cut into the snow. The occasional metallic clink of a ski pole disk added variety. Yes, we could take it straight down, but how swift a dash! How soon it would be all over! What a terrific momentum! But why end the sport so soon? The thought of breakneck speed over a hump of white that ends only in space also made one think first, for that kind of ski jumping in the mountains can be indulged in only once. Therefore we zigzagged to and fro in tremendous sweeps over clear skiing courses, as if they had been made to order; prolonging the pleasurable adventure, doubling the mileage, adding to the greater glory because of the switchback method.

Dizzy drifts of ermine were thus criss-crossed with ski tracks. Myriads of snow disks loosened, racing down as if in competition. Suddenly a slope stretched at our feet as if at the very edge of the earth, but we stopped in time. Down, down, down, we could see a gaping depth! But three forms with nerve decided to continue right over the edge. Insignificant spots they became. They melted into the valley, almost faded entirely out of the picture. Little heed was paid to their speed, they thought only of keeping their balance; they succeeded, and three little specks swept across the valley at least an eighth of a mile until a slight elevation brought them to a stop.

We were again in Paradise Valley; having been to the height of ten thousand feet on skis and returned we felt that our happiness was complete.

We looked towards the snowfields of Muir, where the story of our glee was told in the writing of the skis; then we looked at one another, in each heart a longing to do it again, for the mountain fastnesses and the most thrilling of sports beckon one to return, and we will.

READ
THE VANISHED PEOPLE
by EDISON MARSHALL
in January

Warden E. E. Allgier of Lake Andes, S. D., with pet coyote.

UNDER an edict issued by the Game Commission of South Dakota last spring, field wardens were instructed to kill, if possible, all predatory animals seen.

It was while he was scouting around early one morning for a reported violator that Warden E. E. (Duffy) Allgier discovered a mother coyote making for her den.

Securing the necessary tools, the warden proceeded to dig out the den and discovered his prey at a depth of a few feet. A 30-30 dispatched her to the happy hunting grounds along with one of her four puppies that she had stayed by to the finish.

Now a coyote pup is just as cute as a little dog puppy, and the fact that nature had not as yet opened their eyes sort of engendered a bit of sympathy from their captor.

So the tender-hearted officer carried them home. They were fed and fondled, growing to maturity entirely unaware that theirs was not the life nature had intended for them to live.

One, a little female, showed such an inclination to become domesticated that she would follow her benefactor around the yard and to his car, full of eager anticipation at the thought of getting a ride.

A few trips, and whatever reminiscences she ever had, if any, of roaming the prairies were over-shadowed by a life of leisure and luxury.

At the age of four months, a wag of the tail greets the purr of the motor and if left at home, she is wont to sulk like a spoiled and disappointed child.

Women—Out of Doors

(Continued from page 29)

Mrs. Averill has landed tarpon at Port Aransas, Texas, and is also recognized as an expert fly fisher and bait caster. She has whipped streams in the north and east and other far places where trout were rising.

Though her friends proclaim Mrs. Averill an excellent shot, good at golf and an all around sport in camping and the rest, her keenest pleasure is riding her splendid thoroughbred mare Spanish Rose, with Jack following. She is one of the best among horsewomen, sitting this mare expertly and handling the Texas "cow ponies" with equal skill and understanding.

Wolf hunting, riding a cow pony after "Big Pup" and the pack of trained wolf hounds, is a difficult task. Wolf hunting as well as rabbit hunting with greyhounds is done mostly on ranches in Texas. This means both wooded and prairie riding with barbed wire fences. And a cow pony knows the game. Mrs. Averill is the one of the few women welcomed by the master of hounds and the men on these long hard hunts so entirely different from the open hunting done on thoroughbred animals elsewhere.

June Percival Pittman with her husband James Pittman and son Jimmie spend every possible waking hour out of doors. They adapt the sport to the season with shooting the current attraction.

Mrs. Pittman fishes in Texas, Maine, Minnesota, Colorado, and has landed salmon in Washington State. Duck shooting is her hunting preference and the Eagle Lake Rod and Gun Club her favorite preserve.

With a 20 gauge shotgun she brings in her limit, never shirking the drudgery of putting out decoys on the coldest day. In fact she and Mrs. Averill hunt frequently with their husbands. They agree that when the water is particularly icy the men seem busy with their guns and this putting out of decoys usually falls to them.

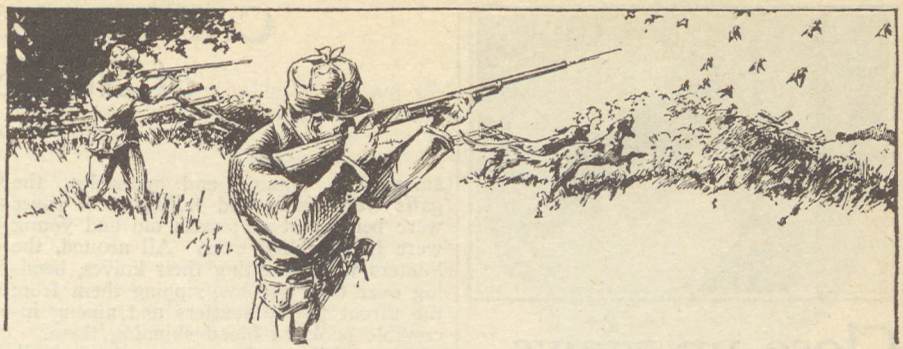
Mrs. Pittman has no pictures of her kill. She explained, "We usually came in late, cold and hungry as wolves. The idea of pictures just did not occur to me." But we have a picture of Mrs. Pittman with a loved hunting dog.

"Jimmie's" skill with the gun is his mother's particular pride. At fourteen he runs the more experienced hunters in his family a close race and they like it.

Camping the real roughing it way, is another of Mrs. Pittman's pleasures. In the mountains, blanket wrapped, she admits sleeping the clock round.

In the Maine woods, west Texas plains or on the beach of the Gulf of Mexico June Pittman camps. And any day in any weather she is ready to go. The amazing thing to her is that every woman in the world does not do likewise as far as her opportunity allows. "It's just fun the things we do and I can't see any reason for writing about me unless some other woman might be shown what she is missing."

Betty Benton Patterson will be glad to receive letters from outdoor loving women on all phases of the outdoors



Shooting Over The Dogs

See how they sniff to "get the wind." How gingerly they walk when a bit of cover is suspected. And when they point—oh, man, what a thrill! Then comes the flush and the quick shooting!

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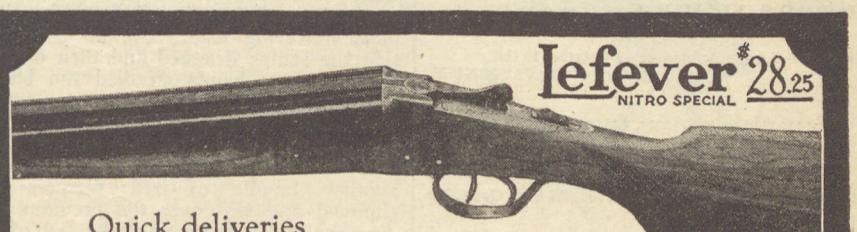

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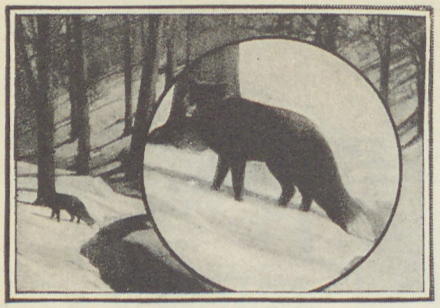

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Cruising with the Sealers of Newfoundland

(Continued from page 10)

among ice clumps and pinnacles, the gaffs were rising and falling; tow ropes were being cast off; seals old and young were being rolled over. All around, the hunters were whetting their knives, bending over their victims, ripping them from the throat to the scutters and among incredible pools of blood skinning them.

Some of the seals were not dead at all, but dead or alive they all went under the flensing knife. How they writhed, flung and twisted! Milk, rich and creamy, sucked a while ago, spurted and mingled with the blood. A seal is extremely bloody. The ice glowed with its blood. The whitecoats had become redcoats.

All about, skinned carcasses with glassy eyes and vague white ribs quivered, twitched and smoked. They were left there for sharks and gulls—ripped of the skin and fat coveted by man. The mother seals who had escaped the gaff raised inquiring heads. Some climbed over the ice, sniffed at the carcasses of their babies, circled around them, mewed plaintively and at last slid down through the "bobbing holes." Others stayed with the carcasses vacantly looking toward the limitless plain of arctic ice that blazed under the March sky.

The slaughter went on. Hunters, now mad with the intoxication of blood, were killing and scalping everything that had hair on it. Some came aboard, grabbed dirty tin cups and crowded the galley door for a "mug up" of hard-tack and tea sweetened with molasses. Others were dragging their tow of seals shipward, bending far forward with the weight of the load. Men, working far away from the ship, were piling their pelts on the nearest heavy pans of ice, marking them with flags to be replaced by torches if the ship could not get there to pick them up before nightfall. A few were taking life easy, leaning against pinnacles, eating raw kidneys neatly strung on their belts.

Pelts Being Hauled Aboard

A vast pile of pelts had already accumulated alongside the ship, ready to be hauled aboard. "Out with those straps," yelled the Captain from the bridge. Out went the straps. Blood soaked men on the ice ran the straps through the holes in the pelts where the flippers had been cut out. Thirty pelts to a strap was considered a good load. Eager men hooked the strap of pelts to the winch wire. "Go 'eed!" shouted the bosun. The winch steamed, rattled and coiled up its dripping, quivering load. Up, up the ship's side the sculps dragged and then dangled free. Joyous hands steadied the bloody load. "Let go!" cried the master watch. The winch went in reverse. Swiftly the gory mass flopped on the slushy deck. Out went the bright red strap. Up came another bundle of red rawness and slumped and slid over the previous one. Another and another until the last of the precious pelts were aboard. The engine room bell jangled. The ship moved on, circled around picking up distant pans where the torches flickered.

The Deck Smelled Dismally of Fat and Blood

Conditions on deck had become unbearable. Everything smelled sickeningly of seal fat. Ankle deep gory slush ran in thick runnels in all directions. And how the men toiled and sweated in that muck! Even the nights were filled with many labors. Some were chopping ice for the famed "pinnacle water"; some dragging pelts from the fore to the aft deck; some tallying them; others stowing and icing them in the hold. Every pelt had to be taken care of to make room for the next day's onslaught.

Rifles Are Used to Kill Old Seals

An enormous area was worked over. Day in, day out, week in, week out, the ship crashed and shuddered. Some days we killed only a few, other days we killed hundreds and thousands. Toward the end of the trip, the whitecoats "scrobbed off" and "dipped." Old harps and scattered families of hoods became the main target of the hunt. Rifles took the place of gaffs. Gunners and dogs (attendants who carry cartridges for the gunners) led the procession. Rifles did their murderous work well, but a large number of the victims escaped fatally wounded. "Ye'll see dem crawl up on de ice afore lang an' die," Uncle Tom assured me. "If they don't this year, they will next year," I guaranteed.

Seal Hunting Is Replete with Fearful Disasters

And ever they were killing, sometimes close to the boat, sometimes miles away unconcerned about the approaching fog or blizzard. In the past sudden blizzards have taken heavy toll of lives. The history of seal hunting is replete with fearful disasters. Thousands of lives have been lost, hundreds of vessels have been wrecked and crushed to matchwood. The North struck again and again without warning. In recent years it struck the sealing vessels the *Greenland* and the *Newfoundland*. One hundred and twenty-five men were unable to regain their ships and died more painful deaths than the victims of their pitiless butcheries. On our way back to St. John's, skipper George, the only man who had survived both of these disasters, gave me the gruesome details of the catastrophes. How he escaped the teeth of the frenzy he could not explain. Men were found huddled together in groups, frozen stiff. Some were found kneeling, apparently met their end while praying. A few died with frozen food and froth in their mouths. Others still clutched hard-tack in their stiffened hands. Some went stark crazy, embraced pinnacles for wives, sweethearts and children. Some plunged into rifters mistaking them for ships and houses. A father and son were found hugging each other. They were frozen so solidly together that all efforts to thaw them out failed and they had to be buried in the same coffin.

Such disasters, however, proved no deterrent to this race of men. For generations they have found the call of the icefields irresistible. You could threaten them with life but not with death.

On April 7th, just before the night broke into day, we nosed into the "Narrows." Shortage of fuel brought us to St. John's earlier than we expected. Thus ended the saga of slaughter for another year and my days with the sealers for all the years to come.

If You Go South

(Continued from page 17)

Contrary to conditions in the warmer waters along the West Coast of Florida the Gulf waters from Pass Christian to Galveston, Texas, do not present the sea fishing possibilities during January and February that the former do. You obtain your tarpon fishing at its height at Aransas Pass, Texas, in the month of October which, likewise, is true of tarpon fishing at Pass Christian and Bay St. Louis in the same month. After that, however, the cold winds and the resulting cold inshore waters drive these mighty silver fighters out into the Gulf, likewise driving out the other smaller sea fish such as the sea trout, the mackerel, etc., almost identically the same fish as swarm in the waters along the West Coast of Florida. Sea fishing during the winter from Pensacola, Florida, to Texas is therefore something hard to depend upon, indeed only by fishing deep well off shore can any success whatsoever be had. In Louisiana, however, black bass fishing is to be had in numerous "blackwater" (that is to say, clearwater) bayous, in lakes and certain rivers in the western part of the state. In the region of Lake Charles and Morgan City, Louisiana, one may branch out to obtain such fishing, also duck and goose shooting, as would make one's mouth water. What Louisiana offers above all other things in the winter is hunting of every sort, duck, goose, shorebirds, quail, doves, deer, bear and wild hogs. The hunter may, however, alternate with bass fishing to suit his taste and with some sea fishing should the weather be right. Much depends upon the weather conditions as I have previously stated. If the winter is a comparatively mild one in the north the weather will be pleasant and warm along the Gulf coast with the result that sea fish will remain in the more shallow inshore waters. Fishing in the Louisiana and Mississippi sound region is at its best naturally during such mild winters.

Camping out by means of the regulation auto tent is not the only manner cleaved to by southern tourists. There are trailers carrying a tent home that may be erected over the same wherein are contained two cots, gasoline stove, cupboard and other incidentals. The value of a trailer tent home of this sort is that it eliminates the bother of carrying the tent on the car, also all the labor of putting up and taking down the tent and putting up and taking down the cots. Various types of houses on wheels are often met with, some of these composed of very cheap and unreliable material, even wall board that fails to stand the elements. This manner of traveling reaches its height in certain *de luxe* pullman cars that are equipped with every possible convenience costing often more than two thousand dollars.

Sleeping inside of your car is a means to "camping out" that has an appeal that merits a rather close inspection. It is unique in that it eliminates both a tent and cots, tent poles and a rather numerous array of items that the auto camper must needs carry with him. But the idea of sleeping right in your car has its limitations, too. It is quite useless for more than two to attempt sleeping in a car and retain something of their mental equilibrium and the patience of Job. I do not wish to infer that I meant more than two adults. I am referring to two adults and any possible children. An auto of any size may accommodate two adults and a child up to four or five years of age but beyond that it is simply courting an impossibility for the room allowable does not permit crowding. The minute space at one's command inside of an auto after the seats and cushions have been distributed in place and the mattress pad laid down is such that one may just turn around and that it all. It is simply sleeping in a pullman berth on a train transferred to your auto, no more, no less. Often it is a question of writhing into and out of your clothes, of arranging makeshifts for hanging up hats, garments and socks with the possibility of privacy reduced to a minimum. But in spite of the humor of the thing one cannot help but applaud the idea. One certainty remains: one may sleep in one's car in rather chilly weather and be entirely comfortable since one is high and dry over the ground and any possible dampness. By pinning white cheese-cloth or two or three thicknesses of mosquito netting over the windows the insects are effectually kept at a distance when, later on, you are in southern climes.

On our last southern trip, in which we slept the entire trip in the car, a canvas tent cover decked our car over down to the ground, very neatly shedding the rain and turning the wind and making it very comfortable within the car. Indeed when a car cover is used in combination with sleeping in the car one may sleep out in the most brisk weather without feeling the cold. I later improved on the car cover idea by adding triangular strips of canvas to each end of the cover whereby one side of the canvas could be extended out to the side being pinned down in the shape of a half tent or lean-to. The desirable feature of this is that when so provided with extra room one may utilize the same in the preparation of meals which otherwise must be contrived outside. No matter how inclement the weather, with a half-shelter of this sort, integral with the car cover, one may camp out in real comfort. It is interesting in this respect that an ordinary two burner gasoline camp stove will help to keep things perfectly warm in freezing weather and at night the gasoline lantern, set in the half-shelter space, will prove equally beneficial. It is when one is traveling in chilly or cold weather that the gasoline lantern and the little gasoline stove prove their actual value, in fact they are indispensable on a trip of this sort. By lighting the gasoline lantern or your gasoline stove in your auto tent in the morning it is but so many minutes before the temperature of the same changes from winter to summer.

There is a fascination in going south in the winter that has an appeal all its own. To forsake the north while the blizzards are raging and the world at large seems paralyzed; to gradually leave the snowy fields and bleak sights behind; to eventually come into the mountains and valleys of the south with their innumerable attractions and to finally see green growing things again and feel the warmth of a sun that has about it the friendliness of spring is something that holds out an almost irresistible lure.

The south is just on the verge of being discovered. It holds locked in its embrace a charm that is never-ending. Understand that it is not alone the favored Gulf-shores that are the big attraction, there is also the mountain and hill region of the south, the Blue Ridge mountains, the Smokies and the Cumberlands. Here are forests immense in extent, stretching far off into the dim distance, as wild as when the first settlers entered the region and Daniel Boone blazed the way westward with the Wilderness Road. Compared with this region, the cut-over land

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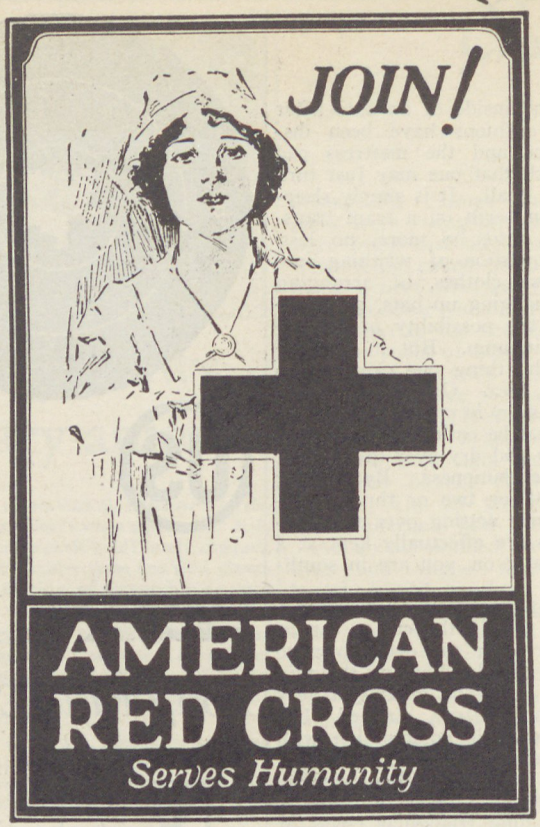

On November 11, just eleven years since the Armistice was signed, the American Red Cross is opening its annual Roll Call, to run until Thanksgiving.

The work of the Red Cross was immense during the war. Since the war, it has been even greater, and, far from being finished, it is increasing each year. Rehabilitation of wounded men, relief work during disasters, and aid to ex-soldiers and their families are only a few of the functions of the Red Cross.

The Chicago Chapter alone completed 45,098 garments for disaster refugees, gave 8,906 ex-service men financial assistance and service, adjusted claims with the Government for 231 families, the claims amounting to $223,397; gave 12,014 women and girls classes in home hygiene and care of the sick, translated 870 volumes of "Braille," so that the blind might read with their fingers, and gave "First Aid and Life Saving" work to thousands. Besides, 3,500 disabled veterans in the hospitals of this district were given Christmas presents and other holiday packages.

This year, as usual, Red Cross workers will be seeking memberships in office buildings, banks and the better business organizations throughout the city. More than 2,500 firms are holding Roll Calls in their own organizations. Among the best groups, from the standpoint of result, have been, in the past, the banks, stockyards, public buildings and the department stores.

Every membership is needed, for the Red Cross relies for its support and the good work it does on the money collected during this Roll Call. *Your* membership is the most necessary of all. Do not fail to once again become a member of the organization which President Hoover termed: "The greatest medium through which the American people express their sympathy. It is now our national army of defense against disaster and suffering."

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of the north, the devastated, ruined and inglorious stumplands that remain as the sole reminder of the once dominant forests are truly as a No-Man's Land!

Go south this winter or any winter though you may have to "save up" for several years to do so. It is unfortunate that circumstances are such that more vacations may not be engineered in the winter season instead of in the summer but the winter of one's discontent is often one of close application to work and the acquirement of the material things of life. We who are gypsies and are constantly shifting from place to place carry our various occupations with us and so are apparently able to move with the seasons and we have been taught by almost a science how to make a little go a long ways. Our possessions are far from extensive but we have gained great wealth by the beauties of nature that we have seen, the woods, the waters, the mountains and the valleys we have beheld in the various seasons of change. And not the least of these sensations have been the southern scenes and places we have been in. There is still the fragrance of romance to enhance any visit into the south, something different from our staid, practical world in the north which is so engrossed in the never-ceasing pursuit of silver and gold.

Go south to the Gulf-shores but reserve a matter of three weeks for the rest of the south, the mountain region and the incomparable valleys on your return trip. You'll not regret it!

Memories of French Fishermen

(Continued from page 24)

window ledge and where she already had eight or ten others waiting the time when she would use them. This struck me as a novel way to insure fresh fish in a place where there is no ice in summer.

In the heart of Paris, every pleasant day sees the stone walls along the Seine lined with numberless fishermen. If it were not rather pathetic it would be amusing to see the ardor of these disciples of Izaak Walton. They lean over the high parapet perhaps twenty feet above the water, and ply the longest cane poles I have ever seen, rigged with light lines and fine leaders and the tiniest of hooks. On the pavement beside them are covered baskets to receive the catch. I noticed particularly one little chap who was not tall enough to even look over the top of the wall and had to content himself with watching his father who leaned over it and maneuvered his bait far below. He was eager with excitement as he danced attendance and passed his father the tiny grubs used for bait. I asked if they had caught any fish. "O, oui, Monsieur," and he glowed with pride as he opened the basket, laid back the leaves and showed me six little minnows that we would think fit only for bass bait. The father beamed on me. I congratulated "all the two" of them most cordially and parted from them with many mutual bows and felicitations.

The Vanished People
By EDISON MARSHALL
Beginning in January

What's Happening in Conservation

(Continued from page 37)

League Chapter made a test case of the matter, claiming that the ordinance was an unfair discrimination and that sportsmen as a class are far more careful of fires than any other users of the outdoors. Captain Crossman and Pete Peterson, firearms experts, testified that it is practically impossible to start a fire with modern arms and ammunition. The court decided in favor of the defendant, thereby nullifying the ordinance and exonerating the sportsmen.

Quetico-Superior Friends

THE Quetico-Superior plan for the development of a vast international forest producing and recreational area in northern Minnesota and western Ontario is gaining friends rapidly.

At the recent National Convention of the American Legion the proposal was endorsed most enthusiastically. The Legion suggested that the area be set aside as an international war memorial to the soldier dead of both countries.

The bills pending in Congress to initiate the movement will undoubtedly receive consideration early in the regular session beginning in December.

Secretary Wilbur Visits Parks

DR. RAY LYMAN WILBUR, Secretary of the Interior, visited a number of National Parks in the West this past summer and obtained a first-hand look at park problems.

In addition to announcing an increase in the number of National Park visitors of approximately thirty percent over the three millions of 1928, Secretary Wilbur stated that indications are that this travel to our parks has just started because these "islands of natural beauty withheld for posterity are but just beginning to demonstrate their possibilities."

In commenting upon the educational advantages of our parks, the Secretary states, "A developing feature in the handling of these parks is the direction of those who visit them into educational understanding of the plant and animal life, and of the geological phenomena which are so strikingly set out. Museums are appearing in all parks and the naturalist-rangers who act as guides and lecturers are increasing in number and popularity. These parks are becoming important educational institutions."

The Secretary calls attention to the fact that this phenomenal increase in visitors to the parks places upon the government the responsibility for adequately handling them, and that there is little doubt that the public will gladly foot the bill. Certainly adequate facilities and personnel are imperative.

Conservation Question Box

Motors to Hunt Game

1. May motor propelled conveyances of any kind be used in hunting waterfowl anywhere in the United States? F. K., Arkansas.

No motor boat, airplane or other motor propelled conveyance may legally be used in hunting waterfowl anywhere in the United States. Most of the states prohibit shooting at game from automobiles or other motor propelled conveyances. States which do not yet have such laws should enact them without delay both to protect game and to save human life.

Weasels as Killers

2. Is it true that weasels, often called ermine, destroy small game in large quantities? B. S. L., Michigan.

Yes, indeed, weasels destroy far more game than the average person has any idea. If they were as large as raccoons these fearless little rascals would not hesitate to attack human beings.

Some folks claim that weasels destroy only mice, rats, etc. This sounds good, but does not prove out in actual practice. It is true that large quantities of mice and other destructive rodents are killed by weasels, but they also kill ruffed grouse, ringneck pheasants, quail, rabbits, squirrels and many other beneficial forms of wild life. Recently a weasel killed sixty-six ringneck pheasants on a game preserve in New York in a single night.

Hungarian Partridge Broods

3. Does the Hungarian partridge multiply rapidly? How large are the broods of young? F. B., Nebraska.

Under favorable conditions Hungarian partridges do multiply rapidly. The average brood of young numbers from twelve to fifteen. Some broods of eighteen, twenty, and in one case twenty-three, have been reported. Enemies destroy many nests, but if stocked in sufficient numbers in suitable territory, the birds do very well.

Pen-Reared Furs

4. Is it true that fur-bearing animals reared in captivity do not produce as high grade furs as those reared in a wild state? H. M. G., Iowa.

Both these questions have been debated pro and con at great length, but it is generally conceded that fur-bearing animals, if properly fed and housed, will produce as prime fur in captivity as they do in the wild state. It has been found that muskrats can be reared fairly successfully in small enclosures, but that they do not have very uniform pelts.

The United State Biological Survey is of the opinion that the low rate of reproduction under such conditions and quality of pelts produced in close confinement does not hold much hope for financial profit if operated on a pelting basis.

Hunting Young Ducks

5. In our section the season for ducks opens so early that a lot of the young ducks are not matured and are easily bagged. Some of them are still "peepers" and cannot fly well. What do you recommend? D. S., Ind.

It is a pity that the old ogre, selfishness, insists upon getting the birds early lest they start on their southward journey before the local hunters get a chance to hunt them. Every now and then we get this complaint from sportsmen who prefer to wait until the birds are fully mature, even though they must at times forego the pleasure of hunting "home grown" birds and probably get poor flights.

If you will keep on agitating the later season idea and get your sentiments before the Biological Survey and the Advisory Board, which has to do with fixing the federal regulations on migratory birds, I am sure your views will be given consideration. I am with you on saving these "peepers." It is no fun to hunt them, and the weather is usually so warm that they spoil quickly anyhow.

Seth Gordon, conservation director of the Izaak Walton League, will gladly give advice and help on all conservation projects and problems.

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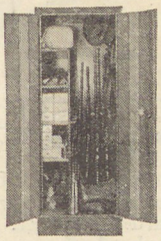

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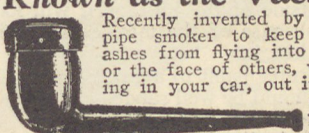

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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

By PAUL BURRESS

SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE THE HULL

LAST issue we gave somewhat of a monologic treatise on what to do with yourself and your outboard this winter. If we are getting too far ahead of you, we will not accuse you of indifference because—it must be the weather. One would not expect a healthy outboard enthusiast to start overhauling his boat and motor during exceptionally nice late fall weather just because a story he had read advised him to do it. How were we to know how late this fall would be? Correctly foretelling the weather is one good trick that we Waltonians have not accomplished.

Well, regardless, it is a safe bet that all of us north of the Mason-Dixon Line have cracked ice by this time so we can safely and timely launch into the mysteries of paint and varnish.

There is a wealth of pleasure in painting one's own boat providing it does not interfere with the rest of the family's basement or garage activities. Parts of the job are tedious work, but when you see the old, dull finish gradually change into smooth brilliant colors—and know you have done it all yourself, the hours of labor are forgotten.

To begin with, we will keep five things definitely in mind. That we must have an absolutely clean and smooth surface before painting. That we must prepare a special foundation before applying paint or varnish. That each coat must be put on a surface that is absolutely dry. Remember this word d-r-y. That we insure clean surfaces by keeping the brush clean. That keeping the job out of the dust is keeping it out of the wintry wind.

I am glad to be sitting here telling you how to do it while you read and do it; however, my cracked craft is also patiently waiting for attention. First we will start finishing the new job above the water line. If the mahogany or other wood does not match up well enough to give an even tone over the entire surface, you will have a little elbow exercise. Sandpaper all over to an even surface, remove all dust with a clean cloth and then apply a good quality of oil stain according to directions on the can. Wipe this carefully with a lintless cloth to a uniform shade and allow to dry. Do not use a shellac undercoat for finishing the outside of the hull, or it will look like a fresh case of the measles after the warm sun hits it.

If you prefer paint to a varnished finish, the wood should be well sanded and primed with Yacht White reduced with 25% of boiled linseed oil. When thoroughly dry, fill nail holes with white lead putty and then apply two coats of best grade Yacht White. This can be purchased in a semi-flat or flat effect as desired. If you desire colors, mix the pigment in the white to produce any shade.

Hard bottom racing finishes can be purchased in green and bright copper colors and can be rubbed and polished to almost glass-smooth surfaces which are necessary if your boat is to be used for racing.

These finishes should be applied direct to the wood or over a good hard white lead surface according to the paint manufacturer's directions. If your boat bottom has an old painted surface other than white lead, be sure to remove it down to the bare wood before applying the hard racing bottom finish.

Now, without intending to create an inferiority feeling in your mind, we will manipulate that seldom heard word d-o-n-t a few more times before going ahead with more paint.

House paints or varnishes are made for houses, not boats. Be sure to buy MARINE finishes for marine duty.

Unless you are clever enough to shave with a gasoline torch, you had better use the "soften and scrape" method of removing old paint.

Paint and varnish remover are powerful cleansing compounds otherwise they would not remove the paint. Use a vinegar or turpentine solution for neutralizing what is left of the paint remover after the paint has been removed.

Planks can be more easily inspected and open seams properly caulked and cemented BEFORE the paint is applied.

It is your boat, so why do a slouch job? A good job requires good materials and ten cent stores know little about your and my kind of boats.

Paint in one direction after you start. Either up and down or across and preferably follow the grain of the wood.

The most paint does not mean the best job. Brush out your paint or varnish and prevent "curtaining" on the vertical surfaces.

Now that that is over, we will get back to old bottom finishes. Remove all loose or cracked cement from the seams and then prime with a good seam paint and fill with a good seam cement, using a putty knife. This seems simple but not as simple as it seems. Sand this smooth and then apply at least two coats of the best grade anti-fouling compound you can buy. The bottom must be thoroughly dry and the first coat should be slightly reduced with turpentine to aid penetration into the wood.

Perhaps you are building a new boat or have not taken a material interest in the stock market. Now we will offer a few suggestions for the fellow who has virgin wood to decorate. The first job is to prepare the surface of the interior.

Soft or close grained wood should be given a coat of good grade liquid wood filler. Let this dry 24 hours and then rub down lightly with double naught sandpaper. Wipe the surface clean with a soft cloth and then brush on a first coat of best spar varnish. Let this dry until very hard; 48 hours if necessary. Then remove all particles of dust and give it the second coat of the same kind of varnish.

Should you prefer a rubbed finish, rub down the finish coat of varnish after it is thoroughly dry, with pumice flour and water on a pad. Rub lightly until you get the degree of soft luster you desire.

If you would rather finish the interior in color than the natural wood finish, buy the best grade of oil stain and apply it to the wood before using the liquid filler. In this case thin the first coat of varnish with 25% pure spirits of turpentine and apply the second coat full strength as it comes from the can.

Hard or open grained wood should first receive a coat of paste wood filler, thinned according to directions given on the container and after being applied should be wiped off across the grain. After this filler has dried three or four hours, rub down with sandpaper and finish according to the above directions for close-grained woods.

In staining hard or open-grained woods use an oil color in the shade you wish and thin according to label directions. A few minutes after applying, wipe up the stain to a uniform shade with a cloth that is free from lint. After the stain has hardened overnight, fill with paste filler to which a little of the oil stain has been added to match the stain coat. Allow this to dry 24 hours, then sandpaper lightly and apply one coat of thinned varnish and one coat of undiluted varnish as described in the second paragraph preceding this one.

If the wood in your interior construction is not first grade or does not match well,

H. F. Ferguson of Lake Elsinore, California, is our choice for Captain of the 1929 All-American team of outboard pilots because: he has traveled faster by official count, than any other outboard pilot in the world—47.28 miles per hour; that he holds six out of twenty-four new American records made this year, and as a fitting climax he was married during the Lake Elsinore Regatta. "Fergie" informs us that, "WE will ride the Blue Streak Sea Horse to greater victories next season."

it probably would be better to paint the interior than to have the blemishes show through the stain and varnish. Later, if your new boat does not float, you might have to sell it and the blemishes would depreciate the value. We will start to paint the interior of the boat by brushing on a primer coat of good Marine Interior Flat Paint mixed with 5% turpentine. After this has dried overnight, putty up all holes and cracks with good white lead putty. When this is dry rub smooth with fine sandpaper. Next, apply two coats of Marine Flat White and sandpaper each coat after it has dried hard. Granting that the wood has been thoroughly covered and dry, finish with one or two coats of full gloss white enamel or semi-luster.

In finishing the floor of your boat, follow the same general directions to be given for finishing old and new decks.

In varnishing new wood decks, thoroughly sandpaper and clean. Follow the directions given for hard, open grained finishing but omit the Paste Wood Filler unless you think filling the grain is necessary. Give three coats of varnish, reducing the first coat with 5% turpentine.

Refinishing varnished decks or interiors require preliminary work. If the surface is badly checked, the old varnish must be removed with varnish remover or sandpapered and scraped down to an even surface. Remove all traces of varnish cleansing-compound by washing the surface with naphtha and then following with a solution of water and vinegar. When thoroughly dry, sandpaper and apply three coats of best grade spar varnish to the decks and two coats to the interior. If the old varnished surface is in good condition but has

The outboard motor has greatly improved the yacht dink service.

become dulled, sandpaper to a smooth surface, remove dust and apply one coat of good spar varnish.

Painting wood decks is a simple operation that is not so tiresome to do or read about. First, clean the surface of the new deck and then apply one coat of deck paint that has been reduced with 25% boiled linseed oil. When dry brush on two full strength coats of the same paint.

In repainting the old deck, simply wash the old surface and if greasy clean up with gasoline. Sandpaper to smooth surface and apply one or two coats of deck paint.

New canvas decks should have three coats of the best grade of deck paint. Thin the first coat with equal parts of boiled linseed oil and brush well into the surface. Allow to dry for 24 hours at least and preferably for two days and then follow with two coats of the same kind of paint in full strength. Be sure to let each coat dry hard to insure a good lasting job.

Refinishing old canvas decks is done the same way as repainting old wood decks. That is, clean, sandpaper lightly and apply one or two coats of deck paint.

In reviewing this treatise on boat cosmetics, the thought occurs to me, as they sometimes do, that your mind's eye at this point may be blurred with a disorganized composite picture of paint brushes, varnish cans and sandpaper. An organized plan of procedure might help. First, finish the interior. Then starting from the top, paint the hull outsides and end up with the bottom. Leave the decks and the floors to the last. Cross out each paragraph of nonsense and instruction in this article that does not apply to your particular boat or your chosen finish. We will have at least one hundred days in which to do this job, so take it slow, little by little, remembering that haste makes a lot of alibis and a rough appearing boat. Don't be ashamed to admit you were present when the crime was committed.

* * * * * * *

OUTBOARD NEWS HERE AND THERE

RICHARD F. HOYT, sailing under the colors of the Columbia Yacht Club of New York, won the Gold Cup Race at the Red Bank, New Jersey, Gold Cup regatta by winning all three heats in succession. The schedule calls for three heats of thirty miles, each of which must be run with not more than one hour between the heats. Hoyt drove the "IMP," a smooth running hydroplane, powered with a Wright gold cup engine limited to 625 cu. in., to an average speed of 50.489 m. p. h. for one entire 30 mile heat.

L. E. Preston, Keuka Park, N. Y., hung up a new American record in Class E, Division II, six miles, at Red Bank, N. J., on August 25th, driving "Ceestepper," built by Penn Yan, powered with Johnson 32, to a speed of 40.227 m. p. h.

Claude Clarke and Alfred Von Sauer have set up an endurance record. They kept their Caille outboard motor running continuously for almost 100 hours on Lake Winona, Minnesota. Gasoline and oil was transferred in five gallon lots from a second boat running alongside. The motor was stopped accidentally when they threw a slicker over the motor during a heavy rain. The slicker fouled the choke, stopping the engine at 98 hours and 48 minutes. The engine showed no sign of weakness in later tests.

The National Outboard Racing Commission, which formulates the rules governing outboard racing, will welcome the ideas of outboard drivers on the subject of improving amateur racing. Send your suggestions to the National Outboard Motor Association, 333 No. Michigan, Chicago, Illinois.

Howard Ingram, twice winner of the Kansas City-St. Louis Marathon, had to cross and recross the Missouri river 92 times to avoid sand bars.

Glen Loertscher and Forest Arnold of Toledo, Ohio, piloted their outboard craft 79½ hours in an endurance run. Powered with an Elto, they ran afoul of heavy weed beds, and were forced to stop. Inspection of motor revealed no defect nor sign of serious wear.

Malcolm Pope, the famous Florida pilot, won the Col. Green Trophy of the North at New Bedford, Mass., piloting a Sea Horse powered Bossert Pirate.

Marion Barbara Carstairs, English sportswoman, drove her British entry,

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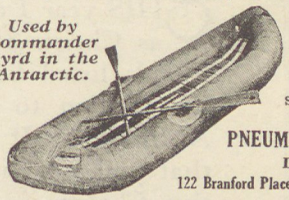
Used by Commander Byrd in the Antarctic.



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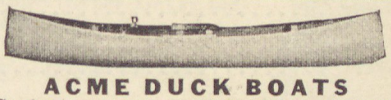

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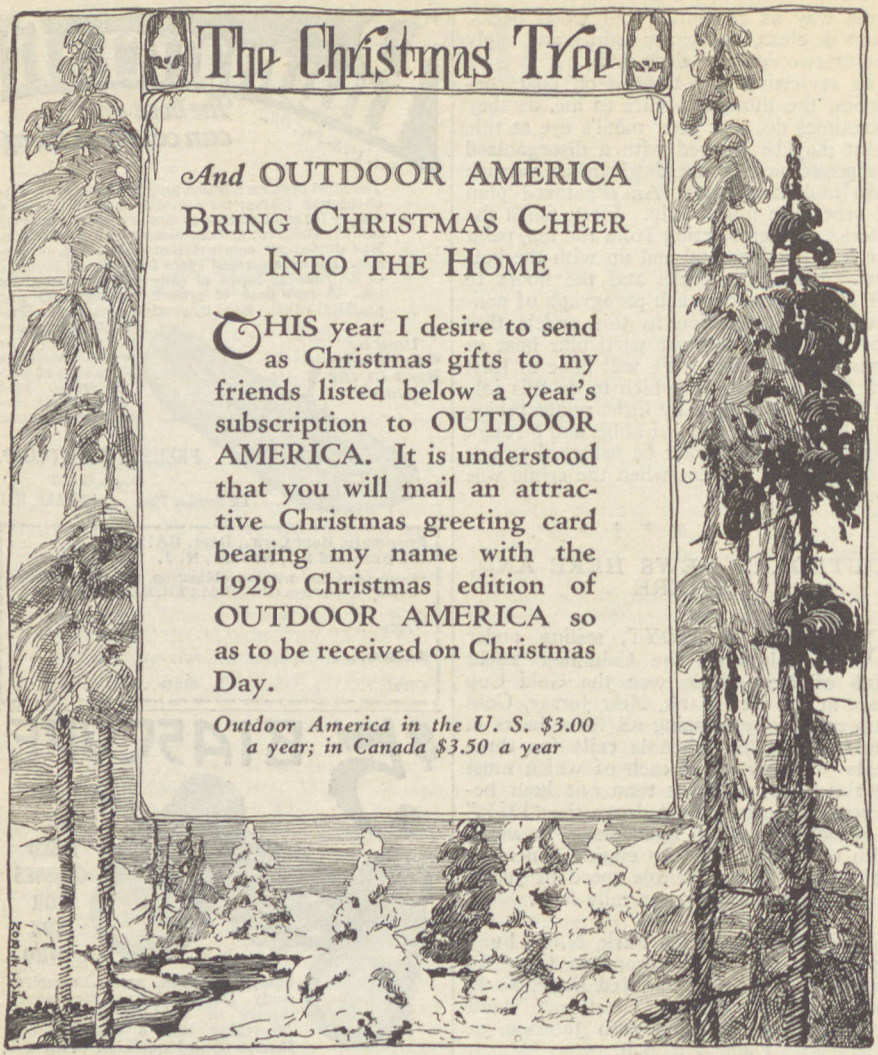
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"Estelle IV" to an average of 64.089 m. p. h. in the International Harmsworth Trophy Race, held at Detroit, Mich., losing to Gar Wood but establishing a new record for England. Miss Carstairs made an unsuccessful attempt to recover the trophy last year and stated that she will try again next year. Gar Wood's "Miss America VIII" covered the thirty miles at an average speed of 75.287 m. p. h. in the same race.

The 1930 National Motor Boat Show will open in Grand Central Palace, New York City, Friday, January 17, and close Saturday, January 25th.

In remodeling your boat this winter provide a small compartment for a first aid kit. Be prepared for the emergency.

Raymond L. Haines, who attempted to establish a record between Juneau, Alaska, and Seattle, over a 1,086 mile course, was forced to stop after covering 750 miles. Haines battled a severe storm for ten hours when a huge swell caught him and hurled him and his boat on shore.

Outboard motoring has hit Hongkong and vicinity. Two Portuguese naval officials engaged in an outboard race at Macao.

COMPLETE WATERFRONT SURVEY

The National Association of Engines and Boat Manufacturers has completed a survey of the motor boat and waterfront facilities in this country and has prepared a report of 20,000 words which will be mailed to the officials of every waterfront city and to every boat and yacht club in the United States for the purpose of increasing dock and storage facilities for craft owners through cooperation of municipalities.

Following the survey, important facts were reported to the association which indicate the important benefits to be derived from promotion of waterfront facilities. The most convincing facts are:

Improvement of waterfronts has increased realty values in every instance.

Every surveyed improvement has shown it to be a profitable investment or has shown it to have such potentialities.

Completion of yacht basins in any given city has been occasion for an unusual increase in the number of private boats used in that area.

In each case where a basin has been constructed, every foot of available space has been leased during the greater portion of the year.

Ask Paul Burress About Your Motor Boat Problems

Questions and Answers

Why does my motor vary in speed making necessary a continuous adjustment of the needle valve?

If motor is in good mechanical condition and you are using correct lubrication, it should not vary in speed. The fact that you can keep it running by changing the adjustment of the needle valve is proof that there is dirt or water in the carburetor or gasoline system. Remove carburetor from motor, take it apart and wash thoroughly in clean gasoline. Also wash out tank and gas line and be sure the small screens are correctly in place.

What speed should a new outboard motor be driven while being broken in?

Do not operate at more than half open throttle for the first twenty-five hours of running. After this it can be opened up to full speed for short intervals. Watch the motor carefully while running at top speed. Feel of the crank case occasionally while motor is running to see if bearings are heating.

I own a Sea Horse 32. It runs fine with one person in the boat (Baby Buzz Model). When I take a passenger in the boat it does not seem to get any place. It will not turn up fast.

Your motor develops more than sufficient power to plane your boat. Communicate with the motor manufacturer asking for an exchange in propellers. It is probable that you need a lower pitch propeller.

Why does my motor smoke when first started?

In starting a cold motor the carburetor is always choked to richen the mixture. This of course causes the oil, which is mixed with gasoline, to enter the cylinders in such quantity that it will naturally cause the motor to smoke while running until it is speeded up fast enough to burn out the excessive oil.

I have put my Johnson motor together and it will not start. All I get out of it is an occasional crack or bang. What is the trouble?

In all probability you have removed the crank shaft from the crank case and upon putting the motor together again you reversed the pistons so the spark occurs when the pistons are on the bottom of the stroke. Take the motor apart again and when putting the crank shaft in the crank case, pull the pistons apart as far as they will go and with the keyway in the crankshaft pointing in the same direction as the arrow on top of crank case, insert the shaft and reassemble motor.

Why do I have to fill my gear case once a week with grease? Motor driven about four hours a day.

Many conditions enter into the amount of grease used by an outboard motor in the gear case. The warmer the water the quicker the grease will work out of the gear case. If the propeller shaft bearings or shaft are worn, the water from the propeller will tend to pull the grease from the case around the shaft. You may be using thin grease or cup grease. Try a good waterproof grease and put a new gasket under the gear case head.

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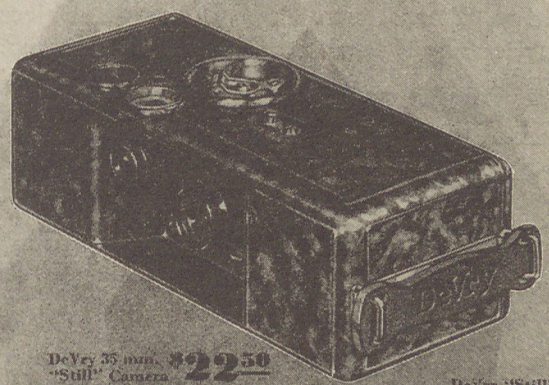

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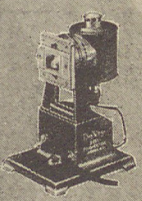

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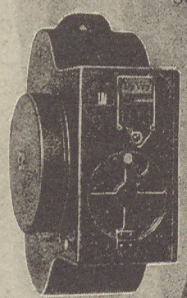

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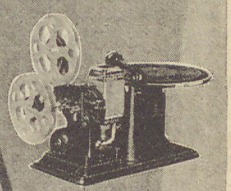

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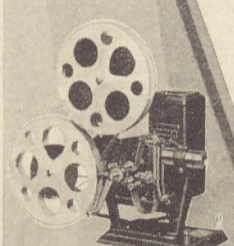
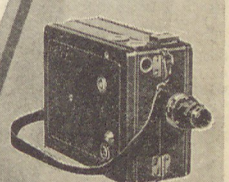


DeVry 16 mm. Home "Movie" Projector $37.50



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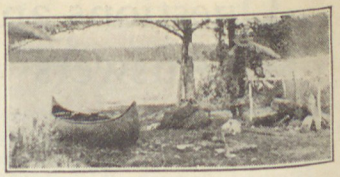
Camping

Where When How



THIS department belongs to the readers of Outdoor America. It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about *how* to camp, or about *when and where*. If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.

Camp Questions

Camping Department,
Outdoor America

Will you kindly tell me if an eiderdown robe makes a fairly soft bed alone or is an air mattress or browse used underneath?

I understand there is a robe that has four eiderdown sections—two above and two below.

Would this be drafty along the back?

I have a combination of wool comforters and blankets but think I should have an air mattress to get a quick bed and a soft one. Will an eiderdown supply this?

G. C. Floota.

Brainerd, Minn.

An eiderdown robe does not make a soft bed at all. In fact, it is about the hardest bed you ever slept in. Eiderdown is light and fluffy and that is what makes it warm but there is absolutely no body to it and it lets you down hard on the ground.

I have never heard of an eiderdown robe made with four sections but if one is made it would be perfectly warm, because its character would permit no crevices of any kind. It occurs to me, however, that such a robe would be suitable only in the very coldest arctic weather. A light weight robe weighing about 11 pounds is suitable for everything down to zero and the heavy weight will keep you perfectly warm in spite of the fact that it looks as if it wouldn't down to 25 or 30 below zero.

The air mattress is splendid and makes a perfect combination with the eiderdown robe. In cold weather, however, a blanket should be folded over the top of the mattress since the air mattress, unfortunately, is as cold as it is comfortable.

DONALD HOUGH.

Camp in Florida

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I plan on going on a camping trip to Florida this winter, but I have heard that all the land down there is bought up around the lakes, and since the primary purpose of my trip is to do some fishing, this kind of leaves me out. I am wondering if this is true, because I don't want to go way down there and be disappointed.

J. E. S.

Anderson, Indiana.

You can go to Florida with your camping equipment and feel absolutely certain that you will have a half dozen choices of camping spots every evening and on excellent bass fishing waters. Generally speaking the land boom in Florida occurred along the coast. The bass fishing is in the interior and the interior of Florida has as many wild places perhaps as any state in the Union. Take your tent and your bass rods into Dade County and you will find yourself in the midst of more bass fishing and more places to camp than you can imagine. There is only one chance for trouble and that is in the matter of boats. If you are carrying your own—and the best way for you to do this is to pick one up down there and a pair of wheels—you are all right. But if you must depend on renting boats, the question of camping near a place where these can be obtained will be the only question on your trip.

PAUL BURRESS

A Packsack

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am going on a bear hunt this fall and expect to carry my food and all on my back. Would you please send me a sketch or drawing of a pack suitable for four days at a time? I intend to make my own if I can get a drawing of one. I am a member of the Izaak Walton League.

V. J. E.

Wichita, Kansas.

Judge Wood has a sketch of a very good packsack on page 58 of this issue of Outdoor America. This pack looks very practical and easily made. I imagine it would fit in very well with your plans.

MURDO GIBSON

Hints for Cold Feet

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I plan on taking several week-end camping trips this Winter, during which I will hike in the neighborhood of 30 or 40 miles, and will sleep out in a tent two nights. I started this last Winter and was thoroughly successful, except that I failed to solve the problem of proper footwear. I used an eider-down robe at night, and carried my equipment in a regulation Duluth packsack. Perhaps you can help me out in the matter of footwear. I do not care to use either snow shoes or skis, because I find that our snow conditions do not permit these.

A. M.

Marietta, Ohio.

From your location, and because this is the usual complaint anyway, my guess is that you suffer from wet feet rather than from cold ones. The matter of keeping your feet warm is perfectly simple, but that of keeping your feet both warm and dry is something else. Anyway, dampness and cold are interchangeable in Winter hiking—your feet get cold because they get damp either by perspiration or from the outside. You can solve the problem of keeping your feet dry from snow by wearing rubber packs, but the trouble is when you do this you automatically hem in the moisture from the inside and your feet become damp anyway. Your feet don't perspire in leather boots, but neither do leather boots keep out the melting snow. Now this situation brings about a paradox which I regret to state I have never seen solved yet, and if you can do it you have struck on something that should make you rich. But here's what I would do if I were you, and I'll tell you why. Wear rubber packs and carry three pairs of very heavy wool socks, and two large size towels. Three or four times during the day stop, no matter how cold it is or how you feel about it, take off your packs and rub your feet thoroughly with snow. Then rub them briskly with a towel, stow away the socks you have taken off, and put on a pair of the fresh dry ones. This is the only way I know of to keep your feet both warm and dry for hiking in the winter when you have damp snow to contend with. I have done it on long hikes in the winter on several occasions and I know it works. Nothing else does, and don't believe anything you hear about it.

While I am on the subject I may as well give my pet arrangement for keeping the feet warm when you do not have to consider moisture. Wear leather boots and canvas overshoes over them. You will never get a job in the movies with this combination, and when you have your picture taken you will have to stand in deep snow so it won't look like a picture of somebody's grandmother, but at the same time you want to remember that what you are after is warm feet and leave art to those who are interested in it for art's sake.

It is not generally known that this is the standard and unvarying method of keeping the feet warm used by the cowboys in the Western mountains, and if you think your feet get cold walking in the snow, you should try riding horseback where your feet are right out in the air. If you think it isn't cold in the mountains in winter time you can take my word for it that I have seen it 62 below zero in Jackson's Hole, and that for many days the thermometer never got above 35 below. Canvas overshoes are as much a part of the standard equipment of the cowboy in this cold mountain country as their woolen chaps and their red underwear.

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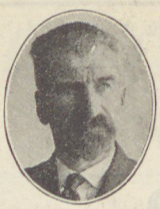


MURDO GIBSON'S LETTER

From the Wilderness

In camp, Lake of the Woods,
October, 1929.

DEAR Waltonians:

What a day: The light-blue sky is but sparingly decorated with high-floating, cottony fluffs and the air—electrically cleansed during the night—is tonic for both mind and body. To delight the eye, miles and miles of wooded shores display every conceivable color and combination of colors, while river-like vistas of sparkling water extend to far horizons, or terminate in sweeping curves around intervening islands. Surely, neither time, place nor circumstances leave anything for a wilderness camper to pine for. Can *anything*, I wonder, compensate those unfortunates who cannot spend early October in the Northwoods?

Since writing last month's "Letter from the Wilderness," I was visited by another party of Rockford (Illinois) Waltonians. It consisted of five fine fellows, personages all, and good, clean sportsmen. In the Rockford Directory they are listed as G. W. McKee, Dr. E. H. Weld, G. H. Boehland (pronounced Bayland), F. M. White, and Seth B. Atwood; but, while here, they called each other everything but gentlemen.

Like the other group of Rockfordians,—which I mentioned in the October issue,—this one, also, was headed by Mr. McKee and made their headquarters at French Narrows Camps. As before, we exchanged visits, if not hospitality. (Mine was all gone.) On one of those occasions, Mrs. Stone served, for our Sunday dinner, a huge, perfectly baked whitefish, stuffed to aldermanic corpulency with savory comestibles. It was truly delectable, but, such was its bulk and solidity, the six of us were unable to wholly devour it.

For that afternoon, a trip to an especially good "Muskie" bay was scheduled, but a post-prandial vote revoked that plan and decided that the necessary portage—albeit a very short one—would entail a modicum of physical exertion, i. e., WORK, which in this instance could only be construed as a gross violation of the 3rd(?) Commandment. It was, therefore, moved, seconded and unanimously carried that this particular Sabbath afternoon should be passed in quiet meditation and restful contemplation of Nature's artistry, as revealed in the immediate vicinity of French Narrows Camps. So, when the conversational cigars were consumed and drowsiness threatened to overcome certain tight-belted diners, I paddled, leisurely, to my own abode and the peaceful enjoyment of an autumn twilight.

Early in September, two other Waltonians sojourned in this vicinity. The following is a verbatim copy of a notation I made the day they left: "Mr. and Mrs. Roger E. Hannaford, Cincinnati, Ohio. Met them at French Narrows Camps. They visited me twice. Both are skilled rodsters and indefatigable anglers. Mrs. H. is one brown-eyed beauty that does not lack brains. I like her. Both extremely pleasant company and showed real interest in my layout. Evidently well pleased with their outing, although the weather has been cold, windy and generally disagreeable, for boating, and the fish tediously slow in biting. In fact, they caught most of their bass and wall-eyes while trolling. (Deep) Casting, with surface lures, has been N. G. lately. Probably because the water is still in "bloom."

Most of my reader correspondents evince great interest in my pets and ask me to write more about them. That should be easy, because even my casual, unscientific and much interrupted observations yield abundant material. That I ever discover any facts hitherto unknown, to naturalists, is unlikely, but I am continually learning little details concerning the habits and peculiarities of my bird and animal friends, that I never noticed before. Watching them work, eat, fight or play, and trying to understand their mental processes, affords me a great deal of wholesome pleasure, so I don't wonder that others, denied my opportunities for Nature-study, enjoy reading about them.

Although I am still well supplied with pets, quite a number of my last winter's friends are missing. It is months since I last saw the two female squirrels, and more than two weeks since the flying squirrel was here. The chickadees I don't expect before the lake freezes. They left me when the snow disappeared. Several rabbits have been killed by owls; one of them last night. I found his headless body this morning, within a few steps of the tent.

The two male squirrels must be nearly done harvesting their winter's hoard. They now spend much more time around the tent than they did last month. I call them "Boss" and "Cheeky" and those names are a fair description of their characters. They meet at the food dish a good many times every day. This always means a spirited argument followed by a whirlwind race, during which "Cheeky" manages to keep a short jump ahead. When "Boss" returns from the chase, he puts on all the airs of a conquering hero and flirts his tail spasmodically until his righteous(?) wrath cools to normal truculence. For months he considered himself boss of the pets, but his reign is over, for the present, at least. He was dethroned by a jay—alias Whisky Jack, Camp robber, Meat bird, etc., etc.

Yes, the jays have come back to me and I was delighted to see them. Mr. Jay arrived first. One morning last week I was awakened by a fluttering of wings over my head. On opening my sleep-weighted eyes I saw him testing every possible perch and scrutinizing every detail of the interior. When I whistled to him he glided to one of the bed posts and answered me. He didn't actually *say* hello, but he meant just that and I understood him perfectly. He flew outside when I got up but before breakfast was cooked, he was eating fragments of hot pancakes from my hand. I treated him as a Prodigal Son.

For a few days he was alone; then his lady friend found him here. She has kept incessant watch on him ever since. Aside from infrequent spats, occasioned by momentary rivalry for a perch on my finger and a peck at whatever I am holding, they get along beautifully together. In this, as in most other matters, they show much better sense than do the squirrels. In fact, their general superiority to my red squir-

ls is demonstrated so often and so clearly sometimes feel sorry for the latter.

I have written several more pages on his vastly amusing war between bird and nimal, but my allotted space is already xceeded and I must close with the only *easonal* sentence of the letter: I wish you ll a Merry Christmas and full creels roughout the New Year.

P. S.—Mr. Stone says: "All the bears re not going hungry. I killed one last ight that was in very good condition. ots of fat on him." For which message am very grateful.

M. G.

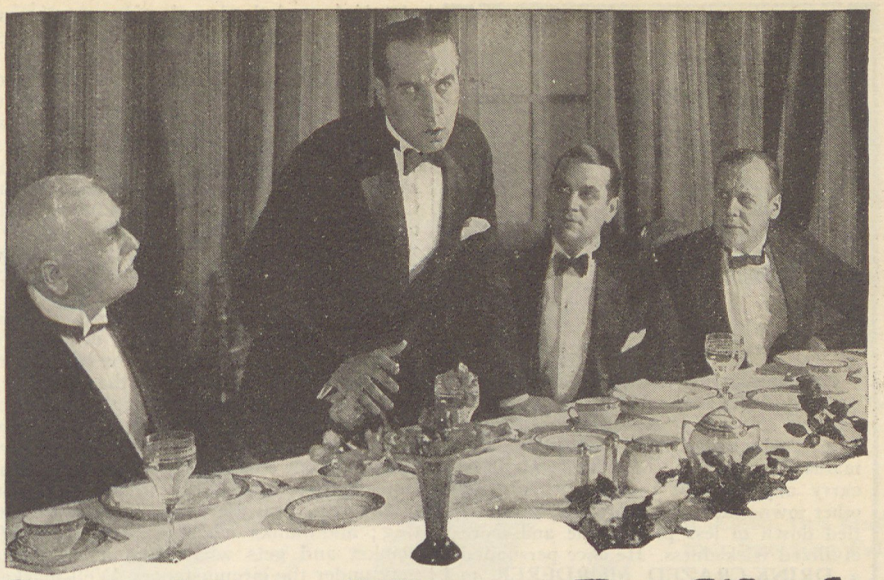
New York for Campers

By Constance M. Hallock

NEW YORK is a hectic place in which to live, there is no denying it. Even though one discovers a quiet little restaurant or two where it is possible to dine outdoors in fair weather; even though the rushing business man always has time to stop and watch puppies playing in a pet-shop window, or workmen engaged in the fascinating occupation of digging holes in the ground; even though lovers in New York as elsewhere know the joys of buses on spring evenings, still there is always the wearying background of noise and confusion.

The visiting or resident outdoors man has a hard time of it. He tries, and gives up in despair, the attempt to get some exercise by tramping the city streets or fighting the Sunday mobs that throng the seafront of Coney Island. He may, but probably does not, have luck in engaging a tennis court in one of the parks. Finally he settles down to handball in a gymnasium and as much country life as he can get during his summer vacation.

And yet New York is, for those who have found the way, the center of such possibilities for sport, both winter and summer, as probably no other great city in the world enjoys. Deep-sea fishing outside the Bay, endless miles of beach on Long Island and down the Jersey Coast, forested hills to the north and west—all these are within reach at least during week-ends, if not after office hours on a summer evening. Being a tramper rather than a swimmer or a fisherman, I turn most often to the great stretch of hills and woods across the Hudson River which belongs to the states of New York and New Jersey, the Palisades Interstate Park, together with the Harriman State Park, making, with the neighboring hills, a great stretch of forested area roughly twenty miles long and twelve or fifteen wide. In all the extent of Harriman Park there is only one motor road winding through the valleys, while up the Hudson runs the beautiful Hendrik Hudson Drive leading into the still more spectacular Storm King Highway. The hills everywhere belong to the tramper and camper, and here the downtrodden pedestrian is lord of the land. For him the Park was established, and for him chiefly it has been for more than a decade reverting to its original wildness of a century and a half ago. Old wood roads where farmers and charcoal burners once hauled timber are now overgrown with laurel. Swampy valleys have been dammed to make lakes for winter skating and summer bathing. The pair or two of beaver brought from northern woods in the laudable effort to save them from extinction in this part of the country have obliged their rescuers by increasing to such an extent that they have had to be thinned out for the good of the forest. Deer are



Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright

THE annual banquet of our Association —the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless — when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue tied in public.

And then like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method I rapidly developed this gift until in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright.

Today I am one of the biggest men in our industry. Scarcely a meeting or banquet is held without me being asked to speak. I am asked to conferences, luncheons and banquets as a popular after-dinner speaker. This amazing training has made me into a self-confident, aggressive talker—an easy, versatile conversationalist — almost overnight.

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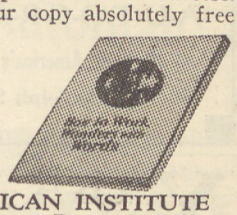

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El Comancho

favorite of all lovers of the outdoors, has written his eleventh book,

"The Old Timer's Tale"

and it is now ready for distribution. It comprises a series of twenty talks given over Radio Station WMAQ, Chicago, on which the author received over 7,000 letters of commendation.

He knew towns that now have disappeared off the face of the earth and left as their sole ruins "tons of broken glass among which you could identify the remains of every kind of a bottle made to carry any kind of red-hot drink" and other towns that have grown up and settled down to less picturesque and more civilized wickedness. He once persuaded a **DRINK-CRAZED MURDERER** to give himself up and, totally unarmed, took him in charge. Then, the coroner being too drunk to officiate, El Comancho conducted the inquest as deputy coroner.

One time while out foraging for meat for the survey crew in the Bad Lands, El Comancho "creased" a deer. Translated into tenderfoot language, this means he stunned a deer without injuring him. **". . . THE 'DEAD' DEER COMES TO LIFE! . . .** and now his green eyes tell me to hang to that horn if I want to live! The buck's sharp forefeet flail my legs, my buckskin moccasin is ripped off —the knife-like hoofs cut away my heavy leggings and rip the flesh, leaving deep hurts and smearing me with blood. My knife is knocked flying." But in the end it was not the deer that lived to tell the tale.

On another occasion, he tells us, "I got mixed up with a bunch of 2,000 wild Texas longhorn cattle, stampeded by one of the infrequent thunderstorms. I was directly in their path and too close to them to get out of the way." How did he avoid being "trampled to pulp under 8,000 flying hoofs"? One man in a **LIVING MAELSTROM OF TERROR,** how did he succeed in surviving? The answer to this question awaits you with scores of other anecdotes almost as incredible as Baron Munchausen's but as true as a timetable in El Comancho's latest book,

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plentiful; and the imaginative even report having seen a wildcat during the past winter.

Boy Scouts, the half-dozen mountaineering clubs which have branches in New York local outdoor clubs, and individual woodsmen consulting with Park engineers, have cleared and marked miles of trail. The Park Commissioners, with offices in the Cunard Building at 25 Broadway, issue maps of the trails and waterways, and two newspapers, the World and the Evening Post, have special departments on the activities of the outdoor clubs.

Walkers with only a Saturday afternoon or a Sunday free may drop off at any convenient mountain station and be in the forest in five minutes. For the fortunate individual with a long week-end, a left-over Army blanket and a fondness for coffee and bacon that taste of wood smoke, there are open-fronted stone huts with fireplaces; timber that succumbed to the chestnut blight of several years ago, his for the cutting; and bunks whereon he spreads his blanket and gets what sleep a townsman may under the circumstances. Well-marked trails reassure the timid, while for the adventurous soul there are all the chance of flood and field if he chooses to take com pass and map, leave the trails, and "g rough." Be it understood that "he" generic for the whole tribe of hikers, wh ever their age or sex. I have shared ma in the depths of the woods with a m whose age is given in "Who's Who" as 8 and I came across the youngest camper, baby of a year, peacefully riding in a pac basket on her father's back beside a roarin mountain stream in full spring flood.

And all this little more than an ho from Wall Street! Perhaps the well-wor tale of the Englishman who was disap pointed at not finding buffalo along Fift Avenue is not so absurd, after all! In an case, the outdoors man or woman wh fate sends him to live in New York ha the fortune which falls to few dwellers i great cities, of finding within easy reac the Atlantic Ocean, a great river, and ov two hundred square miles of hill, fores and lake over which to stretch his city- bound muscles whenever the lure of ska and ski, knapsack and campfire, cliff an trail, calls him away from his desk.

We Have the Men!

(Continued from page 27)

"About thirty-five per cent of gross receipts go to schools and roads," he was informed. "Our generous government lays claim to the remaining sixty-five per cent to fatten the vaults of the Treasury. Good bankers, don't you think?"

"That sounds unreasonable," the banker commented. "Who is to blame?"

"We are, chiefly, and every other citizen of the nation. The public forests belong to us, Congress is our board of directors, and the Forest Service our administrators. We must instruct Congress to appropriate funds for this protection, and the Forest Service to provide it."

The banker knitted his brow in thought. "But isn't there some such bill before Congress now?—I read somewhere in the newspapers—"

"You bet there is," interrupted the other. "Representative H. L. Englebright, of California, introduced a bill in January, 1929, that would authorize appropriations totalling $13,200,000 during the next three years and $4,000,000 annually thereafter for the construction and maintenance of improvements necessary for protection of the National Forests from fire. But this does not help the present situation, and we have no assurance that Congress favors the measure. We, as the owners, must declare our rights of ownership, and instruct our legislators."

The oldtime ranger, who had remained silent up to this time, now spoke up. "I ain't givin' to meddlin' with Congress," he said, "but it appears to me like that is th' prettiest piece of legislation Washington has had to fuss over in some time, an' it ain't comin' too soon. Another year like this here one an' every danged tree in th' country will be fire nicked."

He paused to watch a new flame leap up to his right, automatically gauged the wind, and went on. "We got th' men all right, but they ain't got nothin' to work with except their hands, and they're wore down to th' bone tryin' to hold down th' fires. I don't know what kind of protection this here bill calls for—I ain't seen nothin' 'bout it out here on th' fire line. But you gentlemen can bet your best hat that it ain't goin' to be worth a whoop if it don't provide for miles an' miles of fire prevention roads an' telephone lines. More lookout towers an' cabins for guards an' smokechasers wou hurt, an' plenty of pumps, automobile tractors an' plows will give us somethi to work with besides our finger nail But what we need worst of all, gentle men, is roads and telephone lines, 'spe cially roads. Could have stopped this by myself in two hours if there had be ten miles of passable road over that ridg back there. That's a fact."

"All of the things you mention a called for in Mr. Englebright's bill," th man with the fine features informed hi "and a few others. But that is no enough. It is a fine beginning and a necessary to forest protection as a va is to banking. But the greatest impl ment of forest fire prevention has bee ignored—education. After all, if we ca eliminate man-caused fires the matter protection would be comparatively eas and at a low cost. Education, gentlemen is the only perfect protection the wor has given us."

"I am beginning to see light,"

Fire lookout on mountain peak.

banker spoke up, a queer little glitter in his eye. "In fact, you are qualifying your statement concerning education, with you the educator." He raised his head to one side and studied the blackened face of the man before him with a new interest. "May I ask"—after a moment—"if you are connected with forestry? Your knowledge is profound, and your spirit, your feeling, is unusually sympathetic."

The one addressed smiled slowly. "Why shouldn't it be? I am not a forester, professionally speaking, nor am I engaged in any of the wood using industries. I confess to a fairly successful business career—successful because I am sensible enough to recognize that I have a heritage, and foresighted enough to protect it."

Between Father and Son

By Dr. Frank L. Bailey

YOUNG Dick Sharpleigh pegged twenty-four holes, and yawned; it was the regular Friday night cribbage game. "Hump," commented old Jerry Sharpleigh, "you do have the devil's own luck."

The old president of Sellmore Motors glared fiercely through his pince-nez. He liked cribbage, but he liked to win. In fact winning was a habit of his, which his opponents in Wall Street knew only too well.

"You should have won those field trials today," he growled. "I'm ashamed of you. 'Lady' was on the prettiest point I ever saw her make in my life, and you let old Quinby's boy run off with the ribbon. Gad, I can't understand it!" Dick's eyes met those of his father in a look that did not waver. "Dad," he began quietly, "Bob Quinby's dog and mine were neck and neck all through the trials; they had scored point for point together. When Bob's bird flushed it was a quail; when my bird flushed it was a meadow lark. 'Lady' never did a thing like it before, but she did it that time. Nobody saw it but I. The judge was watching 'Quin's' dog and thought both dogs were on the same bird. I called the judge's attention to it and he awarded the ribbon to 'Quin.' 'Quin's' got the best dog in the state."

Old Jerry's hand trembled as he gathered in the cards. "Childish scruples," he grunted in disgust. "How do you expect to buck the market as I have for the last forty years, if you don't avail yourself of every opportunity? When you can get them by the throat, get them and squeeze them till they beg for mercy!" The old warrior's eyes seemed to emit sparks. "Where would I have been today if I had had your sense of fair play? There are dogs in Wall Street but I've got them pretty well trained. Yes, and I've broken a few of them," he added with a cold smile of satisfaction. "Want young Quinby's dog?" he asked suddenly.

"Quinby's dog?" asked Dick with a show of interest. "He wouldn't sell it for a fortune." "He'll sell it to me, and glad to," assured Old Jerry.

"See here, Dad," Dick said quietly. "You hold Mr. Quinby's notes for about seventy-five thousand dollars, and those notes are coming due next week. For that very reason, if no other, I wanted his son to win those trials. Mr. Quinby can't meet those notes and it means ruin. If you'll hold off for six months he'll be on his feet again."

Old Jerry looked into his son's eyes. "You win, son," he said with a smile. "I'm glad 'Quin' won. I'll renew old Quinby's notes in the morning. Good night."

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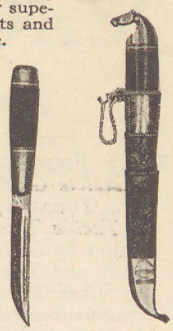

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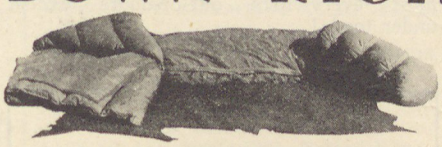

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

Assistant Reviewer, Ralph Cheyney

(Co-Editor Contemporary Verse)

TROUT FISHING FROM ALL ANGLES—*A Complete Guide to Modern Methods, by Eric Taverner, author of "Divers Ways to Tackle Trout;"—a Chapter on Trout Scales by G. Herbert Nall, M. A., F. R. M.S., and The Legal Aspect of Fishing, by Alban Bacon, Barrister-at-Law, with two hundred and fifty illustrations—buckram, thick, 8 VO., 448pp.—J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia,* 1929. $7. *Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

IT IS a brave man who in this day and generation has the courage and confidence to sit down to write a book around such a comprehensive title as "Trout Fishing from *all* Angles," but the result is a justification of the author's optimism. In no other book that has come to my notice is there such store of information upon practically everything relating to the trout and how to catch him. This is a volume of the Lonsdale Library of Sports, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. Lord Lonsdale writes the Introduction and his statement that "no pains have been spared to make the text and the illustrations as full and representative as possible" is fully justified, for the well printed pages are enriched by a wealth of illustrations, diagrams, line drawings, and half tones.

In the preface the author freely acknowledges his obligation to many noted anglers and authors of books on angling, and in the body of the book whenever he quotes from an author he gives the full title and the page referred to, an innovation which the researchful reader will appreciate.

I cannot undertake to discuss each of the thirty chapters going to make up the 431 pages of text, covering Milestones in Angling Literature, Life History of the Trout, Tackle, Casting the Fly, Entomology, Trout-flies, Anglers' Knots and Splices, Wax, Gut, Hooks, Practice, Rise Forms, Fly Dressing Materials, Some Ways to Dress Flies, Fishing in Lochs and Lakes, Dapping-Dibbing-Bushing, Spinning for Trout, Worm and Creeper Fishing, Brown Trout Scales, The Grayling, The Legal Aspect of Fishing, Trout Streams and Fishery Management—but I am free to say that I know of no other single volume containing anything like as much information upon the brown trout in its native environment, and how to go about to circumvent him.

On page 187 the author gives a drawing and description of " 'the double-blood knot,' first described in Chaytor's Letters to A Salmon Fisher's Sons." I do not know the date of Mr. Chaytor's book, but this knot was described and illustrated by a Chicago angler, William T. Church, in the American Field of June 22, 1907, and designated by him "the California knot." It would be interesting to learn the derivation of "double-blood" as applied to this useful knot.

I do not think I have elsewhere seen mention of a "blind hook" in contradistinction to an "eyed" one.

In the two chapters on "Milestones in Angling Literature" there is mention of 38 European authors of 46 different books, while the comprehensive and exhaustive scope of the volume is evidenced by a part chapter on "Some American Trout Fishing Books," naming twelve books by seven different authors.

All in all, it is a marvelous achievement for any individual, and if I were restricted to the choice of a single volume treating of the practical side of trout fishing, I think that "Trout Fishing from All Angles" would be given the place upon my shelf.

The American Angler will envy his British cousin access to so many beautiful trout streams in England and in Wales, lavishly depicted in attractive half tones throughout this altogether attractive volume. T. A.

MUSHROOMS OF FIELD AND WOOD, *by Margaret McKenny—Illustrations in color and black and white from photographs and drawings—193 pages—The John Day Company, New York—1929—$2.00. Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

"THE Mushroom's scorn'd but curious race" will win much wider regard for its varied charms through this profusely illustrated book—the right size to fit any reasonably wide pocket and the right character to fit any reasonably wide interest in the humbler creatures of the great outdoors.

"The Sponsors believe that the simplicity of approach to the subject will remove the prejudice which has prevailed for generations against this branch of botany," state the Chairman and Executive Secretary of the Coördinating Council on Nature Activities, American Museum of Natural History, New York, in a foreword, "and will lead many young people, as well as their elders, toward a deeper appreciation of the romance and beauty of these 'despised brothers of Flora's tribe'."

The numerous drawings, photographs and colored plates and the key and detailed descriptions make it an easy matter to identify the different varieties of mushrooms, puffballs and other fungi, and to differentiate the poisonous from the edible. Therefore, this book has a genuine practical value for the great host who relish the delectable flavor of mushrooms, which taste so seductively like smoke.

But the book's chief value should be that of opening its readers' eyes to the purple Blewit and the golden Chantarelle, which the author hopes we all shall some day recognize as readily as the violet and the rose, to the dancing nymph-like grace and charm of Fairy Ring Mushrooms, about which so much folk-lore has grown, to the dangerous but sinisterly beautiful Aramintas, to the exquisitely shaped Coral and Lacy Hydnum which startle you with their beauty when you first see them on some rotting log, to all the mushroom and fungi folk which with their modestly sober and soft hues, or violently vivid colors rival the flowers in decorating woods, lawns and pastures. For you can find toadstools almost everywhere out-of-doors except under toads!

R. C.

BUY YOUR OUTDOOR BOOKS THROUGH OUTDOOR AMERICA

AMERICAN POLO *by Newell Bent. Profusely Illustrated. 407 pp. Macmillan, New York, 1929. $6.00. Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

POLO, the oldest game played with stick and ball, the fastest game to play and watch, with the possible exception of modern ice hockey, the game in which Persian kings were proud to excel, has won its spurs now in the New World. No longer does the man-in-the-American-street associate it with monocles and think of it as a "rathah jolly game, old deah." Since that autocrat of journalism, James Gordon Bennett, introduced the game to the United States, smiles at the expense of "shinny on horseback" have given way to respect and, in many quarters, to keen interest. This interest should provide a good public for Newell Bent's "American Polo," and the book should stimulate this interest.

"To tell the story of American polo from its beginnings and to paint the picture of the game today in North and South America," this is the alibi Mr. Bent offers for adding still another book to the groaning book shelves of the land. It does not give many practical pointers on how to play the game. Hon. W. Cameron Forbes' "As to Polo," and "Position and Team Play in Polo," by W. B. Devereux, Jr., had met this need already. It does quote in full, however, Devereux Milburn's authoritative article, "The Science of Hitting in Polo," originally published in *The Spur.* It provides valuable information on breeding and handling English and Argentine polo ponies. It amounts to being a Who's Who and Why of the game today. And it tells out of Mr. Bent's experience for a score of years as an active player much of polo personalities, procedures and principles.

Although one wishes that a larger proportion of the photographs which are lavishly spread through the book were action pictures, they add greatly to the interest and value of Mr. Bent's contribution. Contemporary drawings of polo in Persia in the sixteenth century, Persian ladies playing polo (the "modern" woman isn't so modern after all!), polo in Japan in the twelfth century and in India in the sixteenth help us to realize the antiquity of the game. But this is late in its history, for we have reason to believe polo was played in 600 B.C.!

R. C.

AMERICAN PISTOL SHOOTING, *A Manual of Instruction in Modern Pistol Marksmanship, by Major William D. Fraser—More than 70 illustrations, mostly photographs—326 pages—E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y., 1929—$5.00. Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

"TO provide a means of instruction in all forms of pistol practice in vogue in America today," is the main objective he had in writing this book according to Major Fraser's foreword. "The text was planned so as to give progressive lessons on the fundamentals of shooting and in the more advanced steps of all-around practice."

The aspects treated range from the selection of pistols through defensive, aerial, exhibition, competition, free pistol and game shooting to pointers on instructing ladies so Aunt Martha will hit the burglar rather than the chandelier, including a most valuable chapter on the psychology of shooting. We trust that when a new edition is issued (which should be soon and often!) an index will be added.

Perhaps the author's advice is most successfully summed in his following "Don't": "Don't fail to 'Hold 'em, squeeze 'em and call 'em.'" His warning against the pur-

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chase of the cheap foreign hand arms which are flooding the American market should be heeded widely. Another bit of information this reviewer will try to heed when he next uses a hand arm is: Hold your breath when you fire but don't close your eyes. R.C.

FOREST TREES OF ILLINOIS, *HOW TO KNOW THEM—A Pocket Manual Describing Their Most Important Characteristics, by W. R. Mattoon and R. B. Miller, issued by the Department of Conservation, Springfield, Ill., 1929—Paper covers, 94 pages, 85 illustrations. FREE.*

"THE quiet people in green," as Robert Louis Stevenson once called trees, are paid due homage in this attractive book, the popularity of which is proven by the fact that approximately forty thousand copies have been given away on request.

Of the 100 tree species native in Illinois 96 are fully described. Twig, leaf and fruit in most instances are shown in faithfully accurate line drawings and usual location, bark, leaves, flowers, fruit and wood described briefly and clearly. It is a valuable means of introducing school and college classes, Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, campers, auto-tourists and all nature lovers to the quietest but very far from the least valuable residents of Illinois.

Our only suggestion for future editions (may there be many!) would be that in cases where a tree has a characteristic contour it be shown. Some trees are usually thin, others fat, and we often recognize them by their figures. R. C.

THE AMATEUR TRAINER, *Force System Without the Whip, by Ed. F. Haberlein—14 full page plates and other illustrations, 139 pages—Published by the author—Paper cover $1.00. cloth $2.00. Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

SINCE 1894 this practical little treatise on the training and care of bird dogs has enjoyed wide and deserved popularity. The front cover and backbone of the edition we have just received bear the date 1929, the title-page 1928 and the copyright page 1924. But commonsense and helpful information aren't made the less valuable by anything the calendar says. (By the way, why shouldn't "dog-sense" be just as synonymous with "commonsense" as "horse-sense"?) R. C.

WHAT ABOUT THE YEAR 2000? *Prepared under the direction of Joint Committee on Bases of Sound Land Policy Organized by the Federated Societies on Planning and Parks—Illustrated with Maps and Charts—168 pages—$1.00. Secure this book through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THE Malthusian spectre of population outgrowing food supply and accordingly vast numbers starving to death is effectively laid by this scientific study, which bears the subtitle, "An Economic Summary of Answers to the Vital Questions: *Will Our Land Area in the United States Meet the Demands of Our Future Population? How Are We to Determine the Best Use of Our Land Resources?*"

The answer to the first question is optimistic, "We must estimate our needs and consider the problem of how best to meet them by using the resources which we can make available. If we do this, there is promise that the 200,000,000 or less people in the United States in the year 2000 will be able to command higher cultural as well as material standards of living." But to arrive at this optimistic answer a working program must be developed of a character

the Committee responsible for this book recommends: "To foster greater interest in land planning. To assemble data and make possible the co-ordination of the work of the various planning agencies and bodies. . . . To aid in establishing local planning bodies. To present careful studies of issues in questions of national importance involving land uses."

The drastic need for wisely directed social control is shown convincingly. For instance, it is pointed out, "The Government has never attempted to get farmers off of poor land and on to better land or into other industries where they would be more productive, but has constantly tried to increase the total number of farms. We have never had a national land policy that could be called a comprehensive plan for the development and use of our national resources. Our future land policies ought to be formulated in answer to the question: *Should more land or particular tracts of land be used to produce commodities or can the land be put to better social advantage?*"

The inventories of land resources of the United States and the studies of land uses, tendencies and requirements embrace urban land, public, scenic and recreation areas, forests and pasture and crop lands. These reports, constituting the bulk of the book, bring to light many surprising and significant facts which will be of particular interest to Waltonians. They also raise many questions that stimulate thought and might well prove the basis for a multitude of debates. Seldom do you find a book so well balanced, taking into consideration so many factors and facts of viewpoint. We defy anyone with a speculative mind to read this book without relish, anyone with a social consciousness to read it without realization of the task that faces us to make the most out of our land resources.

"Most people know that this country was not settled according to any plan but few realize that there are what may be termed agricultural slums comparable to city slums"—not in congestion, but in lowness of standard of living. No wonder that "in some of the Lake States land is becoming tax delinquent at the rate of 2,000,000 acres per state per year, less than half of which is redeemed!" Of course these "agricultural slums" occur throughout the country. Waltonians will be interested in the example set by New York State, which "is doing a little to solve those problems by buying up the land in absolutely hopeless communities and adding it to the state forests. Revenue from hunting licenses in the present reserves is now sufficient to buy more land. In some instances a combination of hunting, recreation and forestry may be the most profitable use of such land." This is one sample of the type of problem with which this book deals and with which sooner or later, the sooner the better, we all must deal.

Its realization of the value of recreational lands is one of the many gratifying facts about this study, which we unhesitatingly recommend even though few of us will see for ourselves whether its prophecies come true.

R. C.

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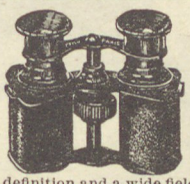

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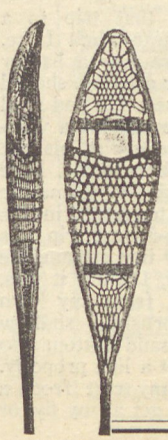

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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS means more to anglers than to most people, for the true angler is possessed of the Christmas spirit.

While the Fire Burns

IF I were ever privileged to build myself a home "just as I want it," I would first of all erect a fireplace, then surround it with the house. The open fire is the center of the home. I do not wonder that the ancients worshipped fire: I could almost be a fire-worshiper even in this supposedly enlightened age. I am going to make a confession, not because the preachers insist that "confession is good for the soul," but because I want to. When everything goes wrong, bills bother, correspondents find fault, fish won't bite, I spread a rug in front of my fireplace, turn out the lights, and sprawl there, like Caliban "i' the mud." The flame leaps, and cracks, and sparkles, lighting the room, illuminating the past. There is nothing that so stirs an out-door man's memory as does a blazing wood fire in an open grate, bringing to mind camp-fires in the wilderness, angling victories and defeats. Christmas, an open fire, and *memories!*

(Parenthetically—I am very fond of parentheses—the open fire, a camp-fire house-broke, does not compare with a real camp-fire. The average fireplace draws too well, you do not get smoke in your eyes, or have your nostrils tickled with the pungent odor of slowly consumed green wood. The fire in the grate is tamed, domesticated, if you get what I mean. Just the same, I am grateful for it, tamed though it is, and I love it. When salesmen talk to me enthusiastically about the advantages of an electric or gas grate, I am ready to fight. No, I demand a wood fire, and I want to cut the fuel myself!)

As already suggested, this is the season of the year for memories. The angler sort of casts up the record, considers his great victories, his unexplained, his inexplicable defeats. It is easy enough to understand why we won, because of our understanding and skill, of course; but why, in spite of our skill and understanding, we should lose, ah, there's the rub. You will forgive me, I know, because the fire is blazing brightly, and it is Christmas time, for just yarning.

First, then, there was that trip to a branch of Clam River, near Shell Lake, Wisconsin. You see, there was a barber up there, who dry-flied for a living, shaved and cut hair to pay expenses. He had read my "Trout Lore," and thought me a wonderful angler. Can you believe it, his one great ambition was to fish with me, have me show him how to cast a fly. Came the day when I was billed to speak in his town, and of course a fly-fishing trip was arranged in advance. Now that stream, the East Branch of the Clam, I think it was, was altogether different from my own stream. Tree-girded, brushy, shallow mostly, clear with white sand bottom. No chance whatever to get out a line properly. I was either untangling my cast from a tree-top, hacking brush to get at my fly, or just anathematizing all trout streams and that one in particular, laying down my rod so that I could employ both hands in gesticulation. (One can't "say things" properly unless the hands are free.) But that barber went on his way blithely, crawling under the brush, but laying his line marvelously, and catching fish, many fish! How he did it I can not imagine, but do it he did. He had nineteen fine trout to my one. He knew more about dry fly fishing in such an environment in one minute than I knew in a year. Instead of coming to me for information, I went to him. How he can retain any faith in my fly-fishing ability after that demonstration is more than I can understand. It was a great experience for me, good for my soul, no doubt, but horribly chastening.

Here's the lesson, and the thing I have been saying over and over again to the readers of this department: Stream-knowledge is of utmost importance. As between good tackle, the proper fly, stream-knowledge and fish-understanding, I think the latter most important. My admiring friend caught fish where I could not because he was intimately acquainted with the water, the habits of his fish, and how to get out line to them. My thought tonight, sitting here by the glowing fire looking up at some of my choice and valuable rods, is that after all they are not of transcendent importance. Many an angler has erroneously supposed that because he had the money with which to purchase expensive tackle he therefore must needs take fish. Understand, I am not decrying good tackle, for I love it and lavish upon it more cash than I have any business doing; but the wise angler knows it is fish understanding, stream acquaintanceship and ability to place a fly accurately which counts.

This brings to mind another thing, or the fire brings it to mind. (One can see things in the fire.) We get the notion that perfectly tied counterfeit presentments, artistic artificial flies, are a prime requisite. Last year I was fishing a little stream, an open stream, just right for the shore fly-man. Now I am in the habit of flattering myself that I can, if not with Addison's Will Wimble, "tie a May-fly to a miracle," I can at least produce fairly perfect fuzzie wuzzies. On the day brought to mind I failed to take fish, though I cast my best, eliminated myself and all that. I couldn't understand it. (We never can understand failing, though it is easy to understand winning.) Then came a young farmer, fresh from the field with earth-stain upon his overalls. His rod was not so much-a-much, though he handled it adroitly. He took a good fish right from the pool before me, where I had, insofar as I could see, failed to stir a fin. Of course, we entered into conversation, for I have found the other fellow always ready to talk if approached in a half-way decent manner. This young man tied his own flies, and he showed me the one upon which he was taking fish, he called it a Royal Coachman, but such a Coachman! Scraggily formed and not quite true to pattern, but it seemed that scraggliness, and off-tint were what those fool fish required.

There is a lesson and bit of encouragement in the happening for amateur fly-tiers, as well as something for past-masters of the gentle art to mull over. Just because you can not get the hackle to "come right," or the wings to "cock" properly, do not be discouraged, it may be that the trout or bass will prefer them the inartistic way. There is something about all this that keeps a man humble and contrite. The bumptious angler is not numerous, thank the Red Gods, but he is impossible. Cerebral elephantisis is a loathsome malady anywhere, but particularly obnoxious in an angler. There is something about the gentle art of Izaak Walton which keeps most of us humble, and *democratic.*

Where One Got Away—"Up through such a shoot in an incoming stream, heading toward my tent, which loomed above the willows."

Fishing by the fire, my mind swings to the Black Hills and Rapid River. Now there are better fishing streams in that country of surpassing loveliness than the Rapid River, too easy of access, thanks to "the crookedest railroad on earth"; but I enjoyed the fishing, it was so different from that to which I am most accustomed. Rising to the right and left were great bluffs, and looking up I could glimpse, through the fir trees, the bald top of Mt. Perrin. The water was swift, though too warm to my notion for a trout stream. It is locally believed that there are four species of trout to be taken: brook trout, rainbow, brown and loch leven. You see, they differentiate out there between the last two, and maybe they are right, though I had always thought that a loch leven was a brown from Scotland simply. I caught both species (?), for when a brown has a big head, in proportion to the body, he is a Scot. I caught two fish, splendid fish from one pool, one with a head out of all proportions to its body, the other a typical brown, though darker colored than the browns I know. I caught a beautiful rainbow, too, almost purple in color, like those gilbert trout of the golden trout country. It was a beautiful catch, three fish, and I quit satisfied.

I took no brook trout, eastern brook trout, the speckled beauty of song and story. Not surprising, the stream seemed to me too warm for them, and anyway, there were too many of the brown present to allow brookies to propagate unhindered. The two species do not get along well together, in my estimation, and I think it a great mistake to plant them together. The brown will flourish in water of a temperature untenable to the brook, so why mix them? There are brook trout streams there, with nothing in them but brookies. I did not get a chance to fish one of those streams, though I tried to, getting lost and tramping for fifteen or twenty miles in a hot sun. Oh, well, it was a splendid dinner we ate that night, for there is no sauce like hunger.

So the year is on the wane, and the fire burns low in the grate. It is rare fun, to look into the face of the flame and live over again the experiences of the year which is drawing to its close. I have pictures, taken here, there and everywhere, lots of pictures; and what open windows they are to the past. Pictures and firelight, a combination to stir the heart of the most phlegmatic. But it is not the pictures in the album, nor yet the pictures in the firelight that matter, rather those in the brain. That is real sport, living over again the experiences of the season just past; correcting mistakes, you know. It is easy afterward!

Which brings me to my final paragraph in this wandering screed. The experiences of the past are but lessons for the future. If I could go back to Rapid River, to Pine River, to Clam River, remembering the experiences, I know I would do better, much better. Why not? That is one of the reasons why I am conducting this department, so that we may exchange experiences, helping one another. If I can learn from your failures it is better than making them myself. If you succeeded where I failed, and tell me about it, maybe I will succeed next time. Next time. Next year! Dreaming by the fire, the mind takes the leap. So I wish for all readers of this department, not only a Merry Christmas, and I wish you that with all my heart; but also a "Happy New Year," with a straining line and never a full creel! Selah.

Ask "Outdoor" Smith

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

"WHAT'S IN A NAME!"

Dear O. W.: I am more than a bit surprised to read in Outdoor America: ". . . Black Spotted Trout vulgarly called the Cut-throat. This last is a most unseemly and piratical name, a stupid and insulting name, which should be abandoned." And still I remember well the first Cut Throat (the hyphen I'll eliminate) I hooked. I was a greener fisherman with the fly than I am now, when this happened. It was on the North Fork of the Little Wind, about 12 miles west of Lander, Wyoming. The day was bright. High water was receding as it usually does at the end of June, a time when the evasive fellows take the fly in a most hearty manner. The fly was clumsily placed, but gracefully taken and with ardor, just to show me up, I suppose. The battle that ensued spoke well for the little fellow, and led me to expect more weight than was there. I landed him and was a little perplexed, and filled with shame that I should have handled him so mercilessly as to have torn his throat to such an extent that it was bleeding. On closer examination I found this not to be the case, but saw the bright red streaks which evidently gave rise to the name Cut Throat.

I spent eight happy years of my life among people of the West, and never have I heard anyone refer to the Native Trout with disrespect. I have had the name explained to me by many, but no one ever referred to the Cut Throat as a pirate. He is a gentleman, but not a Red-Throated dandy. He is a cavalier who does not disdain a fray if the opponent shows sufficient skill to be worthy of a match. And the name Cut Throat is just the kind of a name the West would give just such a trout. How I hate to see some of these Western names distilled, refined and dry-cleaned, until they look and sound like something that has been sponged and pressed.

When I began teaching in Wyoming I too was filled with the holy zeal of cleaning out and up the Western vernacular. Now I thank the Lord that my work was unsuccessful. I suppose it will now be "Red-throat". . . . Humming birds!

Far be it from me to criticize the venerable Dr. van Dyke, so I would suggest that you commit this to the basket, but I am homesick and just had to get this off my chest.

P. S. The above was written a year ago, or in January, 1929, just to relieve my feelings, and would not be sent in now were it not for your article on the pike question—"Gray Wolf of the Northland"—in the August magazine.—A. C. R., Wisc.

Sir: You are to be congratulated on your waitability. Now if many of us would only hold the fire of our criticism for a twelve month, it would never see the light of print. However, in this case I think your ground sufficiently well taken, and perhaps as a reward of patience, I am going to publish your communication. I agree with you heartily, which may have something to do with my sending in an ancient letter. I am glad I said what I did about the pike nomenclature inasmuch as it moved you to "lift" your good letter from cold storage. I hope our readers will look up the January, 1929, issue and reread the article in question.—O. W.

PEP THEM UP

Dear O. W.: I keep my earth worms in a box of dirt, feeding with coffee grounds and changing earth frequently, but when I get them to the fishing grounds they soon become listless and lack pep. I carry them in a large tin pail. What can I do to pep them up?—F. C. K., Wisc.

Sir: I won't answer you as did my little girl once when I complained because my earthworms were not "peppy,"—"Why, Dad," said she, "pepper 'em." I presume your fishing stock do not get enough "muscle-making" food, and I would suggest that you try putting a tough sod about as large as a cocoanut—a quack grass sod is ideal—in the bottom of the box, and change the earth

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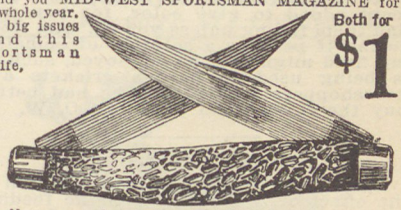

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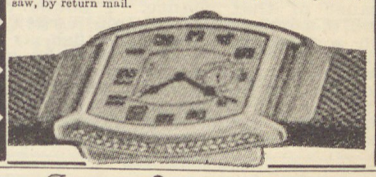

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more frequently. While coffee grounds do give a red color they do not supply requisite food value, neither does sour milk, much resorted to by wormers. Dark earth mould and red clay mixed give "body" to your worms. You will find it much better to carry your worms in a wood pail, good and large, with plenty of soil; above all, keep the receptacle out of the sun as much as possible. Heat always softens earth worms. Perhaps the above will not help, but try it.—O. W.

THE TOOTH MATTER AGAIN

Dear O. W.: Do bass and pike lose their teeth in August?—J. W., Wisc.

Sir: The matter which you raise is one concerning which there is a great difference of opinion. Indians and guides believe quite generally in the "sore tooth" notion, though I must confess that I have never found a pike with what I would regard as sore jaws, though of course I have found fish with lacerated jaws. You always start something when you bring up this subject. Never before have I heard that bass were included in the "sore tooth" bunch. But if the pike, pickerel and muskellunge have "sore teeth," why not bass?—O. W.

TO PRESERVE MINNOWS

Dear O. W.: Will you tell me how I can preserve minnows so that I will have a supply of bait in the winter.—J. W., Wisc.

Sir: I know of no thoroughly satisfactory method of preserving minnows and live bait generally. Such a question as yours brings out a number of formulae, but always they prove a bit disappointing. After all, the amateur somehow can not produce the quality of preserved minnows the firms regularly in the business do, why, not being wholly clear. Anyway a can of minnows nowadays is pretty cheap. I have packed freshly caught minnows in dry salt, allowing the natural moisture to make the brine, and I have placed them in brine at once, but always the results have been far from satisfactory. Probably the best method is to use formaldehyde with some pigment added to give color, for you will find them fading unless you do. Am wondering if perhaps a solution of embalming fluid might not be employed, such as is being used to harden crickets and grasshoppers. After all, one had better buy the commercial product.—O. W.

FISHING IN OCTOBER

Dear O. W.: What in your opinion is the effect of the moon upon the feeding habits of fish? Am thinking of going into Minnesota in October; would that be too late? Will large lures take larger fish, and what do you think of ——— as a possible 'lunge lure?—G. P., Okla.

Sir: In my experience, and it has been quite wide, I can't see that the moon has any influence whatsoever upon fishing, which I know is contrary to some of our pet beliefs, but such is the fact nevertheless. You will find, I think, that more depends upon the supply of food than upon the phase of the moon. Under ordinary conditions the latter half of September or the first of October should offer almost ideal fishing conditions in North Minnesota, with the possibility of a cold rain making the trip disagreeable. I would incline to the last of September because of that chance. I doubt very much if a large lure will take larger fish than a small one, for such fish as we seek in the fall are ready to take anything, their appetite being up. Such a lure as you mention is perfectly all right, but it is better to take the larger sizes for muskellunge, simply because of the smashing power of their jaws.—O. W.

THE COLORS OF PLUGS

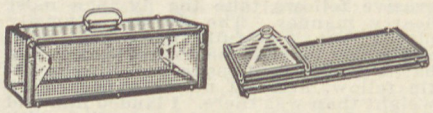
Dear O. W.: Tell me your choice of colors for late bass fishing, four or five please. Here we find the Creek Chub Crawfish good, probably because the fish are feeding upon them in the fall. When the water is rough I start deep fishing, but if smooth I begin with surface lures. Is this the right way? Are the jack salmon of Ozark streams the wall-eyed pike of the North, and are the pike they catch there the same as northern pike?—G. P., Okla.

Sir: My choice in colors, when it comes to "plugs," depends wholly upon local conditions, and what the fish seem to want. I always talk with local fishermen whenever possible and get their slant on the question. With me, red and white is a prime favorite, mottled yellow takes second place, then green, aluminum, brown. I usually begin operations on the surface, going to underwaters only after I discover the fish are not surface feeding. Whether or not the "craw-fish" plug simulates a real crayfish I can't say, but yellow is a taking color in certain waters. Undoubtedly the jack salmon is the wall-eye. I think the Ozark pike is the great pike, which in the North is northern pike. The local names of fish is an exceedingly confusing question.—O. W.

ANGLER'S CABINET

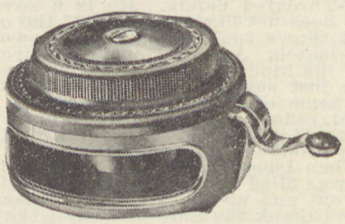
Here are some items which readers of Outdoor America *can select for outdoor loving friends without fear of making a Christmas present that will be cast to one side. If you don't find what "he" or "she" wants here, look back through the files of this magazine and note the splendid selection of articles, at varying prices, each tested and tried.*

THE LIVE-BAITER'S FRIEND



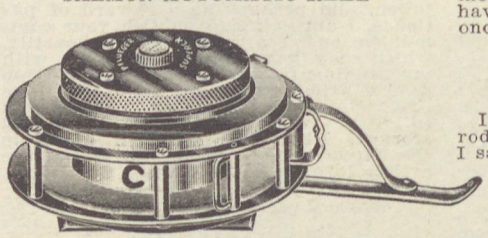
Here we have an unbreakable, folding minnow trap that does the business. Made of rust-proof wire, quarter inch mesh, it is light, and because it folds flat, takes up little room. For the man who wants to catch minnows in an easy way nothing could be better and more worth while. Here is a minnow trap, or frog container, that is different.

ANOTHER AUTOMATIC



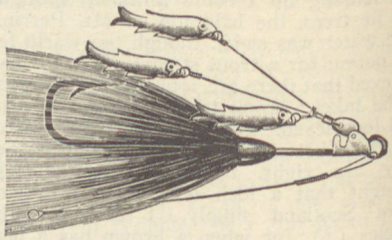
Here is one of the most striking and attractive of the newer automatics. This reel is lighter and smaller, but handles enough line for all ordinary fly-fishing, indeed in our try-outs we never managed to see the spool. Here we have quick, positive action, with utmost control. The release is of special shape, releasing line automatically when line is stripped, either by hand or hooked fish. This point alone places the reel in a class by itself. The brake is on the gearing and not the line spool, which is free-floating. And beautiful—say, boy, it is a wonder. But look it up for yourself.

SALMON AUTOMATIC REEL



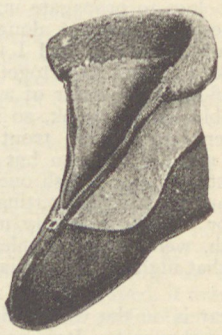
Again we pick up an automatic, which comes in three sizes, the largest being large enough for salmon or great pike fly-fishing. This reel is bound to be popular for steelhead. Is in gun metal color, which will not reflect the rays of the sun, and unusually well made. The hand-wind is large enough to give plenty of grip, which is important, as every user of the type knows. There are oil holes where needed, and therefore the reel can be kept properly lubricated without trouble. Again, I am afraid I will wax eloquent, which wouldn't do at all.

A BRAN NEW LURE



Here is a lure that is weedless, but far from fishless. Look at the cut. Note that when it is cast the hinged weed-guard flips back, and the bait is cast as readily as a bucktail. Because of the peculiar construction, when a fish is hooked—which is unusually easy—the weed-guards fold back out of the way when the capture takes it into his head to go into the weeds. There is considerable motion to the lure, because the minnows move from side to side. Can't tell all the good points here.

CAMP COMFORT



Here is an item that will interest anglers, hunters and outdoor men generally. After hiking over rough going all day, or sliding around on the slippery bed of a river until the ankles are sore, what can compare to a pair of soft, warm, comfortable slippers? These are made with moccasin sole and vamped with waterproof duck so that they can be worn outdoors without wetting the feet, but are withal as soft and pliable as any slipper. Then they have "zipper" fastenings so that they can be put on or taken off in a jiffy. Real comfort, what.

Readers, have you liked this department? Have you liked it well enough to have it continued? Don't all speak at once.—O. W.

A CORRECTION

In my write up of the Hexi-Super-Cane rod, which appeared in the October issue, I said, "Stained dark, closely wound and mounted with agates, it is beautiful." It was all true save the first two words. The makers inform me that it is not "stained dark" on the outside, but that the color goes all the way through, the result of the secret process to which the cane is subjected. How was I to suspect that? Didn't break the rod, though I subjected it to unusual strain, at which it laughed. No, I didn't get inside the rod, and I am glad to pass on the information, that if I had I would have found the same beautiful color at the heart as on the surface.—O. W.

Let O. W. Smith help you do your Xmas shopping for the angler. The names of the manufacturers of these suggested gifts will be given on request.

Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

THE BALTIMORE CASTING CLUB'S TWO-DAY TOURNAMENT

TOURNAMENT casting in the east has been much advanced by the Baltimore Casting Club. This is evidenced by the interest taken in the two-day tournament held on September 21st and 22nd. On Saturday the one-fourth, one-half and five-eighths ounce accuracy events were held with the dry and wet fly accuracy events at the club's casting pool in Druid Hill Park. Al Foss, of Cleveland, won the one-fourth ounce event with a score of 98.7. The day was cloudy and it was difficult to make a much better score. He also won the one-half ounce event with a score of 98.5. Harry L. Hobby of Westminster won the five-eighths ounce event with the score of 99.3. This event was very hotly contested by George R. Babylon and Thomas E. Loving; up until the seventh cast it looked as if Babylon had it, but the cast with three off put him out of the running for first place. Loving and Babylon tied for second place and in the cast-off Loving won. The dry fly accuracy event was won by Harry A. Jackson with a score of 99 4/15% and the wet fly by Al Foss with a score of 99 4/15%. It was estimated that approximately 500 persons witnessed the contest on Saturday at the pool.

On Sunday, September 22nd, the distance events were held at the Municipal Stadium, where the Navy-Notre Dame football game was played on October 12th. The one-half ounce distance event was won by Guy W. Steele with an average of 212.6 feet. Mr. Steele has always been a good distance caster and he is improving at every tournament that he is seen. Mr. M. I. Taylor, of the Baltimore Casting Club, won the five-eighths ounce plug event with a score of 192 feet average.

The Baltimore club has adopted surf-casting as one of its features because its members are so close to the Atlantic Coast and have the opportunity of doing surf-casting. Two years ago when the Dover Fishing Club of Philadelphia, and other prominent clubs of the Surf Anglers of America, came to Baltimore they had one entry in the surf events. This year there were seven Marylanders entered. In the surf event average of three, Class A was won by W. Balkenhol (Philadelphia) with an average of 331.2 feet. Class B, Thomas E. Loving (Baltimore) won this event with an average of 323.1 feet, and Class C won by J. B. Buzey (Philadelphia) with an average of 255.10 feet. In the surf event longest cast C. Hungerford, Jr. (Philadelphia) won this event with a score of 410.5 feet, Class A; Class B winner was M. I. Taylor of Baltimore, with a cast of 336.10 feet; Class C was won by A. B. Keffer (Philadelphia) making a cast of 263.8 feet.

Tournament casting was first introduced in Maryland into the Forest and Stream Club by George R. Babylon. That club has persistently kept at it until they have developed a large number of very good men. Mr. Babylon, several years ago, organized the Baltimore Casting Club and has succeeded in developing a large number of bait, fly and surf casters.

The Dover Fishing Club, on October 6th, held its annual tournament at Philadelphia. The Baltimore Casting Club entered a number of its men. Dr. N. L. Neidentohl captured the five-eighths ounce accuracy event with a score of 99.3. We are thankful the Baltimoreans came away from Philadelphia with a number of very handsome prizes. One of the most interesting features of the Dover Fishing Club's tournament was the presence of August Livenais, Jr., of the Pacific Rod and Gun Club of San Francisco, who is the champion surf caster of the world. This caster has sent the four ounce lead out farther than any human being has ever attempted in a tournament. His longest cast recorded is 548 feet.

The scores of the Baltimore tournament are as follows: The Club City accuracy and distance event was won by Thomas E. Loving. The State Accuracy and Distance event was won by Guy W. Steele, of Westminster. The All Around club championship was won by Al Foss. The Club Accuracy event went to Mr. Foss as well as the All Around open championship. The surf event average of three was won by Thomas E. Loving and the All Around club championship by Al Foss.

Al Foss in action

Finishing his famous and original "lariat" cast. Al Foss has just put out a good one. He is evidently helping it all he can. Note position of rod and reel at finish of the cast.

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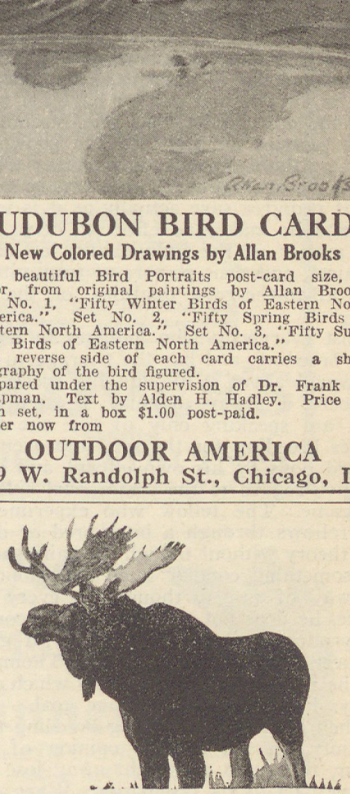

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

Some Sides of Breeding

SEVERAL times every week I am importuned by bird dog fanciers to criticize some article on the subject of breeding which, seemingly, flouts some of their convictions, or fails in many ways to conform with their fancied, or actual experiences. I can offer several reasons for not responding to these appeals; among them is the one that often I have not tried what the other fellow has, and frequently, while perhaps he has failed to prove his theories, there are merits in them which escape the average man who can see nothing of pedigree save actually as it is written, and he makes no effort to delve into that matter of the individuality of dams and sires, and their powers of transmitting their all-to-the-good qualities, or the reverse.

Most everybody who indulges in legitimate breeding, and has the courage to tell the world about it, though his success is mediocre, I always admire. I can't help it. I am speaking only of the one who studies breeding for the sole improvement of bird dogs by his own efforts, and does not give regard to the commercial side of the game. The fellow who experiments, and follows through a bitch-bred or dog-bred theory without thought of gain, surely has something coming from the public in the way of praise, though, in every instance, he does not prove out his theories, but produces a sufficient number of good prospects to show the doubting Thomases that he is very close to the path which will always have a slightly elusive goal.

When we reduce bird dog breeding to a certainty, in the humble opinion of the writer, the game will right away lose the greater part of its fascination. When certainty of result comes into any sport, the word "sport" soon becomes eliminated, and in its place will come a sure thing. Just think into what a commonplace thing bird dog breeding would arrive, if everything could be produced as you planned, by mating individuals of certain pedigree with others of certain pedigree, and being positively assured that you would have the next champion, all-age, derby, or even the elastic one of a puppy champion in field trial competition! But the trouble would be that every dog lover would have champions, and champions would be held in as much esteem as a hot water bottle in inferno, could they be brought into the world with such sureness. Perhaps, then, conditions would reverse themselves. Champions or potential champions—a more polite and literal terming—would be so commonplace that the present-day, much despised dub would be so rare that it would actually attract a tremendous amount of attention.

There is a lot in breeding to which the average dog breeder gives little cognizance, temperament, condition of the animals at the time of mating, proper selection, and, then, further, and of most importance, the possibilities of the dam and sire reproducing their own qualities, granting that they are of a certain high standard. In my opinion, and I do not want to be classed as one who has been entirely through the entire ramifications of breeding, or half of them, clear thought ought to be given to the bitches' powers of reproducing as much as the sires'.

Not long ago a certain capable writer on bird dogs referred to the custom, or frequent experience, of hunters years ago who bred pointers and setters together and produced good individuals called "droppers"; in fact, often very good individuals for hunting purposes. His idea, perhaps, was to offer this same process as a potential vehicle for improving the bird dog, and, relatively suggesting the subject of feasible outcrosses to produce better pointers or setters or, at least, a better breed of bird dogs. In his own parlance, I do not think he was so much sold on the idea as he wished to have the public experiment in other channels than modern reconstructed ones.

In the far past I had considerable entry into this sort of breeding; first, by accident, happening through the great obstacles which a bitch in season can surmount when she escapes bonds to meet an unplanned destiny. Then I tried crossing pointers and setters simply because my old friend Whitford was occasionally doing it on the q. t. for a bunch of breeders in Saint Louis.

What were the rewards? We occasionally obtained a few crack performers in the field, dogs that made good on quails, chickens, etc., actually outstanding dogs. Then, right away, we were faced with the very same thing that came to breeders of dairy cattle whom I had seen experiment on the very same lines. Every once in a while we got a great dog, but that dog would not reproduce. The same thing obtained with dairy cattle—the great grade or cross milker did not reproduce; and we came to a state where the mixed breeding was given up, simply because we neither knew how to carry further on successfully, nor had the courage to create further tragedies of miscegenation.

The amazing number of things which enter into breeding are past enumerating in a hundred large volumes of printed matter. Just for a while get on one tiny part of the subject, and it will carry you on in a flow that will become boresome to readers. Men have bred successfully because they have had courage and understood breeding, and everything concerning blood lines of their favorite families of pointers and setters. I think their failing to produce at times according to schedule, was from coming in contact with the great dog that would not reproduce, and they could not foretell this until they had expended a great deal of time and energy, and often introduced into their four-legged, short or long haired families blood that refused to make good.

Why certain great individual performers in the field fail to produce on any pure bred nick is past my explaining. Try them on every imaginable nick and the result is always the same. I pity the dog. I pity the owner, too, because he has accepted a hundred dollars stud fee from people who did not get ten dollars in dog value, unless they sold puppies on the name of the sire before the public discovered his self-perpetuating delinquencies.

Here is the big handicap facing any breeder who aspires to breed youngsters of great field trial or shooting dog caliber. Let me repeat it, so that no one can mistake me, though I may be either correct or faulty in my estimate. The champion which does not reproduce the qualities which made him champion, when given opportunities on nicks to which his own blood lines always respond favorably, commits irreparable damage in bird dogs before the public is aware of it. The very word champion is the magic lure which makes bird dog breeders breed their best bitches to him; and only to bring into the world from the mating indifferent performers.

Some of the owners of champion field trial dogs, unable to perpetuate their greatness in the public stud, doubtlessly kidded themselves into the belief that, because their dogs were great, their get must be the same when mating to them good bitches.

Instead of withdrawing their dogs from stud, when the get proved unsatisfactory—temporarily at least—until they found whether they could produce or not, they offered in succession the excuses that no great field trial dog produced well while he was being campaigned on the circuit. Then followed, as failures came to their notice, that he was not a producer of puppy stage winners, after that derby winners, and then finally when all-age winners failed to appear, the poor breeding public had not even an apology bestowed on them for being guided by the stud dog owner in a wrong breeding experiment at a hundred dollars per.

Just why a certain dog, that is a real field trial champion, will not produce, though having the best blood producing lines I do not know; and I will write of it because I still have to suffer the painful sting of one of these poignant failures of the present day—I am at present the owner of a beautiful big pointer, full of the blood of failure, that so far has not shown anything but the fact that he is a pretty good looker and has a disposition which wins the friendship of anyone more than any other member of my canine possessions.

As a writer of doggy, and other outdoor subjects, my advice was sought by aspirants of field trial honors on what dog to use for their bitches. I saw this champion run many times and win his championship. He had type and everything galore to warrant my recommending him, including performance, and ultimately everything, save being able to transmit his high class bird dog qualities in puppies, derby and all-age prospects. The Lord knows how many cynical letters I have received since then, all of the writers attributing every fault of the sire's failure to produce to me.

Such a dog will give pointer breeders who bred to him a considerable setback, for he is still showing the same thing in a second generation. Nevertheless, setter breeders got the same dose several years back. They followed the trend for a moment of breeding to a certain dog, and did it to the point of almost excluding others. The failure of his second generation is surely a pertinent reminder of their mistake. A few other fashionable dogs rated in the same manner; at least, to present the belief for all time that the mysteries

[illegible] for champions are not at all [illegible]omable, but fully worth trying to

[illegible]riotly amateur and tyro breeder [illegible] referring to them I have to [illegible] an inability to make either con[illegible]ctly to the word amateur on ac[illegible] the money part flashing its signal [illegible]— frequently brings out the [illegible] the world of a very inferior [illegible]rd dogs. Often these breeders [illegible]ncerely and utterly confirmed in [illegible]ers, that one must have more [illegible] sympathy than sarcasm for them. [illegible]tter good bird dogs. Frequently [illegible] of the size and the quality of [illegible]s of their purses, as well as to [illegible]kennel within reasonable bonds, [illegible]bliged to sell dogs! They cer[illegible]t in the realm of delicious opti[illegible] they go into the advertising and [illegible]. Failures do not deter them. [illegible] it right some time or other, [illegible] because they believe a cham[illegible]ces champions, or, to slightly [illegible]t reputed field trial winners [illegible]s capable prospects.

[illegible] young breeder continues along [illegible] of mating really potential matrons [illegible]able line to field trial winners [illegible] the product is good at least to [illegible]. But the really tyro class are [illegible] deceived by dealers or stud dog [illegible] moreover, in their enthusiasm [illegible]ree deceive themselves, and thus provide one source of glaring dubs coming into being. For an example, I will call certain of the stud dogs actual, yet fallacious winners insofar as they really accomplish much in trials. They are the kinds which have been placed several times in minor trials. Some of them were placed through mere good fortune. The company they were in was too inferior to be made mention of as class dogs, and the judges placed them simply because with the material at hand there was nothing else to do.

In some amateur stakes, I have seen dogs win second place because, in the event they were run, there were only two dogs. As judge, I have had to do this very thing on account of the same condition prevailing. Later on these animals were bred and the offspring sold with the eclat behind them of field trial winning parentage, which, of course, was true, though the matron and sire could not be truthfully classed as ordinary plug shooting dogs in performance.

Publicity affects lots of dogs and dog transactions. Some of it is based on events that look better on paper than in fact. Very inferior matrons are bred to real champions, simply to sell puppies, irrespective of whether the matron pointed a game bird in her life or could move her anatomy fast enough across a forty-acre field to beat an anaemic snail!

Ask Ozark Ripley He Knows

GUN SHY

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a dog half Airedale and half Shepherd, and he is gun shy. Will you please tell me a remedy for it? He is a good hunting dog, will tree well, but as soon as you shoot he runs toward home. I know you have had lots of dealings with dogs and I hope you can help me.

GILBERT SMITH,
Campbellsville, Ky.

Dear Mr. Smith:

You will have to go slowly with your dog and hunt him for a while without a gun until he has no apprehensions concerning it. Then begin carrying a gun along, but for several days do not use it. [illegible] it only once that day when you see him in a sight race, or very excited on treeing.

Repeat in a day or two, but only firing once and at a time when you see it does not bother him. After that, commence to increase the number of shots to two or three, but no more, for several days, however much he seems to stand for it.

If you are very careful to follow these instructions, and do not hurry or lose your temper, he will get along very nicely, I am sure.

OZARK RIPLEY.

SPEED IS FAVORABLE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a large Irish Setter, 18 months old. Last year he was too young to hunt, but I had him out a few times and he set quails and retrieved fine.

This year when I take him out he goes wild and just runs continually, going as fast as he can. He does not get out of range, but he goes so fast that he does not hunt and he runs over the birds. When I get in a cover and he scents the birds, he gets excited and runs through them.

I keep him tied on a long chain. I would like to ask how to slow him down, or at least to get him to hunt and set the game.

RUSSELL SELLARS,
Kingfisher, Okla.

Dear Mr. Sellars:

Seemingly you have come into possession of a very fine prospect in the way of an Irish setter. If his nose is all right, his speed is in his favor, instead of being a handicap, but at present he is so full of hunt that his desire to hunt surpasses his desire to find birds.

I would like you, if he can stand it,

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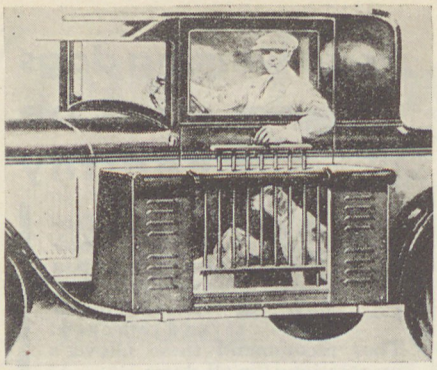

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before you put any leads or ropes on him, to let him go this way three days in succession. This will give him all the hunt his system wants, provided, of course, that you allow him three full days, all day each day. Then I would provide myself with a force collar and lead, teach him the commands, steady and so forth, and then check him up on game. I don't think you will experience the least trouble in this, if the dog's pointing instinct has arrived.

OZARK RIPLEY.

SCOTCH AND IRISH

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I wish to ask you what if any is the difference between a Scotch Terrier and an Irish Terrier? Is the color the same, and are there white Scotch or Irish Terriers?

M. W. PANGBURN, M. D.,
Scotland, S. Dak.

Dear Dr. Pangburn:

The color of the Irish terrier is reddish-brown and the Scotch terrier somewhat of a dark, lightening up to, steel gray.

For present-day measurements on the exact standards of the breed, write to the American Kennel Club, New York City.

OZARK RIPLEY.

WON'T STAND

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have been reading your suggestions in Outdoor America on bird dog troubles and I am wondering if you can help in my case.

I have an Irish setter bred as good as possibly can be gotten. He is three years old. The first year when ten months old he worked like a champion in every way. Last season he would hunt and find every bird within one-half mile of me, but would not stand. This season he seems to be better in range, speed, and a sure shot at finding birds, but here is his trouble. He will wind a bird that has run and follow up on it and stand perfect, but will not hold it long enough for me to get within gunshot. What would you suggest that I do to try and get him to stand?

HAROLD WEBER,
Pottstown, Pa.

Dear Mr. Weber:

Provide yourself with a long lead and a force collar, and teach your dog absolute steadiness with it. The main thing is to show him that you can catch him anywhere he is, which you will have to do and step on that lead every time he attempts to break his point.

After he learns steadiness, let him work a while with a long lead on his collar. Often dogs can be cured of breaking by snapping to their collar two chains three or four feet longer than the length of the dog. After the dog becomes entangled in them, once or twice, he realizes what you wish and begins to steady down nicely.

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Dear Ozark Ripley:

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ERIC C. KEMERLING,
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Dear Mr. Kemerling:

The thing for you to do is to provide yourself with a force training collar and teach your dog the force system of retrieving. Then he will retrieve at command, since he is not afraid of water.

There is a back issue of Outdoor America in which there is an article by the writer on the force system of retrieving. Any of the late works on training dogs will be a great help to you.

OZARK RIPLEY.

GREENE COUNTY (PA.) AND IZAAK WALTON TRIALS

THE inaugural field trials of the Greene County Field Trial Association were held in connection with the state convention of the Izaak Walton League, at Waynesburg, Pa., on September 9 and 10, and brought forth a fair amount of entries, considering the inclement weather and conflict with other events of a similar character in the state. The weather was certainly of the sort to test the mettle of the most enthusiastic field trial devotee, and the dogs competing naturally felt the handicap decidedly more than their owners or the small gallery in attendance. Hot weather, with spasmodic downpours of rain, marked the be-

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havior of the elements and soon chased the gallery either back to town or to shelter.

The grounds of the Greene County Field Trial Association are typical quail and pheasant territory and support enough birds to give all dogs contesting ample opportunity for plenty of bird work under more favorable conditions. Despite the steaming hot weather and the spasmodic showers, the All-Age Stake entries found plenty of quail and, what was more astonishing, they handled birds well while the rain was pelting them mercilessly.

The judges were Ozark Ripley and Dr. P. K. Phillips of Cincinnati, Ohio, both with long and experienced knowledge of high-class bird dogs.

The winner of the All-Age Stake was the outstanding dog of the trials. This was Eugene Nick's Ghost, by Eugene Sandy Kid—Queen Speedstone, a white, black and tan, upstanding setter, owned by H. W. Brunnage. Nick is strictly a bold-going fellow, with lots of speed and action, and an abiding determination to find and point birds. While this fine setter gave all evidence of having speed and range that would command attention on the big circuit, he wasted no time on bare pastures, but immediately lit out for parts where birds ought to be. He found his bevies and singles during a hard shower and was stanch as the proverbial Rock of Gibraltar.

Detour, a white, black and tan setter, by Dr. Ames—Favonion's Lady Fay, owned by W. S. King, was awarded second place by the judges. He showed considerable speed and range and handled birds, but his work was marred considerably by his lack of style and absence of the much-desired tail action.

Lady Betty Lass, a black, white and tan setter of small size, owned by J. M. Clark, earned her right to third place. She is a nice-going, mannerly little bitch, with plenty of bird sense, but has been cramped too much for the present to give her a chance with a real class dog.

The Derby entries faced very hot conditions. Hardly had they started when a storm of rain burst upon them, and then almost as quickly followed hot sunshine that told hard on both handlers and dogs.

Hickey's Dan, by Milligan's Dan—Page's Manitoba Dot, a liver and white pointer, owned by Dr. L. R. Herrington, came under judgment for first place. He goes wide and has fair speed, but is inclined to cut back to his handler a little more than necessary. Governor Bass, placed second, ran a creditable race, but unfortunately failed to find birds or show the speed of the pointer. Eugene's Standpat, a white and orange setter, was placed third.

The Puppy Stake was a disappointment in so far as the number of entries was concerned. Only one brace was run, with little choice between the two puppies. Patsy Detour was finally awarded first and Shotty Detour second.

ALABAMA FIELD TRIAL CLASSIC SET FOR FEBRUARY 24TH

THE Central Alabama Field Trial Club through their secretary, I. J. Hix of Selma, Alabama, announces that their annual field trials will be started February 24th, east of Selma, on a 21,000-acre tract especially set aside for this purpose. The grounds are open country where big dogs can show, and there is enough cover to provide every possibility for a real quail dog performance, as well as an abundance of birds.

Drawings of stakes will be held at the Hotel Albert on February 23rd. Ozark Ripley has been selected as one of the judges, and the other will be announced in the near future.

There will be three stakes, as usual, puppy, derby, and all-age. Just what kind of competition will be encountered might be estimated from the fact that such dogs as War Paint and Nettie Quill made their initiate runnings there, as well as other present-day, big circuit contenders.

Silver trophies will be given winners of the first three places in derby and all-age stakes. The winner of each of these stakes will win a leg on the handsome cup given to the club by the well-known sportsman, A. G. C. Sage. Membership in the Alabama Field Trial Club is open to any resident of the United States.

Cash prizes with a guaranteed purse of $300 will be given to the winners in the puppy stake. All entries are post entries, and all dogs must be owned by a member, and handled by an amateur member. For further information, apply to I. J. Hix, secretary, Alabama Field Trial Club, Selma, Ala.

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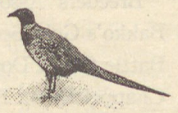

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OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; Cracker Jack rabbit hounds; high-class pointers and setters. Young dogs nicely started on game at $15.00 each. All dogs shipped on trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum hounds, Bear and Lion hounds, Varmint and Rabbit hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

COCKERS "Hunters," also cross-bred Irish Setter pups $10.00. Dr. Bailey, Tramway Bldg., Denver, Colo.

50 BEAGLES, rabbit hounds, broken choice puppies. Trial. Michael Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-12)

REGISTERED greyhound puppies. $18.00 on approval. Peter Bielen, Springfield, Minn. (3-1)

Newfoundlands

NEWFOUNDLAND pups, from large, black, curly, registered stock. Finest companions for youngsters; excellent watchers. Males $20.00 to $25.00. Females $15.00 to $20.00. Otto Fritz, Columbus, Wis. (3-12)

KOCH Kennels, Fort Recovery, O., offer Newfoundland Puppies; best bloodlines in America; large, black, English type. Also Landseers (white, black markings). (3-2)

FOR Sale: Thorobred Newfoundland Pups. Full information, description and prices furnished on request. A. G. Murray, Nashville, Mich.

NEWFOUNDLANDS. Large, intelligent, registered. Best blood lines. Pups. Immediate shipment. Birky Kennels, Fisher, Illinois.

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BROKEN Pointer dog 3 years old, white and liver spotted, stanch on points, good nose, retriever, $75.00. Broken English Setter dog 3 years old, stanch on points, good nose, retriever, $75.00 C. O. D., 5 days' trial. You pay express charges. We have others. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tenn. (3-2)

BROKEN bird dogs. Setters and pointers, $65 and $85 each. Trained where birds are plentiful and the kind to get the limit over. Sent 3 days trial C. O. D. You pay charges. G. W. Moore, Rt. 5, Box 185, Memphis, Tenn. (3-12)

REGISTERED English, Llewellyn Irish Gordon Setters and Cocker Spaniels. Trained dogs, puppies and young dogs, ready for training. Right prices. Descriptive list free. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-1)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

BLUE Belton Setter Puppies, 100% Llewellyns. The old fashioned kind, natural hunters. Tabulated pedigree and papers to register. $20 to $25. Michalek Bros., Victor, Iowa. (3-1)

IRISH Setters. One stud and shooting dog $75.00. One trained brood and shooting bitch $65.00. One bred female $50.00. All registered. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr.

ANNUAL clearance on Female English and Irish Setter Pups. Elg. $10.00 each. Harley Everett, Atkinson, Nebr.

POINTER and Setter Pups, registered, proven strains, $25.00 up. C. Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-2)

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

OAK GROVE Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale high class pointers and setters, trained dogs and puppies. The very best of bloodlines. Trial. Catalogue ten cents. (5x29)

WE have some fine shooting dogs for sale, both pointers and setters, shipped on trial. Write us your wants and we will try to please you. M. L. Turner, Herrick, Ill. (3-12)

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70 POLICE Puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. Females $12.50, males $20.00. White pups $40.00. Bred females $60.00. References furnished. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, N. Dak. (3-12)

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IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

A GRAND lot of Springer Pups and grown dogs. Workers and winners. Some trained and partly trained. All eligible. Prices right. Photo furnished. Kesterson's Kennels, Skamokawa, Washington. (3-1)

SPRINGER Spaniels, highest breeding, eight champions including Dual & Triple international champion in three generations. (It pays to pay for the pedigree.) Southwic Springer Kennels, Guy C. Connelly, Prop., Breckinridge, Texas.

SPRINGERS: Buy the best at reasonable prices. 25 grand youngsters of finest type and breeding, from workers and winners. Some force retrievers, one fully trained dog. Kestersons Kennels, Skamokawa, Washington. (3-12)

AMERICAN Water Spaniels. Registered puppies from trained hunters and retrievers. Rimrock Kennels, Box 87, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-12)

CURLY Coated English Retriever puppies. Eligible registration. $40.00. Address Rome View Club, P. O. Box 78, Peoria, Illinois. (2-1)

ELIGIBLE Springer and Cocker Spaniel Puppies. Few older Springer and Irish Water Spaniels. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn.

FREE Springer Spaniels. Registered female pups, absolutely free. Lakeland Kennels, Olivia, Minn.

SPRINGER Spaniels, beautifully marked, 7 mos. old, started at retrieving. Horsford Harbour bloodlines. Minot Hoard, Mosinee, Wisconsin.

SPRINGER Spaniel Kennels of Ida Grove, Iowa, has broken dogs, brood bitches and pups. Very reasonable.

SPRINGER, at stud. Nishnabotna Bob. For Sale: Pups, liver and white, with best of breeding. Nishnabotna Kennels, Red Oak, Iowa. (3-1)

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COCKER Spaniels, reds or blacks. Eligible. E. Roberts, Sinclairville, New York.

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ST. BERNARD Pups $25.00 to $50.00 with American Kennel papers. R. B. Colby, Loyal, Wisc. (3-1)

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IRISH Terriers. Fine pups from champion bred stock at twenty-five dollars. The understanding pal and useful dog beyond compare. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-12)

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SHOW dog collars and leads—red or green, ⅜ inch wide. Collars $2.00 per dozen. Leads $2.75. Orders sent on approval. Everything in dog furnishings. Send us your inquiries. Republic Leather Products Company, 5153 No. Clark St., Chicago. (9x29)

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WORMS in dogs and puppies are the cause of much distress, fits and many deaths. Tetrachlorethylene, the modern worm expeller, a safe treatment for pups and an effective one for grown dogs. Will positively stop fits when due to the heavy infestation of hook and round worms (Ascarids). In capsules of assorted sizes, easy to give, $1.00 postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (9 x 29)

RUNNING fits remedy guaranteed cure three dogs $1.00. Has never failed, sold 500 treatments one month. The best canker, black tongue distemper, mange, worm expeller remedies, each $1.00. Results guaranteed. Catalogue free. Kennel Supply Co., Ramsey, Ill.

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LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Levy, Ark. (3-12)

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High grade hand-finished, engraved, muzzle loading rifle, made in Paris for Buffalo hunting, Circassian stock, set trigger, 26" octagon barrel, takedown, cal. 54, cost $225.00, like new $50.00; Warflein target rifle 34" cal. 45-70 like new $22.50; muzzle loading 3 barrel rifle, rifle barrel on top, 12 ga. on bottom, made in Kentucky, cal. 50; Conical ball, cost $125.00, fine $40.00; Seneca cameras 2¼x3¼ new cost $6.50, special $2.75; Seneca camera Ilex shutter 2¼x3¼ new, cost $10.00, $4.75; Seneca camera DeLuxe gammax shutter F 8, 2¼x4½ new $8.50; Seneca camera F8 2¼x3¼ regular $12.50, $6.50; alto brass horn, good $10.00; Conn alto saxophone, silver plate with case, good $50.00; Weyman Keystone State banjo, good, cost $35.00, $15.00; Winchester auto, cal. 401 TD Lyman 38, recoil pad good $31.00; Remington model 14 cal. 25, fine $28.50; Winchester model 95 cal. 405, fine $32.50; Marlin model 93, 25-20, $11.50; Winchester model 92 cal. 38 WCF octagon barrel, $12.50; Remington model 30 cal. 30-06 new $37.50; Smith 12-30 full, new $33.50. Wanger's, 522 Market St., Phila., Pa.

SALE: Modern & Obsolete Ammunition. Cartridges for Collectors. Bullet Moulds & Leading Tools. 10c for list. 22 Colt Automatic $22.50. 45 Colt Automatic $17.50, 280 Ross Sporter $35.00, 45-90 Winchester Take Down $32.00, 30-30 Winchester Carbine $25.00. W. S. Lutz, Chestertown, Md.

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GENUINE Parker Maxim silencers for any caliber and 410 gauge shot guns. Jim Craton's, 221 Harrison St., Davenport, Iowa.

NEW Silencers made in U. S. A. 22 Cal. $7.00; H. P. $12.00. Give make and model of gun. O. H. Brown, Box 163, Davenport, Iowa.

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FOODS Attract Ducks—Game—Fish. Plant water plants—wild grains—berry-bearing shrubs—60 kinds. Wild Rice, Wild Celery, etc. We show you how. 33 years' successful experience. Planting helps—folder free. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 105 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-2)

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TRY Lutes Catfish Bait. Never fails. 28 prizes to users showing largest catch. Information sent. Price four ounces 60c. Sold by L. L. Swenson, Blakesburg, Iowa.

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TO be successful financially, raising silver foxes for their pelts, one must not have brown furs. And the furs must be of the best quality. I supervise ranches by correspondence, month by month. These ranches are in this country, Canada, and Europe. B. L. Young, Caretaker Maytage Silver Fox Farm, Rt. 2, Newton, Iowa. (3-1)

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MUSKRATS: Before buying, write for our proposition on pen raised stock. Large discount on orders booked now for marsh raised muskrats, spring delivery. Write for literature and trial offer on our live catch trap. Lawrence Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minn. (3-2)

ROOSEVELT Strain Mink can start you to financial success! Selections going fast. Free literature mailed showing how others are making more money! United States Mink Ranches, 0-148, Minneapolis, Minn.

CHINCHILLAS, White New Zealands, Silver Marten Fur Rabbits, Muskrats, Minks, Silver Fox, tell us how you are situated and we will show you how to make big profits. 721 Conrad's Ranch, Denver, Colorado. (3-2)

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LIVE Muskrats—Black or Brown. Prompt delivery. Order now to avoid being disappointed. We are experienced and reliable. Write for terms and prices. Large contracts and foreign orders solicited. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. J-12, Chester, Pa.

MINK, Superior Quality. 1929 Young Alaskan and Minnesota Mink. We ship C. O. D. and buy back all young mink on contract. Superior Mink & Muskrat Co., 211 Truax Blk., Superior, Wis. (3-12)

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Fur Farming—Continued

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PARTRIDGES, Quail, Grouse, Pheasants, Wild Turkeys, Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-1)

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WILD Ducks, Peafowl, Cranes, Swans, Geese, Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-1)

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PHEASANT eggs and chix. Now booking orders. Ringneck, Golden, Silver, Reeves, Mongolian, Amherst, Versicolors, Melanotus, Swinhoe and Manchurians. America's finest bred production stock. Large, fertile eggs from strong non-related birds. Valuable information and full instructions free. Stamps appreciated. Lux Game Farm, Hopkinton, Iowa. (6x29)

PHEASANTS—Matured and young stock; Mongolians, Old English Black-Necks, Silvers, Goldens, Lady Amhersts, Melanotus, Reeves, Versicolors, Linneated, Manchurian Eared, Impeyans (Monauls-full plumaged), Wood Ducks. Robinson Brothers, Aldershot, Ontario, Can. (3-1)

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FERRETS. Healthy, lively. Real hunters, males $4.50, females $5.00, pair $9.00. Delivery guaranteed. Herman Leichsenring, South Amana, Iowa.

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AMHERST and Ringneck Pheasants, Gray and White Call Ducks (small). Water-fowl, fancy Bantams, Partridge Wyandottes. "Coney Weston" Game Farm, W. H. Milward, Madison, Wis. (3-2)

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Miscellaneous

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NINE foxes in one day is the record of one man that used my methods. One set takes fox, coon or skunk. Write for proof. E. A. Estabrook, Pittsfield, Vt. (3-12)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 4535 Hampton Rd., La Canada, Calif. (3-12)

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HUNTING horns, genuine Texas steer blow horns. Hand made by experts, beautifully toned, polished. 12 inch horn $2.00, 14 inch horn $2.50, 16 inch horn $3.00, 18 inch horn $4.00, 20 inch horn $5.00. Horns in the rough, any size, $2.50. Catalogue. Kennel Supply Co., Ramsey, Ill.

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I HAVE best fox trapping methods in America, fifty-eight years' experience. Send for particulars. John Frantz, Earlville, N. Y. (3-12)

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THE Carlisle violin. World's finest tone. Artistic repairing. Carlisle, Hamlet, Ohio. (3-1)

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FREE copyrighted circular showing how anyone can make $100.00 to $500.00 each in spare time with poultry. R. Heike, Pontiac, Ill. (3-1)

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Rabbits—Continued

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